THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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JAN. 14, 1922

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Norman Rockwell

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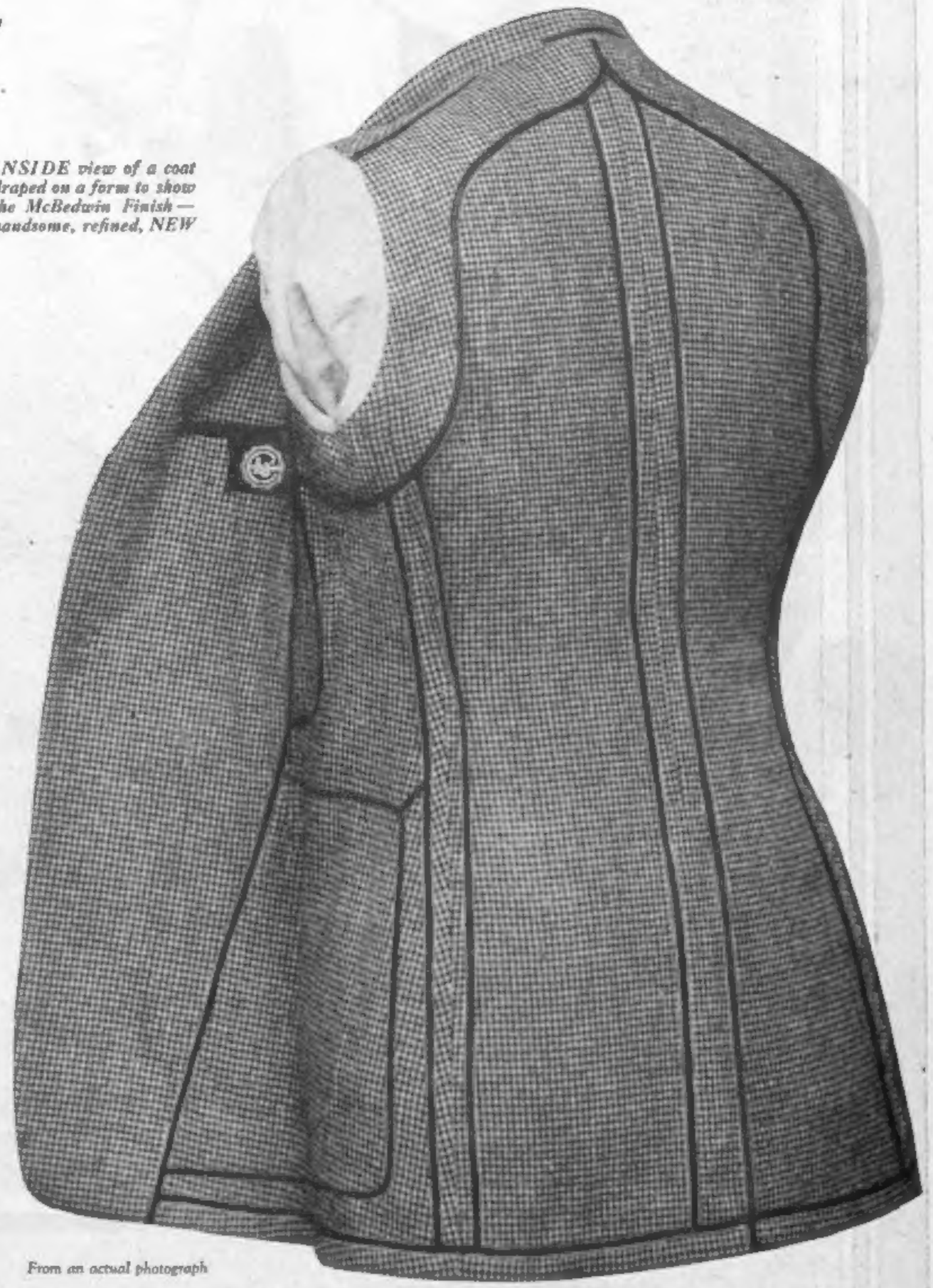

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ONLY A FEW OF US LEFT

By J. P. MARQUAND

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

IT'S odd how much you can tell about people in these enlightened days. All you need are a few plain facts and two or three ancestral antecedents; and psychoanalysis or efficiency charts or something will do the rest. Indeed reading character by sight has become so delightfully simple that we all can do it, and actually enjoy the mental exercise. Even the complex character of James Slade Lee, sportive outgrowth that he was of an efflorescent and lazy world, becomes a simple thing that we can grasp with ready sympathy and place upon the laboratory charts.

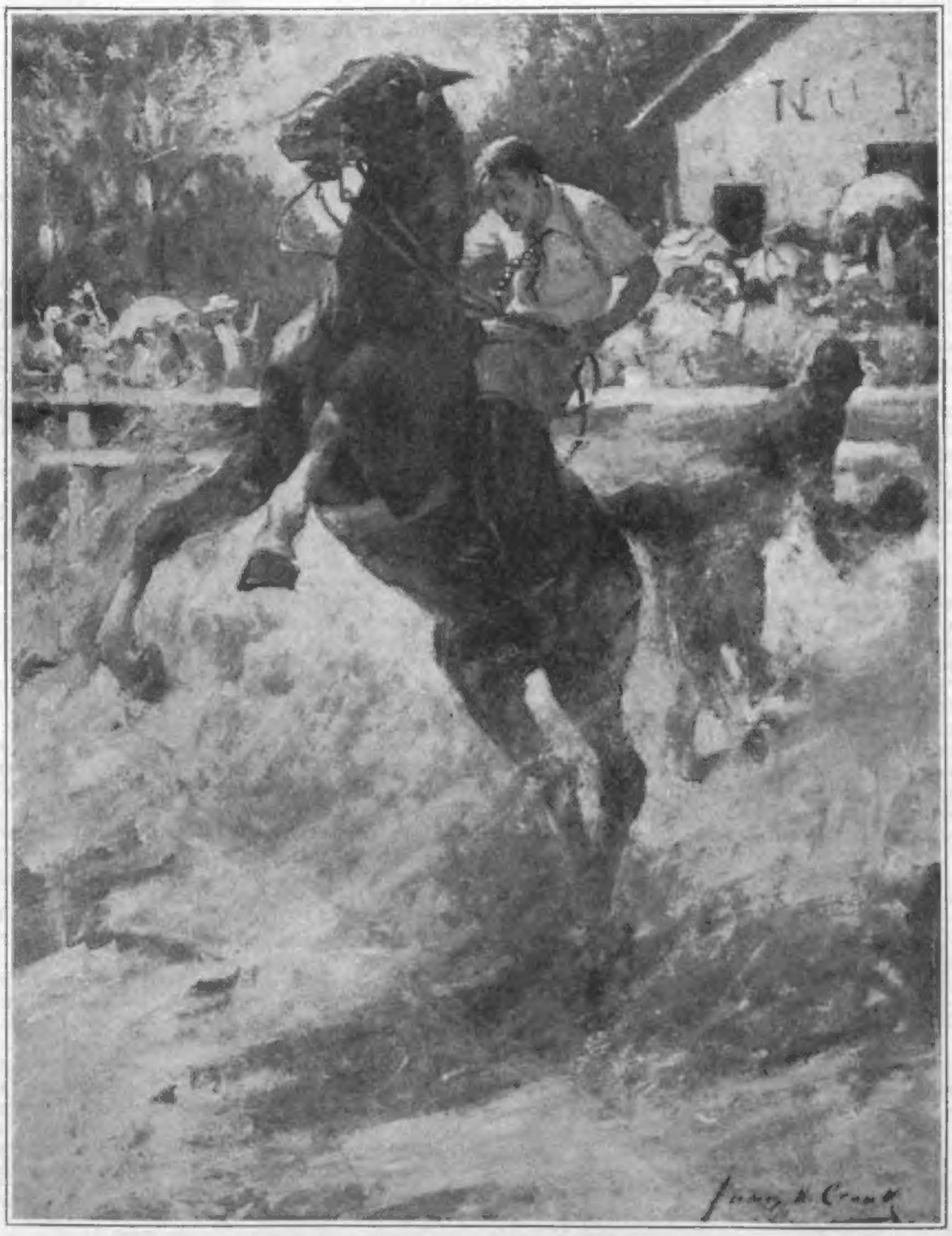
When you learn that it took two strong men to conduct Jimmy Lee's grandfather to bed of an evening after the decanter was empty, and that in the old gentleman's eightieth year they had to hide all the trousers in the house to keep him from riding in the Bellefair Hunt; and when you know besides that Jimmy's father broke his neck because he would insist, against the advice of experts, on jumping the Spotted Creek bridge on his favorite mare when all the planking in the middle had been removed—you can understand that Jimmy was a young man who might have possibilities, despite the infliction of great wealth. When you ascertain in addition that Jimmy was a blond, and light enough to make the weight for the Merrymead Gentlemen's Riding and Driving Club steeplechase, that he had an equable disposition and never suffered from insomnia, it would be silly not to leave you to draw your own conclusions.

Yes, it's wonderful how these little details help us construct the man and explain his motives when viewed in the cool light of modern science. Indeed it tempts one to continue the digression before we approach the critical hours in Jimmy's gilded cycle.

When they pulled his father from the turbid waters of Spotted Creek he was still breathing, and his eyes were still bright, though his face was unusually thoughtful.

"Is Brunhilda killed?" he asked faintly.

And they told him she was.



"Slide Off, Jimmy!" Someone Called. "He's Going Over!"

"Always said she was rotten in a pinch," said Mr. Lee. "Always knew she'd take off too soon on some jump sometime."

He paused and looked a little wearily at the drab October day.

"Tell my son ——" he said more faintly still, and then he paused again, and they bent over him attentively.

"Don't talk, sir," said his groom. "Patrick's ridden for the doctor."

"Tell my son," said Mr. Lee, "not to be afraid, and not to pull 'em. Tell him to keep a light hand, a light hand all the time. That was the trouble. I remember now. I pulled that horse—pulled her when I saw the water. Fancy that. It wasn't Brunhilda's fault at all."

Again he fell silent and closed his eyes. It was not until the doctor arrived and was drawing a syringe of morphia from his case that Mr. Lee opened them again.

"Just one thing more," said Mr. Lee as they began cutting away his sleeve: "If you don't mind I'd rather you didn't tell him I pulled when I saw the water. It was—such damned bad management. All right, doctor! Let her go!"

All that happened a long time ago. Indeed it was so long ago that it seemed impossible that Jimmy could realize the responsibility which had fallen on his shoulders. How was he to understand what it meant to inherit the Lee stables? How was he to know what it meant to conduct oneself like a Lee at the Gentlemen's Riding and Driving Club? How was he to know that a Lee was always ready to try anything, not only once but as many times as he pleased? The odd part of it was that he did understand.

On his sixteenth birthday, after eating a steak and baked potatoes for breakfast, Jimmy ordered out the drag and two workmen, and told Patrick to saddle up Anita II.

"Nice morning, sir," said Patrick rather jerkily, because Anita was newly clipped and began to plunge as Jimmy took the saddle.

"A little too much dew for a good take-off on boards," said Jimmy, "but I guess it'll dry off. You can let her go now, Patrick."

"Beg pardon, sir," said Patrick. "But is that all, sir?"

"No," said Jimmy. "Get in the drag and drive down to Spotted Creek."

And Anita danced down the drive under the clean fresh shadows of the early morning.

Even at that awkward and graceless age when the doubtful manuscript of boyhood is closing there was something about Jimmy which heralded great things, something reckless in his gray-blue eyes, something daring in the smile which played on his thin-lipped mouth. Even then he sat his horse with that perfect intuitive sense of balance which comes only to a born rider. Even then each motion of his arm and wrist and each swing of his narrow shoulders had an unconscious ease and certainty. Even then there was something about Jimmy in the saddle which vaguely reminded one of another more joyous time, and brought an uncomfortable indictment against the drabness of the present.

At the Spotted Creek bridge Jimmy reined up and dismounted, and passed a tentative hand over his girth and adjusted his curb chain. There had been rain the

week before, and the water still brawled noisily over the glacial stones below, making them wet and shiny in the sun. Jimmy was right. The bridge was nearly dry. The planking was worn, but it was still fairly even, and still afforded an easy passage for a single vehicle. Jimmy looked at the water and the bridge again, and patted Anita's neck. Then he heard the wheels of the drag.

"Ah, there you are, Patrick," said Jimmy. "How many planks were out when father jumped the bridge?"

"Fifteen, sir," said Patrick.

Jimmy turned to the men in the drag.

"Take out fifteen planks," said Jimmy.

Ten minutes later Jimmy leaned down, tightened his spurs, removed his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and took a knife and some small change from his pockets.

"Patrick, tell those men to get away from the bridge," said Jimmy. "They may move and throw Anita off her stride. Now bring Anita here. What the devil's the matter with you?"

"Nothin', sir," said Patrick. "Nothin' at all. It's only my memory, but it don't matter any. Only—hadn't I better get down in the creek?"

"No," said Jimmy. "You might frighten Anita. You're frightening her now. Here! Give her to me!"

And Jimmy mounted and adjusted the reins.

"Is that all, sir?" asked Patrick.

"Look here," said Jimmy. "What's the matter with you? D'you think I'm going to kill myself?"

"Yes, sir," said Patrick.

"You're sure there're fifteen boards out?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes, sir," said Patrick.

"Well," said Jimmy, "take out another for good luck. Maybe they were wider then. Take out two others."

A minute later Jimmy walked Anita to the center of the road, looked at the bridge and nodded in cheerful assent. Then at a signal from his knee and wrist Anita walked gracefully forward through the sandy road, stepping high and daintily. Then her body quivered at the touch of the spur and she sprang forward. There was a pounding on the road, a sudden clatter on the bridge, rising to a drumming crescendo, a pause, an instant's leaden silence, and a splintering crash.

And then Jimmy's voice rose again in pleasant exaltation.

There he was, reining in the dancing horse, his body swaying in perfect accord with Anita's uneasy motions, his eyes sparkling and his cheeks flushed, as though he had drunk deep of some potent spirit.

"Cleared it by six inches," he called cheerily. "You can put the planks back now."

And then he leaned forward to pat Anita's neck, a little surprised that his hand was trembling. Then he looked up at the sky and drew a deep breath of the morning air.

"I guess," said Jimmy, "that's what father wanted."

II

IT'S strange what little things set the mills of the gods to grinding. One wedge displaced, or even the slight motion of some stray molecule, and the wheels begin to turn. It was ever so long ago since Mr. Lee had jumped the bridge, but there was the beginning of it, and there lay the underlying motives of Jimmy's gay career. Jimmy's father had told him to ride and not to be afraid. He had told him so when Jimmy was at an impressionable age. And Jimmy wasn't afraid, not even when he wanted to be. No, Jimmy wasn't afraid, not even when cold perspiration broke out on his brow, which became infrequent as time went on. In his third year at college Jimmy rode a hunter up and down three flights of stairs in the university's most fashionable dormitory. In his fourth year an entire Wild West Show stopped to see him pick handkerchiefs off the top rail of a five-foot jump. During the war Jimmy startled the battle-scarred personnel of the artillery camp at Saumur by driving a caisson single-handed with its six horses cleverly reined by clotheslines. He went a mile across country through three hedges, a brook and a sunken road in four minutes and twenty seconds.

No, Jimmy wasn't afraid.

It was fortunate, perhaps, for otherwise his history might never have risen from the commonplace into the regions of romance. He might have remained a simple celebrity. For if Jimmy had been afraid Jane might not have liked him. Even at that Jane didn't think much of him at first.

For oddly enough Jimmy carried his light beneath a bushel. Oddly enough there was nothing about him which hinted of bravado. It was only by his self-effacement and his modesty that he betrayed his claim to greatness. In company his eyes had a furtive look and his lips were set in a nervous smile. There was nothing distinguishing about his dress.

Like Nelson, his figure was slight and negligible, and his voice shy and gentle. It was only when Jimmy got started that his manner changed, and it took a good deal to do that.

Jimmy first saw Jane at the beach of the Merrymead Yacht Club. Jimmy's leg was still a little stiff from a machine-gun bullet in those days, which forced him to devote only an hour in the morning to the training of his hunters, and time hung with an unusual weight upon his hands. That was the only reason Jimmy ever went to the yacht club at all, one of those futile reasons which are so often the harbingers of Fate. Of course the Lee family had always been members of the yacht club, but a Lee had seldom darkened the yacht-club doors. To Jimmy it was almost an unknown territory, inhabited by odd, perverse people who chose to own a boat when they might have owned a stable.

If there was any reason for this freak of nature Jimmy could not think of it. It puzzled him as he walked slowly through the cool rooms, almost deserted at that hour of the morning. It still puzzled him as he made his way down the steps from the rear veranda to the bathing beach. A number of people were out there sitting in the sand, watching the smooth waters of the Sound. Jimmy didn't know any of them. He didn't want to know anyone who held such narrow views. He, too, sat in the sand, a little apart from the group, and pulled his cap over his eyes and began to wonder why he had come.

Then Jimmy saw Jane, and he pushed his cap a little toward the back of his head. Jane was dressed in a man's bathing suit and was turning handsprings. Her dark hair had crept from under her rubber headdress when she finally righted herself, and her cheeks were unusually flushed, and her eyes uncommonly wide and cheerful. Jimmy sat up a little straighter and lighted a cigarette.

"Let's do something rash!" Jane was saying. "It's such a nice day."

Jimmy blew a cloud of smoke and looked at her sardonically. She had seated herself beside a man. Jimmy looked at the man, and blew another cloud of smoke, larger and more emphatic. He might have known that she would select a man like that. He was just another one of those men who attractive girls always think are perfectly lovely. He had a square jaw and a sloping forehead, and crisp dark hair, neatly clipped and seemingly undisturbed from immersion in the water. He had a way of turning his profile in self-conscious enjoyment. He had a way of looking strong and masterful, like the man who has attained success by fifteen minutes' simple reading every evening. About him was a glorious self-confidence, a simple satisfaction with himself and with the world. Somehow Jimmy felt a prejudice, almost a resentment. He never had liked people like that. They'd never let that kind of man into the riding and driving club—not if he could help it. When Jane spoke again Jimmy started, as though something actually gave him pain.

"Come, Edmund," she was saying, "let's do something rash."

Edmund turned his head slowly and smiled in gentle reproof.

"I never do anything rash," said Edmund.

Jimmy blew another cloud of smoke and moved uneasily.

"Of course you don't," said Jane. "I didn't mean anything serious. I only meant—let's dive off the balcony."

Edmund looked hastily where she was pointing, and Jimmy looked also. A wing of the clubhouse had been built upon a point of rocks which jutted out into the water. Suspended perhaps thirty feet above was a balcony covered with a blue awning, almost over the water itself. As Jimmy looked the weary tilt to his lips had vanished, and Edmund had ceased to smile.

"You intend to dive off there?" asked Edmund, raising his dark eyebrows in polite incredulity.

"Why not?" asked Jane.

"Before you consider it," said Edmund, "let us face this thing rationally. I have been on this beach for a number of summers, and I have never seen anyone dive from that balcony. The club has provided a pier and a springboard for diving."

"Yes," said Jane, "but I'm tired of diving off the springboard. Don't you see that's why it will be nice to dive off the balcony?"

Edmund shrugged his evenly tanned shoulders.

"I'm afraid I don't quite see," he said patiently. "But let me point out something else. The balcony you speak of is suspended over a ledge of rocks—Algonkian granite, to be exact. Now, if you have ever observed, rock ledges jut out for a considerable distance under water. In diving from thirty feet the chances are you will strike the ledge. Personally I consider that it is taking a useless risk. Personally I never take useless risks."

Jimmy looked at the balcony more attentively, and his eyes began to sparkle in pleased anticipation.

It seemed to Jimmy that Jane's cheeks had grown brighter. For a moment she looked attentively at Edmund, and sprang to her feet.

"Don't you want to come?" she asked.

"Most certainly not," said Edmund. "There's nothing I should care to do less."

"Well," said Jane, a little distantly, "I shall find someone else then."

"I doubt it," said Edmund.

For answer Jane raised her voice and addressed the beach in general.

"Who wants to dive off the balcony?" she called.

There was a lull in the conversation about her.

"Don't be an idiot, Jane," said somebody, and everyone turned to watch her.

Jane turned toward the clubhouse.

"You're not going alone?" demanded Edmund quickly.

Jane paused for a moment.

"Why, certainly," she said.

Slowly Edmund rose from the sand.

"Then I shall go too," he replied grimly.

"But you mustn't," said Jane, "if you don't want to."

"I don't want to," said Edmund, "but I'm going just the same."

Jane sighed. "Then we won't go at all," she said.

"Now you're talking sense," said Edmund heartily.

Jimmy had a curious impulse. Though he could not explain it, not even to himself, it was a natural impulse for a Lee, the one thing which he could have done under the circumstances. He looked once more at her escort and frowned in lofty disapproval. He looked at the balcony again, and smiled a thin-lipped smile. He looked at Jane, and his smile grew more pronounced. Then he rose from the sand, dusted his coat and stepped briskly toward her.

His Head Emerged a Few Feet From Where He Struck, and His Arm Followed It in a Slow Overhand Stroke

"I beg your pardon," said Jimmy, removing his cap with a slight ceremonial flourish.

Jane looked at him, a little startled, and Edmund looked also.

There he was, very straight and slender, his long fingers playing with his cap, his Norfolk jacket wrinkled and still smelling slightly of the stables, his white trousers still covered with the sand from the beach. Jimmy didn't look much like a knight errant or a troubadour or anything; but then Jimmy never did.

"I know it's awfully unconventional," said Jimmy, "but it just occurred to me ——"

Now that he had started, it sounded a little queer. For a moment he paused contritely and glanced almost uncertainly at Jane and Edmund, but he never paused long when he got started.

"I mean," he said, "if you really want to jump off that place you ought to do it. I know how it is. You'll feel sorry if you don't. Why, once ——"

He smiled brightly in sudden confidence.

"Why, once I was going to ride broncos in Arizona, and my lawyers made me stay in town to sign some things, and I've been feeling badly ever since."

"How interesting!" said Edmund.

Jimmy thrust his hands into his pockets and laughed.

"Yes, isn't it?" he continued. "But you do feel that way. Perhaps you've never noticed it, but it's the things you might have done and didn't do that really make you disappointed. I hate to think of what a time I might have had in Arizona." Again he hesitated, and looked at Edmund rather apologetically.

"I don't see any rocks under it," said Jimmy.

"Oh," said Edmund, "don't you?"

Jimmy turned to Jane, smiling at her with a disarming frankness.

"What I was going to say was—I might get into a bathing suit and jump off first. The water looks awfully pleasant."

She looked at Jimmy a little puzzled, but it pleased her, too, somehow. She looked, and decided that Jimmy was quite nice; and he was so calm about it, too, just as though it were perfectly natural. He was still smiling, but you could see he meant it; and, besides, she was a little angry at Edmund.

"You might hurt yourself," said Jane.

"Oh, no," said Jimmy. "I never hurt myself." And he shook his head in confident deprecation.

"But it will be such a lot of trouble," said Jane.

Again Jimmy shook his head, and glanced at Edmund, not exactly meaningly, but rather with a sort of detached curiosity.

"Oh, no," said Jimmy hastily. "Not at all! Not at all! Only a great pleasure."

Jane still looked at him doubtfully. If he had said anything more she wouldn't have let him, but he didn't. He only stood waiting, quietly courteous, and quite matter of fact. After all, it seemed most natural, when she looked at him.

"Well," said Jane, "if it wouldn't be too much trouble ——"

"Good!" said Jimmy. "I'll be in a bathing suit in a minute."

"Look here," said Edmund suddenly, "don't you think ——"

Jimmy's green-gray eyes twinkled merrily.

"Hardly ever," said Jimmy.

But Edmund must have said something to Jane, because when Jimmy returned she was not only looking troubled but apprehensive, and Edmund had the appearance of a man who has triumphed by the sheer weight of logic. Jimmy smiled and stepped toward them briskly, the folds of his rented bathing suit draping themselves about him in a becoming fashion, without detracting from the buoyance of his step or the debonair tilt of his head. Indeed Jimmy, ready for action as he was, looked very debonair in his bathing suit, something like a gay young gladiator, something like a tennis champion, something very nice and dashing—at least Jane thought so just then. She had an objection and a polite excuse all framed and ready, but as she considered them now they seemed completely out of place, and the balcony ceased to assume the dark hues which Edmund had depicted.

"You're really sure you want to?" Jane asked.

"Of course," said Jimmy.

But just then Edmund moved a step nearer, smiling in icy hauteur and looking more masterful than ever.

"What Miss Matthew really wanted to say," he volunteered, "was that it was much too much to ask ——"

He paused momentarily, still looking at Jimmy, and Jimmy looked at Edmund quite placidly, but even then Edmund ought to have known better. But how was he to know that he had a Lee to deal with?

"—— much too much to ask of a stranger," Edmund concluded.

Jimmy turned to Jane in hasty apology.

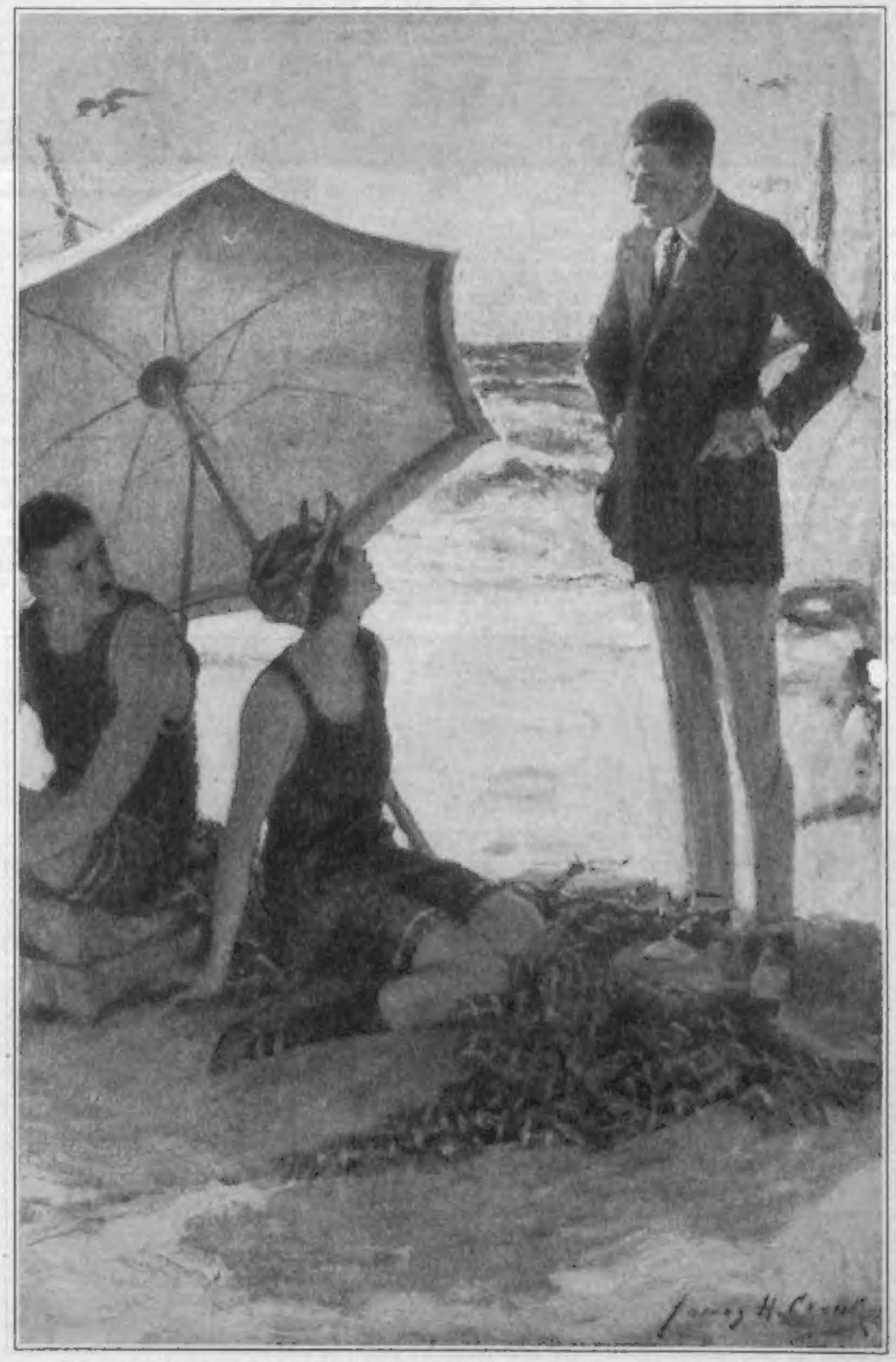
"I'm awfully sorry you feel that way," he said.

His glance moved carelessly back to Edmund, and he seemed to lay more stress on his apologetic tone.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said again. "I hadn't realized a little dive off the balcony was so important. It just seemed to me a pleasant way of getting into the water."

She wasn't quite sure, but it seemed to her that his glance strayed to Edmund's hair as he finished.

"When I get in I like to get it over with, and get in all over." Edmund drew a sharp breath, and Jane looked at him over her shoulder.



"It's the Things You Might Have Done and Didn't Do That Really Make You Disappointed"

"I think," said Jane, reaching a sudden decision, "that you'd better wait for us here, Edmund."

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Edmund rather hoarsely. "You don't actually mean ——"

"You're awfully silly sometimes, Edmund," said Jane, looking back again at Jimmy. "Let's go!"

"We're off," said Jimmy.

A minute later they were on the balcony, and Jimmy was smiling, to all appearances a little remorseful, but it wasn't exactly the way he felt. He didn't know that he was going to feel the way he did. To him there was nothing odd about being on the balcony with Jane. What more could a gentleman of sporting instincts do? No one else would dive off the place, so naturally he couldn't let such a matter go by, not even though he hated diving, and disliked high places. The only surprising thing about it was that it gave him an unusual sense of pleasure. It was nice to know that Edmund had scowled at him, for it was a pleasant indication of chivalry. Yes, it was uncommonly nice to think of Edmund staring up at them. It gave the affair a piquant flavor, quite like caviar on a cracker, making him feel unnaturally genial and confidential. Besides, Jane was much too nice for Edmund. Anyone with incipient sporting instincts was much too nice for Edmund.

"I'm afraid," said Jimmy, "that I made Edmund just a little angry; I'm awfully sorry."

Yet singularly enough it didn't seem to Jane that Jimmy was so very sorry, and singularly enough Jane didn't feel particularly sorry that he wasn't. Indeed it was almost refreshing to be away from Edmund for a moment.

"Oh, he wasn't really angry," said Jane in conscious mendacity. "It's just a way he has. You know, I sometimes think if he didn't have such a wonderful mind ——"

She failed to continue, and instead looked at the beach.

"Well," said Jimmy, dropping into the vernacular he understood best, "I suppose I may as well clear the bars. I should hate to keep Edmund waiting."

He smiled more broadly, stepped to the balcony rail, and then he whistled softly.

"By Jove!" he said. "I do believe Edmund was right. There do seem to be a few pieces of that granite he was speaking of."

Jane looked over the railing also. She hadn't realized how far down the water was. It was too murky to see the bottom, but below them she could distinguish occasional black shadows that wavered beneath the rippled surface.

"Oh," she exclaimed with real regret, "what a pity!" But Jimmy still continued to whistle.

"I don't think you'd better try it," said Jimmy, climbing on the railing and balancing with easy unconcern. "It may not be safe."

"But you're not going!" cried Jane.

"Of course," said Jimmy. "I've got to go, now I'm here."

Jane stared up at him incredulously, and for the first time she saw the determination of the Lees written on his uneven features.

"Do you mean to say you're as absurd as that?" she demanded sharply. "Just because everybody's looking at you, do you mean to say ——"

"It isn't that exactly," said Jimmy quickly. "It's something else. I don't believe you'd understand it."

"Understand what?" demanded Jane.

Jimmy leaned against an iron pole that supported the awning above him, and his voice became grave and even. Though she did not know it then, he was pronouncing the basic principle of his existence, the slender rational thread of his philosophy.

"I suppose you think I'm silly," said Jimmy. "Of course I'd rather not jump off here, but if I didn't do it, and just went back—I'd lose my nerve!"

(Continued on Page 81)

THE PRESIDENT'S FOREST

PHOTOS. FROM DENVER & RIO GRANDE WESTERN RAILROAD COMPANY, GEORGE L. BEAM, PHOTOGRAPHER

The Great Forest on the North Rim of the Grand Cañon Called the Kaibab

THERE is a beauty of the mountains and a beauty of the sea. The prairies in their day were beautiful, and the high plains even now retain a part of their old fascination. The forest always has its unfailing charm. Indeed, all the open and untouched region, all the wilderness of our country in its day was beautiful; although those never have lacked who could find no beauty except in cultivated fields or walls of brick and stone.

The beauty of the desert is a thing apart. It has no likeness. There is no way in which it may be measured, nothing with which it can be compared. It is, it has been and ever shall be. We cannot much alter it. Men speak of making the desert blossom like the rose. Idle. The desert has always blossomed, has never ceased to bear its own flower of beauty. It has always kept its dignity, even in its anguish.

The desert has never asked you to admire it, for it never has needed coquetry. Like some imperial mistress, favorite of many kings, austerely

The Grand Cañon From Bright Angel Point

smiling at you from an immemorial grave, the desert lies entombed in its Valley of Scorn, and cares nothing for you or me. Its sarcophagus was painted long ago. Its colors never yet have faded. In its fingers still lies the unfaded flower placed there by the hand of time.

Sold for a Song

WHAT is the idea? Let us arrive upon that by means of certain leisurely circumlocutions, promising only that the idea is there and shall be found.

Yes, we had beauty in America, such beauty as not all the rest of the world could claim. But we cared for soil and not landscape, loved boards and not trees, preferred dams to rivers. Our prairies are gone, our plains are gone, our forests are gone. We have sold our fresh beauty of youth on the open streets—and cheap, so ghastly cheap!

To-day, in many ways, we are more like Europe than like America. In other ways might we not well be more so? We have adopted all the lower standards of Europe. Why should we not take on some of the dignified traditions?

The Old World has always known that there was such a thing as the future, and has always planned for it. In these times, when kings are in the discard, we might afford to ask whether all European customs were bad ones. The great lesson of the Old World for us is that it recognized beauty and recognized the future.

When you cut a tree in Switzerland you plant another in its place, whereas in America you plant none but cut two more. There is more wild game in Bohemia than in all the United States. There are ancient oaks in England not even now sawed into bedroom suites marked down to $38.49. There have been many royal forests in various parts of Europe.

There is something in the idea of a king's forest—no matter through what arrogant oppression it got its establishment—which will hit you exceedingly hard if you begin to think about it. Trees, not boards—the majesty and beauty of Nature never changed. Nothing marked down to $38.49, but everything given for what it is worth, forever—yesterday, to-day, to-morrow—to the world, to humanity.

I would suggest as a good line of side reading for those who think that the America of our fathers will be the America of our sons, the little reflection that, had all the forests of the Old World been cut down inside the first century of the Old World's life, there would be just as big a demand for lumber in Europe as there is to-day; and if the cathedral money had all been put in a stocking or blown for wine, woman and song, all Europe would to-day be just as dead broke, and as eager to get some Near East, Far East, Close South or Extreme North relief from America as it is to-day.

That is to say, the wiping out of a country's assets, the using of its principal, solves no country's industrial problems, never has and never can. We don't solve our own lumber shortage by insanely slashing off our last forests. We don't make Americans rich or happy by damming our last stream and using our last acre. The distress will be just as great when all that is done. We don't solve the meat problem by grazing to death the last of the open range that we have left. The press for range, the cost of beef and mutton will be just as great when we shall have used our last inch of land.

An Object Lesson

WHAT we really do need is some great object lesson, some lasting monument to forethought, which shall compel us to do a little thinking over these things and induce us to apply remedies before and not after it is too late.

This, then, is the proposition that we can afford and ought to have, and cannot afford not to have: As good and great and beautiful and lasting a royal forest in America as any that any monarchy or republic in Europe ever owned. It should be in truth the Forest of America. It should be the noblest in all the world, holding the most austere and regal beauty on earth. It should be set apart to remain unchanged forever, the grandest natural work of

By EMERSON HOUGH

National Forest. This View Was Photographed From the 60-Foot Tower at Jacob Lake

Almighty God now left in all the world! There is one and only one remaining spot in all America which has such beauty. It still is ours as a national possession. We still own as a nation the most beautiful forest of pine, fir and spruce ever known in America, the largest body of virgin timber of any description now out-of-doors in the United States. It is beautiful beyond comparison. It is almost fifty miles in the square, but it has not been used and it would not be commercially missed. If we cut it down we should not solve one industrial problem. We should only leave a greater problem forever unsolved.

We have read that customarily royal forests hold royal stag herds. Very well. This one holds the greatest stag herd ever known in the United States. Officials say that twenty thousand black-tail deer—at least ten to fifteen thousand—are in that herd. In my own belief—very skeptical as I remain of all bureau game countings—there are at least five to eight thousand mule deer now alive in that forest. The number even really may be ten thousand.

Such a pretentious preserve, given in grandiose gesture to posterity, surely ought, if it carried the name of the central figure of the American Republic, to be more beautiful than any similarly devoted tract of all the earth's surface. Can that now be true?

Nature's Fences

IT CAN be true, and is true. All the earth holds no beauty such as lies practically unknown in the very last and very finest wilderness the United States now has or ever did have. Which statement you can test out for yourself as to fairness and truth in any way you like. It belongs to time, to humanity, to the King who loaned it to us. Who are we that we shall not give back to the King what is his own? If we do not we are none the richer. If we cannot we are poor indeed.

The reason why this tremendous wilderness north of the Grand Cañon has so long remained almost unknown is perfectly plain and simple when you come to look into it. We have this wilderness because we could not get at it.

For one hundred fifty miles below it, on the southward, ran the Grand Cañon of the Colorado, an impassable gorge for more than two hundred miles, leaving its commercial crossing out of all question. To the north, east and west lay the desert, so meager that rail transportation never crossed it to the south, because it did not pay to do so. There you have your two fences which have kept the great Kaibab Plateau as Nature made it.

For a long time sportsmen have known of that country. President Roosevelt, who hunted there in 1913, erected a national game refuge for all game on the land of the national forest reserve which before that time had been created out of the United States public lands. So there we have a marvelously beautiful wilderness, the least known wilderness in the United States, already fenced off, already appraised and already set aside.

In the worthy intent to protect it, or perhaps to make it more public, there also was put on a certain part of this great natural beauty land yet a third blanket, the artificial lines of Grand Cañon National Park, replacing the former National Monument. This park includes the Grand Cañon and laps over it. It runs raggedly along the North Rim for a half mile, a mile, two miles, three and a half miles—no one knows precisely and exactly where the line does run—reaching up northward into the lower edge of the great Kaibab Forest.

The North Rim, Grand Canon

A Divided Principality

IT WILL now require very little imagination, or very little consultation of a contour map, to show that the Grand Cañon National Park is a divided principality, with thirty miles of devious and dizzy trail and a wire bridge to join its two halves. And above it, coinciding with it along the North Rim, runs the great primeval forest of Upper Arizona, almost up to the Utah line.

The Kaibab Plateau, one of the most extraordinary timbered regions in the world, rises on the upper edge more than five thousand feet above the plains.

At its southern delimitation it drops down below the level of the earth more than five thousand feet additional or subtractional. Over it, for fifty miles, stands this magnificent forest, the largest and most beautiful in our country.

It is likely that had not the Grand Cañon National Park flung its arms over the Grand Cañon the lions and the deer and the trees would have gone on for a considerable time about as they have; and it is to be said they all have been doing pretty well, thank you, and have the goods to show for it. The fence on the north still stands. But the knowledge of the usual development and publicity attendant on the establishment of a great national park very naturally spread to railroad and commercial circles, and induced a new investigation of the industrial situation in that region. There has for years been talk of building one or more railroads into Southern Utah. This year the public park situation was

(Continued on Page 65)

Thomas Robinson Sees Life

By HARRISON RHODES

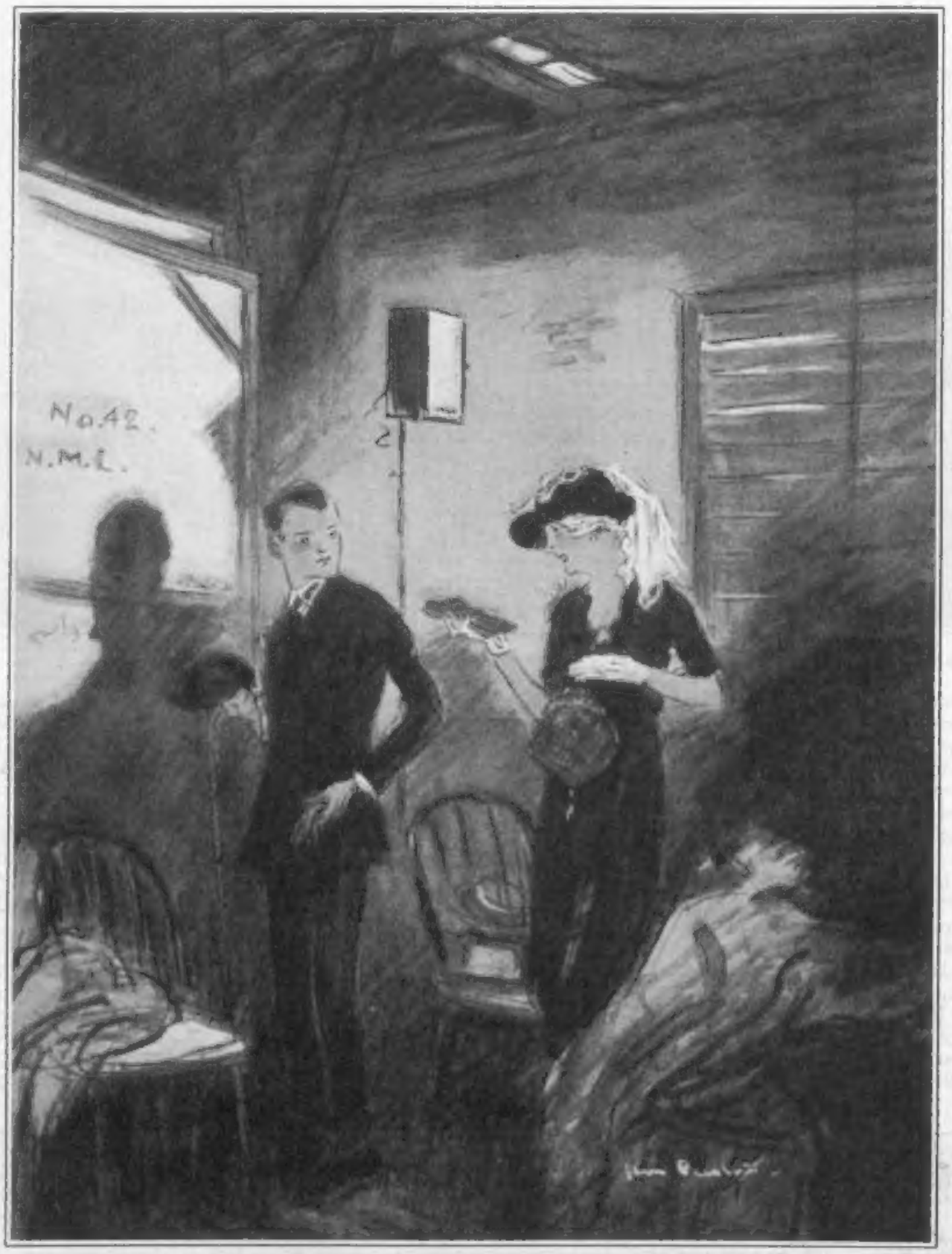
ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THOMAS ROBINSON of course grows older—a year older every year, to be quite accurate—and yet at the ripe age of nineteen and a half he does not in the least feel that he is upon the down grade. Instead he would admit that he has still much to learn.

Perhaps one of the best times to learn is and always has been when your parents are away. It isn't so much that you want to do anything or go anywhere that you'd be ashamed to tell your father and mother about. But if you avoid the necessity of explanations you do feel more a man. This may serve briefly to indicate why young Mr. Robinson, left to his own devices in New York City one evening in early September, thought that the moment had come to go forth quite alone to seek an adventurous dinner in Bohemia.

Cynical and disillusioned articles in the magazines had of course taught him that Greenwich Village was now a tawdry fake and Broadway cabarets mere traps to catch the Western visitor. But someone had told Bobo Lindsay and Bobo had told Thomas Robinson about Moruccio's.

People in New York are very mysterious about restaurants; it is absolutely essential in maintaining a position with your friends to know places to eat which they do not. Bobo had confided Moruccio's address to Thomas Robinson as one delivering into his hands a sacred charge. It was, so he led his friend to understand, little known outside the circles of the initiate of Manhattan, the *illuminati*. But in the evening, above all, it was said to be most agreeably congested with the pleasantest, gayest theatrical and movie people, led there by its admirable and authentic Italian cuisine, its unbelievably low prices and—one was rather darkly led to suppose—by its informal and congenial social atmosphere. It was suggested that you might find yourself rubbing elbows with almost any kind of person there. Even with ladies, so Thomas Robinson, from what Bobo Lindsay had hinted at, secretly suspected. We are now, we frankly admit, upon dangerous ground.



"Oh, it's Nothing! We've Been Pale. And," She Finished Proudly, "That's How the Theater Is"

Nothing really wrong shall happen in this story. How, indeed, could anything really wrong happen in a story about Thomas Robinson? But may there not be permitted just a very little of the modern frank way of writing? Oh, within reason, of course!

Thomas Robinson had already in his more thoughtful moments faced the fact that in due time and with increasing years he would begin to encounter ladies of every kind: actresses, singers, movie queens—well, you know, all kinds; even perhaps show and chorus girls. Does not every very young man face just such a future? It was even to be considered that some of these ladies might, shall we say, strike the note of virtue a little lightly. Sooner or later a man must face and deal with this problem. On the whole, sooner would be much better than later, Thomas Robinson thought. He meant no harm at all that evening or any other evening. Yet life is life.

"There is no table, sir," said the head waiter, and at once it seemed to Thomas Robinson that the one desirable thing in the whole world was to dine where he wasn't wanted. Perhaps he sighed. Somehow he must have touched the excellent Antonio.

"Unless, sir," went on that functionary, "you'll permit me to put you at a table with a lady."

"Oh, very well," replied Thomas Robinson with a hypocritical false show of reluctance, "if she won't mind."

There is not much use trying to conceal the depravity of his thoughts. He hoped she would be yellow-haired even if she were bleached. He actually felt he could endure it if her cheeks were rouged and her lips reddened. He would bear it like a man of the world even if she were really a little wicked. Of course he might very likely ultimately turn her mind to higher and better things. Is this not the uplifting, agreeable vision of all handsome good young men since Armand discovered what a really fine character the lady of the camellias had?

Thomas Robinson followed Antonio as one in a waking dream. Her cheeks were a little rouged, and her lips were a little reddened. So much for youth's bright dream! But it was a strange, unexpected autumnal glow. There was a sad Spanish-lace picture hat with a crimson rose, all in the fashion of several years ago. From beneath its once gay brim there trailed a few wisps of hair; gray, not the golden hair that Thomas Robinson had planned. There was a black dress—even the boy could tell that it was of some sleazy cheap material. But it was cut bravely low, and upon a poor wrinkled neck she wore a small string of imitation pearls. On her breast was a cameo. They came into style again five or six years ago, and somehow you instinctively knew that it had then seemed very lucky that in a meager treasure box was to be found this family inheritance. But cameos are in style no longer. Will this light sketch suffice as the portrait of Miss Celeste Hack, an actress, but not, alas, a very wicked woman?

Novelists have often noted how shattering it is to a man's soul to discover a bad woman in what he hoped was a good one. But have they observed the effect, even more devastating to a young man of ideals like Thomas Robinson, of finding a good woman where he was all braced, as it were, to encounter a bad one? The poor wretch turned quite pale as he sat down. We hope to prove, however, that a gentleman may turn quite pale and still be a gentleman.

Is it possible that in some dim, remote days of the theater a younger, prettier Celeste had been mildly flirtatious? Even now she just a little preened herself as this interesting young stranger was deposited at her table. She adjusted the cameo and she pushed the gray wisps back under the sorry picture hat. But Thomas Robinson was as one cut in marble. He started ordering his food in a glacial calm. But the world had often treated Miss Hack with glacial calm. Part of her poor frightened courage was to ignore it, to practice her little gayeties, her old-fashioned elegances, as if she were still in that earlier, kindlier place the world had once been.

"If you'll pardon my suggesting," she began, "but I know the place so well. You'll find the risotto with chicken livers very good—and very cheap. It's what I call interesting food too."

Now oddly Thomas Robinson had really been on the point of ordering risotto, a dish he had heard highly praised. But he was still angry with Miss Hack for not being eighteen and a blonde, and painted and wicked, and he now politely but firmly called for a veal cutlet. And then remorse at his bad manners suddenly overtook him and he thanked her much more politely than he had ever intended. Thomas Robinson was still too young to understand how dangerous it is to be polite to women, or how politeness often only loosens their tongues.

"Well, you'll pardon my speaking to you. I always speak to anybody I think may be in the profession."

"Profession?" asked Thomas Robinson. "Oh, do you mean you thought I was an actor?"

"Aren't you?"

"No, not exactly," he answered.

He hesitated a moment, for he remembered how very good an actor people had once said he was in an amateur play at Southampton.

"Well," said the lady, "I think you ought to be. You have the appearance for it, and the temperament, I'm sure."

Of course it is not easy for a woman to flatter a grown man. But even a grown man will listen to reason. And it was only reasonable to take some stock in the judgment of an actress who had appeared with all the leading American artists.

Thomas Robinson would have remembered her if he had been old enough, she said, smiling what had perhaps once been a dazzling smile. In spite of everything, she added rather parenthetically, she kept to the Bohemian habits of her profession; she frequented Moruccio's, where the food was cheap and delightful; and where a lady was positively expected to smoke her cigarette. Not that she didn't anywhere do that! An actress had privileges, she should hope!

Thomas Robinson offered her a cigarette from quite a good flat gold case. She insisted on scratching the match and offering him a light. The atmosphere had become definitely more friendly and the charm of Moruccio's more evident.

That was Lillie Loftus over there with the bobbed blond hair. That dark man was James O'Heriot, and that funny little Frenchman was Désiré Chaplor, the moving-picture director, and so on.

Of none of these famous people had Thomas Robinson ever heard a word. But even to talk of them so familiarly

warmed the air around him. He began to forgive Miss Hack for not being what she was not.

She was not, it appeared, acting at the moment. Thomas Robinson, she assumed, knew as well as she did what a terrible season it was in the theaters. Our young friend had, indeed, seen with indifference a squib or two to that effect in the papers. But now suddenly he found himself wondering just what a bad season meant. Doubtless the bad, small, lovely blondes of his earlier imagination would be constantly in demand even in a bad season. But would not more withered poor old darlings with preposterous names like Celeste Hack find it rough, wintry going? For a moment he meditated philosophically, perhaps even cynically, on the possibilities life held of going forth in search of gayety and finding something not quite so gay.

And then suddenly a perfectly swell thing happened. He had already once thought—if it is possible for a gentleman to think such a thing, and we are almost ashamed to tell it of him—he had thought that perhaps—of course he wasn't at all sure—that as she looked across the room Miss Lillie Loftus had not been wholly unaware of his existence. Now she looked again, seemed to recognize Miss Hack for the first time, bowed smilingly and then, obeying doubtless a pretty girlish impulse, jumped up and crossed the room.

"Oh, I haven't seen you since we were together in—what were we together in?" asked Miss Loftus.

Of course according to the strictest rules of etiquette Thomas Robinson need not have risen to his feet, as he was not really of Miss Hack's party. The fact that he did so, however, quite excuses Miss Loftus in casting a perfectly bewildering glance at him.

"It was in Clarice's Captive, wasn't it? I was the housekeeper," replied Miss Hack. "A bad part."

Thomas Robinson continued to stand. Miss Loftus was not apparently interested in discussing the insufficiency of Miss Hack's former rôle. She changed the subject with a shake of bobbed blond hair.

"Is he?—oh, I suppose he isn't your son!"

"Oh, dearie!" protested Celeste. Then, "You'll let me present him. Miss Lillie Loftus, Mr. —— Oh, my!" and she hesitated.

Thomas Robinson supplied the name. He asked the fair one to sit down, and he heard her say no. He wished with all his heart he was an actor. It wasn't exactly that he fell in love, which was not for him a really difficult thing. But it all excited him, made his heart beat a little faster, made his thoughts whirl confusedly in his head. This was indeed the life!

She had no sooner come than she was going. He realized that she had told Miss Hack that she was rehearsing in a play called The Night Owl and that she had put her hand in his to say good-by.

"You'll come to the first night, Mr. Robinson?" she murmured.

"Perhaps I'll come to every night," he blurted out as she fled away.

Miss Hack regarded him fixedly.

"That's what they want now on the stage," she said darkly. "Not acting, not the kind of thing I have spent all the years of my life learning. You'd think," she went on, "that the world owed me at least a dinner at Moruccio's."

The waiter had brought her bill, and at that moment young Mr. Robinson again took a cigarette from the quite good flat gold case. Miss Hack gazed at it and the bill both, and fumbled in her pocket.

"I've lost my purse," she announced blankly.

"Well, what am I to do?" growled the waiter

She looked at Thomas Robinson, not the waiter.

"Let me pay," that young gentleman said promptly. "I've had such a good time, and I'm so interested, and I'll be watching the newspapers to see what you're in, and I'll go to your first night too. No, don't say anything about it. Just let's pretend," said Thomas Robinson, "that I asked you out to dine."

"That's awfully nice of you." And then nervously, "I've got to go now. Eat and run isn't manners, but I must." She held out a hand. "You're a nice young man, Mr. Robinson. I don't know that Moruccio's is the best place for you."

She turned and went halfway across the room. The boy looked after her. He saw her stop and come back. She seated herself again, and her poor old face looked older in spite of the rouge.

"I can't do it," she said in a low voice. "I haven't lost my purse, and I'm going to pay."

She opened a worn leather wallet.

"There isn't much in it, is there?" asked Thomas Robinson, leaning over, impolitely enough, to look into it.

She closed the purse almost viciously and pushed a dollar bill across the table to him. He slowly and meditatively smoothed it out upon the white—well, it was pretty white—tablecloth.

"I was born and bred a lady," his companion was protesting. "I am a lady. I did this once before when I was hard pushed—and I thought you were rich."

"I guess I am rich," answered Thomas Robinson, his eyes still on the smoothed-out dollar bill. "I've got twenty dollars in my pocket now."

"I felt sure that I could get away with it, because you're so sweet."

Thomas Robinson blushed, a boyish weakness he couldn't get rid of.

"But when you think of it," she continued, "it's just because you are so sweet that I couldn't get away with it. I had to come back and tell."

"That's a wonderful compliment," murmured the boy, still blushing. "Tell me," he went on almost shyly, and he quoted a phrase he had thought of earlier, "is it pretty rough going?"

"I haven't had any work for over a year."

Her breath came short, but she kept from crying. She even gallantly extracted a lip stick from some dim recess and reddened up a bit.

"I get discouraged sometimes—the waiting in offices, you know; and authors don't seem to write about anything but flappers nowadays; and they never write about ladies."

"Probably the authors aren't gentlemen," exclaimed Thomas Robinson hotly.

Who shall say he went very wide of the mark? Miss Hack gave a little laugh, appreciative of his wit. But it was not yet a very gay laugh.

"You were an awfully good actress just now when you pretended—well, you know. If any manager had seen you then I bet he'd have given you a job."

(Continued on Page 77)

"You'll Let Me Present Him. Miss Lillie Loftus, Mr. —— Oh, My!" and She Hesitated

MR. POTTLE AND PAGEANTRY

By RICHARD CONNELL

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

HE WOULDN'T give a cent," announced Mrs. Pottle, blotting up the nucleus of a tear on her cheek with the tip of her gloved finger. "Not one red cent."

"What did you want a red cent for, honey?" inquired Mr. Pottle absently, from out the depths of the sporting page.

"Who wouldn't give you a red cent?"

"Old Felix Winterbottom," Mrs. Pottle answered.

Mr. Pottle put down his paper.

"Do you mean to say you tackled old Frosty-face Felix himself?" he demanded with interest and some awe.

"I certainly did," replied his wife. "Right in his own office."

Her spouse made no attempt to conceal his admiration.

"What did you say; then what did he say; then what did you say?" he queried.

"I was very polite," Mrs. Pottle answered, "and tactful. I said 'See here, now, Mr. Winterbottom, you are the richest man in the county, and yet you have the reputation of being the most careful with your money ——'"

"I'll bet that put him in a good humor," said Mr. Pottle in a murmured aside.

"You know perfectly well, Ambrose, that old Felix Winterbottom is never in a good humor," said his wife. "After talking with him I really believe the story that he has never smiled in his life. Well, anyhow, I said to him, 'See here now, Mr. Winterbottom, I'm going to give you a chance to show people your heart is in the right place, after all. The day nursery we ladies of the Browning-Tagore Club of Granville are starting needs just one thousand dollars. Won't you let me put you down for that amount?'"

Mr. P. Bradley Gulick, Bony But Impressive, in a Grecian Robe, Proclaimed That He Was the Spirit of Civilization

Mr. Pottle whistled. "Did he bite you?" he asked.

"I thought for a minute he was going to," admitted Mrs. Pottle, "and then he said, 'Are the Gulicks interested in this?' I said, 'Of course they are! Mrs. P. Bradley Gulick is chairman of the Pink Contribution Team, and Mrs. Wendell Gulick is chairman ——' 'Stop!' said Mr. Winterbottom, giving me that fishy look of his, like a halibut in a cake of ice. 'In that case, I wouldn't give a cent, not one red cent. Good day, Mrs. Pottle.' I went."

Mr. Pottle wagged his head sententiously.

"You'll never get a nickel out of him now," he declared. "Never. You might have known that Felix Winterbottom would not go into anything the Gulicks were in. And," added Mr. Pottle thoughtfully, "I can't say that I blame old Felix much."

"Ambrose!" reproved Mrs. Pottle, but her rebuke lacked a certain whole-heartedness. "The Gulicks are nice people; the nicest people in Granville."

"That's the trouble with them," retorted Mr. Pottle; "they never let you forget it. That's what ails this town; too much Gulicks. I'm not the only one who thinks so, either."

She did not attempt rebuttal, beyond saying, "They're our oldest family."

"Bah!" said Mr. Pottle. He appeared to smolder, and then he flamed out: "Honest, Blossom, those Gulicks make me just a little bit sick to the stummick. Just because some ancestor of theirs came over in the Mayflower, and because some other ancestor happened to own the farm this town was built on, you'd think they were the Duke of Kackiack, or something. The town grew up and made 'em rich, but what did they ever do for the town?"

"For the Fifth and Last Time," Said the Tired and Harassed Voice of Mrs. Pottle, "You Cannot Wear Pants, Spirits Never Do"

"Well," began Mrs. Pottle, more for the sake of debate than from conviction, "there's Gulick Avenue, and Gulick Street, and Gulick Park ——"

"Oh, they give their name freely enough," said Mr. Pottle. "But what did they give to the day-nursery fund?"

"They did disappoint me," Mrs. Pottle admitted. "They only gave fifty dollars, which isn't much for the second wealthiest family in town, but Mrs. P. Bradley Gulick said we could put her name at the head of the list ——"

Mr. Pottle's affable features attained an almost sardonic look.

"O-ho!" he said, pointedly. "O-ho!"

He flamed up again.

"That's exactly the amount those pirates added to the rent of my barber shop," he stated, and then, passion seething in his ordinarily amiable bosom, he went on, "A fine lot, they are, to be snubbing a self-made man like Felix Winterbottom, and turning up their thin blue noses at Felix Winterbottom's tannery."

"Ambrose," said his wife, with lifted blond eyebrows, "please don't make suggestive jokes in my presence."

"Honey swat key Molly pants," returned Mr. Pottle with a touch of bellicosity. "It's no worse than other tanneries; and it's the biggest in the state. Those Gulicks give me a pain, I tell you. You can't pick up a paper without reading: 'Mr. P. Bradley Gulick, one of our leading citizens, unveiled a tablet in the Gulick Hook and Ladder Company Building yesterday in honor of his ancestor, Saul Gulick, one of the pioneers who hewed our great state out of the wilderness, and whose cider press stood on the ground now occupied by the hook-and-ladder company.' Or 'Mrs. Wendell Gulick read a paper before the Society of Descendants of Officers Above the Rank of Captain on General Washington's Staff on the heroic part played by her ancestor, Major Noah Gulick, at the Battle of Saratoga.' If it isn't that it's 'The Spinning Wheel Club met at Mrs. Gulick's palatial residence to observe the anniversary of the birth of Phineas Gulick, the first red-headed baby born in Massachusetts.' Bah, is what I say. Bah!"

He seethed and bubbled and broke out again.

"You'd think to hear them blow that the Gulicks discovered ancestors and had 'em patented. I guess the Pottles had an ancestor or two. Even Felix Winterbottom had ancestors."

"Probably haddocks," said Mrs. Pottle coldly. "He can keep his old red cents."

"He will, never fear," her husband assured her. "After the way he and his family have been treated by the Gulicks, I don't blame him."

Mrs. Pottle pumped up a sigh from the depths of a deep bosom and sank tearfully to a divan.

"And I'd set my heart on it," she sobbed.

"What, dear?"

"The day nursery. And it's to fail for want of a miserable thousand dollars."

"Don't speak disrespectfully of a thousand dollars, Blossom," Mr. Pottle enjoined his spouse. "That's five thousand shaves. And don't expect me to give anything more. You know perfectly well the barber business is not what it used to be. I can't give another red cent."

Mrs. Pottle sniffed.

"Who asked you for your red cents?" she inquired with spirit. "I'll make the money myself."

"You, Blossom?"

"Yes. Me."

"But how?"

She rose majestically; determination was in her pose, and the light of inspiration was in her bright blue eyes.

"We'll give a pageant," she announced.

"A pageant?" Mr. Pottle showed some dismay. "A show, Blossom?"

"Evidently," she said, "you have not read your encyclopedia under 'P.'"

"I'm only as far as 'ostriches,'" he answered humbly.

"'A pageant,'" she quoted, "'is an elaborate exhibition or spectacle, a series of stately tableaux or living pictures, frequently historic, and often with poetic spoken interludes.'"

"Ah," beamed Mr. Pottle, nodding understandingly, "a circus!"

"Not in the least, Ambrose. Does your mind never soar? A pageant is a very beautiful and serious thing, with lots of lovely costumes, hundreds of people, horses, historic scenes ——" She broke off suddenly. "When was Granville founded?"

He told her. Her eyes sparkled.

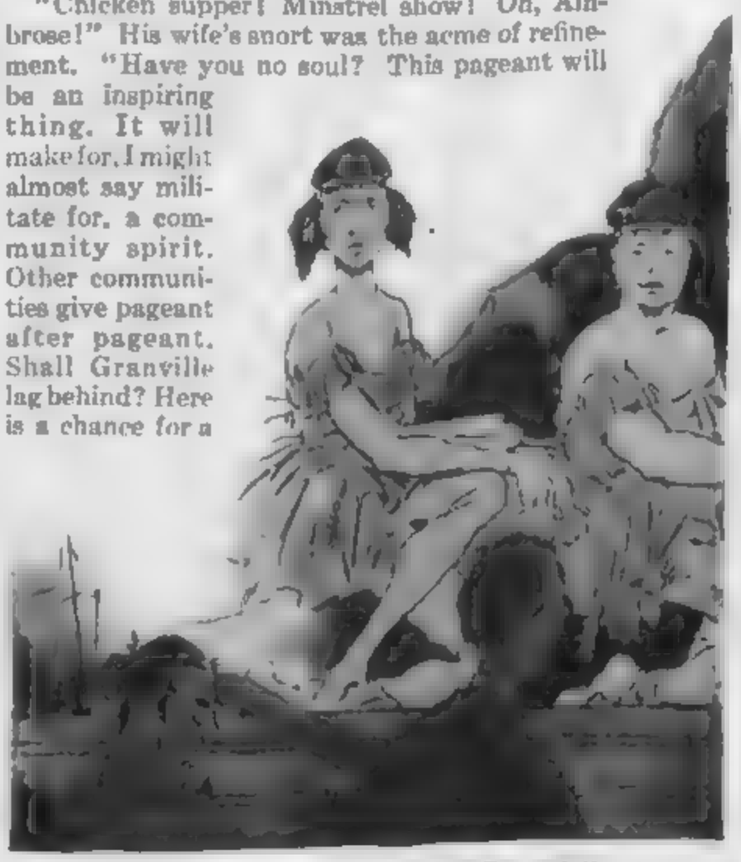
"Wonderful!" she cried. "This year it will be two hundred years old. We'll give an historic pageant—The Growth of Civilization in Granville."

"It sounds expensive," objected Mr. Pottle.

"Don't be sordid, Ambrose," said his wife.

"I'm not sordid, Blossom," he returned. "I'm a practical man. I know these kermises and feats. My cousin Julia Onderdonk got up a pageant in Peoria once, and now she hasn't a friend in the place. Besides, it only netted fourteen dollars for the Bide-a-Wee Home. Now, honey, why not give a good old-fashioned chicken supper in the church hall, with perhaps a minstrel show afterward?"

"Chicken supper! Minstrel show! Oh, Ambrose!" His wife's snort was the acme of refinement. "Have you no soul? This pageant will be an inspiring thing. It will make for, I might almost say militate for, a community spirit. Other communities give pageant after pageant. Shall Granville lag behind? Here is a chance for a



She Tapped Her Narrow

real community get-together. Here is a chance to give our young people the wonderful history of their town ——"

"And also a chance for all the Gulick tribe to parade around in colonial clothes with spinning wheels under their arms," put in Mr. Pottle.

"I'm afraid we can't avoid that," admitted his wife ruefully. "After all, they are our oldest family."

She meditated.

"I suppose," she mused, "that Mrs. P. Bradley Gulick would have to be the Spirit of Progress "

"Progress shouldn't be fat and wall-eyed," interposed Mr. Pottle. She ignored this.

"And I suppose that odious freckled daughter of hers would have to be the Spirit of Liberty or Civilization or something important; and I suppose that pompous Mr. Gulick would have to be the Pioneer Spirit. Still, I think it could be managed. Now, you, Ambrose, can be ".

"I don't want to be the spirit of anything," he declared. "Count me out, Blossom."

Mrs. Pottle assumed a hurt pout.

"For my sake?" she said.

"I'm no actor," he stated.

"Oh, I don't want you to act," she said. "You're to be treasurer."

He wrinkled up his nose and brow into a frown.

"The dirty work!" he exclaimed. "That's the way, the world over. Us Pottles do the dirty work and the Gulicks get the glory. No, Blossom, no, no, no!"

An appealing tear, and another, stole down her pink cheek.

"Mr. Gallup wouldn't have treated me that way," she said. Mr. Gallup had been her first husband.

Mr. Pottle knew resistance was futile.

"Oh, all right. I'll be treasurer."

She smiled. "Now one more tiny favor?"

"Well?"

"I want you to be the Spirit of History and read the historic epilogue."

"Me? I'm no spirit. I'm a boss barber."

"Well, if you don't take the job I suppose I can get one of the Gulicks."

He considered a second.

"All right," he said. "I'll be the Spirit of History. But understand one thing, here and now: I'll not wear tights."

She conceded him that point.

"Say," he asked, struck by a thought, "how do you know what spirits are going to be in this? Who is going to write this thing, anyhow?"

"I am," said Mrs. Pottle.

II

"IT'S not decent," objected Mr. Pottle fervidly. "How can I keep the respect of the community if I go round like this." He indicated his pink knees, which blushed like spring rosebuds beneath a somewhat nebulous toga of cheesecloth.

"If I can't wear pants I don't want to be the Spirit of History," he added.

"For the fifth and last time," said the tired and harassed voice of Mrs. Pottle, "you cannot wear pants. Spirits never do. That settles it. Not another word, Ambrose. Haven't I trouble enough without my own husband adding to it?"

Chest, and a Look of Horror Crept Into Her Face

"I Trust 'tis Not the Wily Redskin I Just Heard Whooping in the Forest"

She pressed her brow as if it ached. Piles of costumes—mostly tinsel and cheesecloth—shields, tomahawks, bridles and bits of scenery were strewn about the Pottle parlor. She sank into a morris chair and stitched fiercely at an angel's wing. Her eyes were the eyes of one at bay.

"It's been one thing after another," she declaimed. "Those Gulicks are making my life miserable. And just now I had a note from Etta Runkle's mother saying that if in the Masque of the Fruits and Flowers of Botts County her little Etta has to be an onion while little Gertrude Crump is a violet, she won't lend us that white horse for the Paul Revere's Ride Scene.

"I had to make that hateful stupid child of hers a violet and change Gertrude Crump to an onion; and now Mrs. Crump is mad and won't let any of her children appear in the pageant."

"Well," remarked Mr. Pottle, "I don't see why you had to have Paul Revere's Ride, anyhow. He didn't ride all the way out here to Ohio, did he?"

"I know he didn't," she replied tartly. "I didn't want to put him in. But Mrs. Gulick insisted. She said it was her ancestor, Elijah Gulick, who lent Paul Revere the horse. That's why I have to have Paul Revere stop in the middle of his ride and say:

"Gallant stallion, swift and noble,
Lent me by my good friend Gulick,
Patriot, scholar, king of horsemen,
Speed ye, speed ye, speed ye onward!"

Mr. Pottle groaned.

"Is there anything in American history the Gulicks didn't have a hand in?" he asked. "But say, Blossom, that horse of the Runkles' is no gallant stallion. She's the one Matt Runkle uses on his milk route. Everyone in town knows Agnes."

"I can't help it," said Mrs. Pottle wearily. "Wendell Gulick, Junior, who plays Paul Revere, insisted on having a white horse, and Agnes was the only one I could get."

"They're the insistingest people I ever knew," observed Mr. Pottle.

His wife gave out the saddest sound in the world, the short sob of thwarted authorship.

"They've just about ruined my pageant," she said. "Mrs. Gulick insisted on having that battle between the settlers and the Indians just because a great-great-uncle of hers was in it. I didn't want anything rough like that in my pageant. Besides, it happened in the next county, and the true facts are that the Indians chased the settlers fourteen miles and scalped three of them. Of course, it wouldn't do to show a Gulick running from an Indian, so she insisted that I change history around and make the settlers win the battle.

"None of the nice young men were willing to be Indians and be chased, so I had to hire a tough young fellow named Brannigan—I believe they call him Beansy—and nine other young fellows from the horseshoe works to play Indian at fifty cents apiece."

Mr. Pottle looked anxious.

"I know that Beansy Brannigan," he said. "How is that gang behaving?"

"Oh, pretty well. But ten Indians at fifty cents an Indian is five dollars, and we c-can't afford it."

She was tearful again.

"Already the costumes have cost four hundred dollars and more. We'll be lucky to make expenses if the Gulicks keep on putting in expensive scenes," she moaned.

She busied herself with the angel's wing, then paused to ask, "Ambrose, have you learned your historic epilogue?"

For answer he sprang to his feet, wrapped his cheesecloth toga about him, struck a Ciceronian attitude, and said loudly:

"Who am I, O list'ning peoples?
Hist'ry's spirit, stern and truthful!
Come I here to tell you fully
Of our Granville's thrilling story:
How Saul and other noble Gulicks,
And a few who shall be nameless,
Hewed a city from the forests,
Blazed the way for civ'lization."

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Pottle. "I can't bear to hear another word about those Gulicks. You know it well enough."

"There are a few things I wish I could have put in," remarked Mr. Pottle wistfully.

His tone made her look up with quick interest.

"What do you mean?" she inquired.

"Oh, I found out a thing or two," he replied, "when I was down at the capital last week. I happened to drop into the state historical society's library and run over some old records."

He chuckled.

"P. Bradley Gulick told me I didn't have to go down there to get the facts. He'd give them to me, he said. So he did. Some of them."

"Ambrose, what do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing. All I will say is this: I'm a patient man and can be pestered a lot, but just let one of these Gulicks pester me a little too much one of these days, and I'll rear up on my hind legs, that's all."

There was a glint in his eye, and Mrs. Pottle saw it.

"Ambrose," she said, "if you do anything to spoil my pageant I'll never forgive you."

He snorted. *(Continued on Page 34)*

The Print of My Remembrance

By AUGUSTUS THOMAS

IN OCTOBER of 1871, three months after my return from Washington, the St. Louis papers were filled with mounting reports of the Chicago fire. Extras issued; the people of our older and larger sister city, moving leisurely in their dominantly Southern fashion, slowed down a little further to discuss the alarming news of destruction in the lake-shore town, and then waked up to a rescue as characteristic in its impulsive generosity and dash as a cavalry charge by Early. My interest was local and my contributions of curiosity principally obstructive.

One idol of our St. Louis boys was H. Clay Sexton, the head of the fire department. Sexton was the typical fire chief of that time: red leather helmet with white-and-gold escutcheon; flannel shirt; broad belt and buckle; trousers in high boots. He carried a silver speaking trumpet presented by admiring citizens and insurance companies. But behind the picturesque make-up and inside the burly body there was a real man with a brain. Ahead of the newspapers the telegraph brought to this chief constant news of the fire's progress and the work of the fighters; and then suddenly the alarming report that the flames in the acres of wooden houses that made the Chicago of that period had got beyond control by the local department. The water system was unequal to the drain upon it. Engines able to work and men eager to do so were without hose enough or water.

Somewhere over a St. Louis engine house Clay Sexton was working like a coördinating marshal, anticipating the ultimate call—his firemen, his material, his machines and hose reels, the broad-breasted, long-legged horses, the stock cars ready for them at the chutes, the flat cars with skids and blocks and ties for the machines, the fastest passenger engines, the ablest engineers all at readiness and attention. Then the call.

Daily express-train time from St. Louis to Chicago was nine hours. Clay Sexton, with his train of stock cars and flats, with nine fire engines, reels, horses and firemen, went up there in a fraction over five hours. The gallant feature was the readiness and the run. The work after arrival was prosaic enough, though vital. The visiting engines dipped their suckers into Lake Michigan and fed water by constant relay to the local men more familiar with the ground. The fact that two hundred and fifty persons met death in that fire and ninety-eight thousand were rendered destitute I heard many times. The oral message was tame, however, and fleeting in effect compared with the picture of the old General Lyon Number 4, our neighborhood engine, swinging out for her part in that enterprise of relief.

Amateur Publishing

ANOTHER outstanding feature of those days is a noon-hour book of weekly newspaper illustrations of the Franco-Prussian War, none now definite but all making a vague mental frame and background somehow inseparably tied to an otherwise unconnected statement of Gen. Phil Sheridan's. The general had seen somewhat of the French and German conduct in that war. As the result of his observations he thought that the German soldiers could, on equal terms, conquer those of any other nation except the American; that the American's superiority lay in initiative. Other soldiers seemed to act only upon command; the American also obeyed, but added to his obedience the individual activity of starting frontier fashion every night to intrench or to build or to do other essential things for himself without waiting for the word. In Sheridan's belief, political freedom and its responsibility had produced a better unit. Phil should have been at Château-Thierry. Perhaps he was. At any rate, his commendation of individual initiative gave it lasting importance in my small decisions.

I hope I may tell of another trifle that will amuse a million boys, perhaps mar a thousand jackknives and determine one or two embryo James McNeill Whistlers. Halfway up the steps to the Capitol dome in Washington there used to be a door, sometimes ajar, letting to a room wherein were the batteries of the simple electric system of 1870. If a boy dipped his knife blade into one of the many jars of copperas solution that stood on the low shelves, and let the blade dry without wiping it, the steel in appearance turned to copper. When I philanthropically tried that on father's knife at a neighborhood battery in St. Louis my pride was tempered by his explaining that the color was acquired, not unlike many a later luster, by the copper's eating into the steel and to that slight degree dulling its edge.

With a tolerant wisdom that untiringly tried to steer my destructive impulses into productive channels, he took a clean blade on my knife, patiently rubbed it in different directions with a piece of lithographic crayon until it had a full coating of dense black grease over it; then with one point of a broken steel pen he had me write my name through the black field.

To this writing he had me apply a few drops of the fluid and let it stand till the shining letters of steel bubbled into crusty copper. When, after two or three minutes, both crayon field and copper ashes were washed off the written name was there, etched into the blade of the owner's knife.

That year in the high school I bit a score of autographs on schoolmates' knives. Among the beneficiaries in the senior grade was a boy named Will Harlow. Harlow had literary ambitions, a hand printing press with a six-by-eight chase, and possessed a curling, back-blown pompadour that should have had an Eton collar with it. He was a typical Rollo. Aware of my ability to do outline drawings, such as they were, and seeing in this litho-crayon-and-copperas combination a way to simple etching, Harlow proposed the publication of a magazine. Together we undertook it. The magazine was named Scratches and Sketches. We issued five numbers, I think, at irregular intervals, approximately a fortnight, with some paid ads—eight pages of short stories, verse and local comment, all furnished by Harlow, and three or four pages of alleged etchings made by me.

These etchings were done on zinc plates bought at the tinsmith's, laboriously burnished with a hand burnisher by me, coated with lithograph crayon, drawn with a pen and bitten with a saturated solution of copperas. The prints were made on superior paper as inserted etchings should be, at a professional shop, and then pasted into the letter-press stuff.

Subscriptions were few despite our courageous proclamations, but enough copies were issued to embroil Harlow and me. His playful comment upon our acquaintances in North St. Louis met with several demands for retractions and apologies. Some real enmities were established.

One bellicose warning delivered to me to transmit to Harlow, who was keeping out of sight, as grown-up editors are said sometimes to do, carried a descriptive word for our magazine that stuck. The complainant was one William F. Putnam, a fine youngster, who became in early manhood an influential miller in Cleveland, where he had as a side line a stable of trotters, one of which in fraternal recollection he called Gus Thomas. Billy in our St. Louis days was a handy boy with his fists; a good, clean, upstanding, handsome lad, looking the world in the eye as I am sure he still does.

Holding my lapel after our second or third issue he said, "You tell Mr. Harlow that if he ever mentions my name in his damned almanac again," and so on.

I never recovered from "almanac." Nine years later in the playlet of Editha's Burglar I had the burglar refer by that term to the paper of Editha's papa, and I spoke the burglar's line myself some four hundred consecutive times, but with no ultimate relief.

The rector of Grace Church in our district also found some ethical flaws in our unripened policy. These and similar incidents, and the expense account, decided Harlow's mother, who was a widow in modest circumstances, to withhold further financial support. Some years later, when for a partner's guaranty to a theatrical manager the sheriff took our printing office in Kansas City and the ill will of a weekly paper that languished therein, the funeral wasn't nearly so depressing as our farewell to the "almanac."

In writing one's recollections for publication the experienced advise cautious utterance concerning living persons, and a news sense that shall choose as subjects men already in the public notice. I am unaware of any notorious interest in Frederick W. Ruckstull, though I am not ignorant of his claim upon Fame herself. Mr. Ruckstull, who to-day is still young and a few years my senior, is the author of that Victory monument in Jamaica, Long Island, against which from four directions sober motorists used to drive on foggy nights until the city authorities, after the manner of ruling minds in normal democracies, concluded that four iron lamp-posts were cheaper than numerous rosewood coffins and thereupon set up a cordon of strong lights.

Ruck's Opinion of Ruck

THAT Victory identifies Mr. Ruckstull for the sporting New Yorker. The tourists will recall his beautiful female nude of Evening in the American Hall of Sculpture in the New York Metropolitan Museum. Pennsylvania has his equestrian Hartranft in front of her capitol; St. Louis his decorative Mercury and eagle in Portland Place; and the Southland his cavalier, Gen. Wade Hampton, and four or five Confederate monuments. Washington and other cities have from his studio other mature and classical performances.

William Marion Reedy, Drawn by Frederic Remington in Mr. Thomas' Sketch Book

Remington's Pen-and-Ink Sketch of F. W. Ruckstull in Mr. Thomas' Collection

Ruckstull, an Alsatian by birth, was brought to St. Louis by his parents at the age of two. Fifteen years later he attracted the attention of my father. Into the profound talk of this wise man of forty-three and that positive philosopher of seventeen I gradually won my way. My father respected me—either already or still; I had to prove it to Ruck. I wish to mark the boy Ruckstull now in this year 1871, when he first comes into my ken, because he still is there in 1921, the least deviating note in this revolving rug of life. Whenever after any sentimental vertigo I can first get my feet on the floor and partly retard the vibrating patterns in the carpet and on the wall paper, as soon as I can locate Ruck amongst them the rest begin to orient and grow less vocal.

In appearance he is now as gray as Senator Lodge and as bald as Sir Oliver. When I first saw him he was black-haired, black-eyed, athletic. It may be that some slight changes have also taken place in my make-up. In 1894, when the caricature of him on this page was drawn in our guest book at New Roche le by lamplight, he was still dark-haired, but had lost some locks, as indicated.

Dear old Frederic Remington, who sat by on that Christmas night and looked on and laughed all through the execution, said, "You're not only getting a portrait of Ruck but of Ruck's opinion of Ruck."

Father had heard young Ruckstull speak in what now would be a Boy Scout debating society, but was then an Episcopal attempt to divert the gang spirit of our

North St. Louis incorrigibles. Concurrently with this Grace Church Debating Society there was organized a Marion Place Dramatic Club, for which I wrote my first full evening's play, named Alone. Our leading lady was Mittens Willet, who subsequently became the juvenile lead for John McCullough and the wife of Henry Aveling, a leading man and star of the late seventies. While Mittens was with us her leading man was Robert Cornell, earlier mentioned as a Jefferson City page boy. Cornell did not become the greatest real-estate agent in St. Louis, but he would have been an ornament to the American stage.

That year to the old Olympic Theater in St. Louis—not the present spacious house on the same site, but a Douglas Jerrold type of playhouse, with pit, elevated horseshoe dress circle, family circle and gallery—there came a fine old character actor named John Dillon, father of Louise Dillon of later fame. Dillon played O'Callahan in Bernard's play, On His Last Legs, manifestly adapted from Molière's Le Médecin Malgré Lui. Dillon's performance was a masterpiece of finish in technic, rich in byplay and pause, and as liberal an education in what added expression can give to mere lines as is Frank Bacon's Lightnin'.

Both Cornell and Mittens, superior in serious work as they were, insisted that this comedy part of O'Callahan was for me. The play was even then a fifteen-cent yellowback, available to any buyer. We gave it many times in parlors, in the parsonage, in the hall over Sturgeon Meat Market, and on the road. I shall recur to that compact little two-act farce; once when it pays a company out of Canada and once again when in ample disguise it rescues Mr. De Wolf Hopper from a temporary lapse and restores him to Broadway and opulence and matrimony. And when I do so perhaps such of my youngish readers as continue to trail may note a connection between those grown-up enterprises, running in the Hopper instance into a fortune, and these small beginnings, like learning in amateur days a good play will. They may infer that the money side of the return is of the lesser worth; that the big value is the self-expression obtained; that the debating society, the dramatic club, the singing school, the art class, the pursuits that invite brain to the finger tips, and to become articulate, are the interests that make life eloquent. They may even come to have opinions and to believe that the amount of self-expression encouraged and protected in any country is the measure of liberty in that country.

Hardships of a Happy Youth

I SHALL tell stories of these adolescent years only when the incidents are influential in later results, not simply important to me privately, but with some color of general interest or possibility of serviceable application. All children of parents in modest circumstances have their trials. It is only the little rich who have the right to say with a great American:

"Am I not too protected a person? Am I not defrauded of my best culture in the loss of those gymnastics which manual labor and the emergencies of poverty constitute?"

Therefore, that I took a job to write and deliver freight notices to St. Louis consignees for the Vandalia office, and had to be in East St. Louis to receive waybills from an incoming train at seven A.M., is not important. Many another boy of fourteen years, three miles from work, to which he must go on foot, is called an hour and a half before the shop time. If the call is 5:30 and the season winter, he will dress by candlelight; the kitchen will glow with the genial presence of the stove; and the smell will be domestic and stimulating, to the capacity of the family purse.

Augustus Thomas' Sketch of Frederic Remington From Life

But not every boy will have a frozen Mississippi to walk over, with the Great Dipper half upside .down in the sparkled sky, holding its long pointers to the North Star on his left, and underneath on the massive ice an endless train of coal wagons with four horses to each, crunching its way to the Illinois side, while off to the right of his path the piers of the Eads Bridge, then to be the eighth wonder of the world, are as yet only a few feet above the river's level, their great ram breakwaters prowed like battleships against the frozen current, whose first flying charges of winter have piled like sculptured foam, deck high, against these defenders. Halfway out on that mile-wide ice was a barroom with a red-hot cannon stove, where a cold driver could run ahead of his team, which would keep its place in the plodding train, and get a drink and a thaw and pick up his wagon as it went by.

To see the chance for that squatter barroom, to foresee that endless train of wagon traffic, and a day after the ice quit moving to be out there with boards and nails; with that degree of skill and attack and the sporting willingness to wager this lumber and labor and a stock of whisky against the changing elements, indicated a vanguard imagination quite kindred to that which planned and set up the cantilever double span at St. Louis or devised and drove the jetties at the Delta below New Orleans. The difference was the trained engineer's mathematics that Eads possessed and that Kelly had never had the chance to get.

James Buchanan Eads, who died in the Bahamas in his sixty-seventh year, was born on the Indiana prairie in 1820. When he was forty-one he designed and built that Mississippi fleet of ironclads and monitors without which Grant's western campaign might not have been so successful. I met him when I was a young man and he about sixty. I remember his modest and gentle bearing, and the deference that the important men of that occasion instinctively paid him.

The years between that date and the earlier winter when I trudged twice each day past the looming piers of the Eads Bridge had been wonderfully filled with incident for me. To relate those incidents would be unpardonable trespass upon type and eyesight. An earlier writer recording his landlady's appeal to sympathy by a recital of her history says, "It was as though a grain of wheat that had been ground and bolted had tried to individualize itself."

But flour that grades up to the market sample might quite properly, if it could, say whether the way of grinding had been of the old upper-and-nether millstones kind or the roller system, and might with equal propriety claim the nutritive percentage obtained by the process.

I recently heard a Yale professor refer to newspapers as destructive of thought. He had in mind the gossipy hours spent in their reading, and the dissipation of nearly all serious attention on the part of those addicted to them. Some day an equal censor may attack the weeklies, and if we guilty contributors and readers can here and there point to a paragraph of right intent and perhaps helpful issue, we may quit the field retreating in good order and not in panic rout.

The Grace of the Boxer

WILL it not be an orderly method if, reporting myself a man at nineteen and omitting the hurtful things, I tell those physical experiences that built a margin of muscular gain; and if, eliminating the wasteful lures and attractions, I recount the better mental interests that won out for such equipment as has served in a profession that is without curriculum or diploma; and if I can find the skill to do so without offending, may I not imply or hint the developing factors in that third element of human tissue which we call spiritual?

Somebody said that the military victories of England were won on the cricket field. I believe a right American soldier is as much better than a similar English soldier of equal training and experience as baseball is better than cricket. I wish some alchemy could give us the percentage of baseball that was in the Argonne victories. I think the training that equips a boy on the diamond, with all the bases filled, to pick up a batted grounder and without a fraction of a second's wait to put it to the right spot is as fine a preparation for the market, the bar, the pulpit, the forum, the surgical clinic—especially the surgical clinic—and the battlefield as any physical exercise in the world; and yet if I had to choose as one who knew both between baseball and boxing I'd tell my boy to box—and I'm writing these recollections for boys. I hope the girls, too, will like them, but I know a good deal less about girls. With the fellows past forty—yes, say past thirty—I don't expect to change a vote. Mr. Franklin Haven Sargent, president of the American Academy of Dramatic Arts, asked me some years ago to suggest any additional course for his pupils.

I said, "Teach them to box."

Mr. Sargent was then past thirty. Before I offered that advice I had found in several years of professional rehearsals that men and women, self-conscious on the stage, were so principally on account of their hands. There is the same embarrassment in some public speakers. The boxer is free from that; to see his hand in front of him in an instinctive gesture does not fill him with sudden fear, and if the hand as placed stands for some mental attitude he is at ease in leaving it there as long as he asks attention to that fact. The most graceful man in the use of his hands on the stage thirty years ago was Maurice Barrymore, who had been the champion amateur boxer of England. One of the most graceful to-day is Eddie Foy, another boxer. I have never in many talks with William Faversham mentioned the subject, but I am confident that he was a skillful boxer in his younger days.

(Continued on Page 36)

F. W. Rackstull, at 18

George Snell

W. Francis Putnam

John Peck Colby

SENT ON APPROVAL

By George Weston

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD GARDNER

When Wibley Returned With the Housekeeper, Who Also Proved to be Mrs. Wibley, Little Miss Allison's Heart Sank Lower Yet

AT FIRST sight you might not have regarded her as a romantic figure. For one thing, when she left the shelter of the Pennsylvania Terminal the roar of the city seemed to confuse her; and she clutched her satchel with a tighter grasp, first looking to the right and then to the left with a frightened expression, as though she wouldn't have been greatly surprised if a gunman had suddenly appeared and snatched at her belongings, or had even attempted to thrust her into a taxi to whirl her away and rob her at his ease. Indeed, a wave of relief passed over her when she caught sight of the traffic officer in the middle of the street, and making her way to his side she set down the satchel, and opening the beaded bag which her pupils had given her she showed him the card which had been carefully placed there for the purpose.

"'Allison Building,'" he read. "That big gray building with the flag on the tower that ye see over there—stickin' way up, it is, above anny of the others."

"Thank you, sir," said she.

At a response so strange he looked at her then for the first time—all the way from her bonnet, with its wax barberry berries for a touch of color, to her neat little shoes, which looked like a boy's; and whatever he saw, he added, in a friendlier tone that had a touch of respect in it too, "Just a moment, ma'am, and I'll take ye over to the sidewalk."

He raised his hand with a gesture worthy of a king and immediately the traffic stopped.

Squiring her then in towering dignity, he started for the corner; and if you had been there as she walked along in his lee, a quaint little figure, as though from a bygone age, you would surely have seen the suppressed excitement which flowered in her cheeks and made her eyes as bright as two blue pansies which had just been washed by the dew.

"Thank you, sir," she said again when they reached the curb, and as the crowd engulfed her she thought to herself: "I might have taken his number and sent him something, 'From one whom you helped yesterday, with best wishes and appreciation.' I've read of things like that," she brightly nodded to herself; then, "rich old ladies remembering people who helped them over crossings, or gave them seats in trolley cars, or something like that. And oh, how good it must make them feel when they get it! I know how good I felt myself when I first heard the news ——"

Walking as sedately as she could, she made her way toward the gray stone building with the flag upon its roof, and if you had been following her you would surely have seen that Romance walked upon her right, Adventure on her left. There was an eagerness about her, a breathlessness, though each was tempered with a certain whimsical air of enjoyment which is hard to describe, though you sometimes see it upon old ladies as they bring out a glass of something nice for the minister to drink, or upon small boys who have just put the frog in teacher's desk.

"There!" she suddenly exclaimed, stopping and looking up at a building which loomed above its neighbors like a giant standing in a line of dwarfs. "This must be it." From above the entrance a line of carving caught her eye. "Allison Building," she read, and slowly passed inside, her heart beating faster for the reading. Arriving at the end of the hall where the elevators were placed, she opened her beaded bag again and took out the card which had been carefully placed there for the purpose.

"Can you tell me, please ——" she asked the starter, showing him the card, her own eyes intent upon the word "Allison" in "Allison Building" which was embroidered on his cap.

"Twenty-fifth floor, Car Number Nine!" he barked. "R-r-r-r-r-right!"

"If he only knew who I was," she thought as the elevator shot upward, "I don't believe he would have spoken to me—quite like that."

Yet she hugged her secret to her, smiling over it with a heightening color, as Ali Baba might have smiled at what he knew; but a minute later, when she entered the law offices of Keppler, Hughes and Parsons and found the reception room nearly filled, excitement had grown so strong within her that she couldn't resist the temptation to try her Open Sesame and see if the cave would open.

"I would like to see Judge Keppler, please," she said to the boy at the desk.

"Busy," he shortly replied, his lip curling a little as he glanced up at her. "Got a 'pointment?"

"I think he's expecting me," she quietly replied. "Will you please tell him that Miss Allison, of Parsippany, is here?"

It was evidently a potent word, that Open Sesame. Young Cerberus' eyes stuck out like blue glass marbles, his lip uncurled, his mouth sagging as if he saw a ghost. As though by magic then he vanished down a corridor, and as though by magic he was back again with a gulping "All right, Miss Allison. Judge Keppler will see you now." A minute later he returned to the outer office with the air of an admiral who had just convoyed a queen, and importantly beckoning one of his colleagues who was sitting on a bench waiting for a buzzer to ring he said beneath his breath, "Say, Happy, do you know who that dame was?"

"The one with the satchel? No. Who was she?"

"Gee, didn't you hear her? That was Miss Allison."

"Miss Allison? Go on! You mean the boid who owns this building?"

"Yep—and that ain't all she owns either. Now that old Mr. Allison's dead, she owns the Allison Stores, and half of Fifth Avenue, and two or three railroads, and so much stuff besides that when the old man died Judge Keppler was down in the safe deposit company more than a week just counting it and writing it down and adding it up to see how much there was." He paused for breath, and looked around as though the news were burning in him, as money is said to burn in a spendthrift's pocket. "You mind the office now, Happy, till I get back," he suddenly added, starting for his hat. "I—I gotta go out and get some stamps."

II

IT WAS nearly an hour later when little Miss Allison and Judge Keppler were rolling up Fifth Avenue in an asthmatic taxi, which was also suffering from rheumatic springs; but so far as the little lady from Parsippany was concerned, she might have been in Aurora's chariot, riding on the dawn, so breathless was her expression, so deep the wonder in her dark-blue eyes.

"Oh, it can't be true!" she kept saying to herself. "Pretty soon I shall wake up and find I have overslept myself, and have to go without my breakfast to get to school in time."

And yet it all seemed real enough. The documents which the judge had given her, some to sign and some to read—there was nothing dreamlike about them. And there was certainly nothing unsubstantial about their call at the bank on the ground floor of the Allison Building, and the check which the judge had cashed there for her. There was something solidly human, too, about Judge Keppler, with his mop of handsome gray hair and his rhetorical periods and his general air of being an actor of the old legitimate rather than a leader of the bar.

"I like him," little Miss Allison told herself, quietly watching him as she leaned back in her corner of the taxi. "He has a good face. I guess that's the reason Uncle Henry trusted him too."

"I hope that you'll be able to arrive at a thorough understanding of the papers I gave you," said the judge, "especially the inventory of the estate. It has been my general experience, extending over a number of years, that a woman, as a rule, doesn't—ah—ah—take very kindly to figures."

"I think I'll be able to understand them, thank you," said little Miss Allison. "You know I've been a teacher for a good many years, and teachers have to know arithmetic."

Looking at her, the judge could easily imagine her sitting at her desk facing the class.

"A favorite, too, I shouldn't wonder," he told himself. "Apples or flowers always on her desk, and the little girls crying when she was obliged to stay home because of indisposition." Aloud he said: "It must be quite a transition, but I suppose you were always expecting it, in greater or lesser degree, you being Henry Allison's ah—ah—only living niece."

"N-no," she said, considering. "I have always—well, hoped for a little; but I never expected to have anything like this. It doesn't seem real, somehow. It doesn't seem—oh, I don't know—it doesn't seem as if it could last, if you know what I mean."

"But, my dear Miss Allison, why not?" he asked. "Mr. Allison couldn't—ah—ah take it with him. So what more natural than for you to have it—you, his only—his only known living relative?"

Little Miss Allison liked that. It reassured her, warmed her, somehow made things seem reasonable; even gave them a touch of the inexorable. Thoughts which heretofore she had pushed to the rear began to come forward and play around her unrebuked.

"With all the money, the things I can do!" she breathed to herself in a mixture of rapture and awe. The stores began to have new meanings, and she found herself looking into the limousines to see how the women were dressed. A steamer rug in a window called out "Europe!" to her, and a jeweler's sign reminded her that she had always had a secret passion for pearls.

"I shall have to hurry up," she told herself, "and make up for lost time. There, that's a nice store! Perhaps I'll have time to come back this afternoon and do some shopping."

The judge's voice recalled her. If she had been noticing him she would have known that for the last few minutes he had been fidgeting in his seat, as men do who are about to tell unpleasant news.

"There is one thing I ought to tell you," he began, which as you probably know is a very ominous beginning indeed. "You are bound to hear it sooner or later, and I would prefer that you heard it correctly. You know the reason, of course, that you inherited all your uncle's property?"

"Because he didn't leave a will," she nodded, "and I am his only living relative."

"Precisely," said the judge. "And yet a week before he died Mr. Allison had a will drawn up and executed which we all confidently expected to find in his safe. As a matter of fact, the will was never found. The night before he died he burned a number of private papers in the fireplace in his room, and we can only guess that he purposely—ah—ah—burned this will with the deliberate intention of dying intestate."

"But—but why should he burn it?" little Miss Allison breathlessly asked. "It doesn't seem reasonable, does it, first to have a will made and then to burn it?"

"On the other hand, there may have been a very good reason. I myself took Mr. Allison's instructions. His first bequest was twenty-five thousand dollars to each of

the servants who had been with him over ten years; then came a number of bequests for charity, and finally he dictated the following paragraph: 'All the rest of my property, both real and personal, I give and bequeath to ——— , my natural son, with the hope and trust that he will make good use of it.'"

"But Uncle Henry was never married!"

"This was—ah—ah—his natural son, you will remember. Mr. Allison was always very reticent about his private affairs, but so far as I can learn he had a very sad love affair in his early life; and if I have guessed it rightly, he vowed that if he couldn't marry the girl he wanted he would marry none. Later, though," the judge more dryly continued, "he evidently found someone who at least interested him sufficiently to give him this natural son, whom he mentioned in his will."

"But if he has a son," said little Miss Allison, "it seems to me that he ought to get something—in fact, everything. It doesn't seem right that I should have it all."

"A sentiment which does you a great deal of honor," said the judge, bowing as gracefully as any man can bow on the seat of a taxi, "but as a matter of fact, you see, nobody knows who this son is."

"His name was in the will, though, wasn't it?"

"Ah, if it were! But, no! Mr. Allison simply told me to leave a blank for the name, stating that he would fill it in when he signed the document."

"And you don't know anything more about him than that?" little Miss Allison asked after a thoughtful pause

"Very little. In answer to my question Mr. Allison said that the young man's mother had died soon after he was born, and that no one suspected the relationship. Mr. Allison simply—ah—ah—took an interest in him, you understand. He told me that he was inclined to be wild—a handsome young scamp, probably, as these wild ones generally are. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if he were one of those entertaining young gentlemen whose wildness is only limited by their means; a conclusion which was possibly entertained by Mr. Allison toward the last, and led him to destroy the missing will."

Little Miss Allison vaguely nodded. She had lived in the world long enough to know young men like that.

"Is his name Allison, do you think?" she asked after another thoughtful pause.

"I don't know what his name is, but I doubt very much if it's Allison. In fact, I have already given you all the definite information which I have in my possession regarding him—a young man inclined to be wild whose mother died when he was born. Beyond that I can tell you absolutely nothing, and I have only told you that because, sooner or later, you are bound to hear about this missing will."

"You think yourself that Mr. Allison burned it?" she asked.

"Personally, I do. But I must tell you at once that the servants do not. They still believe it is hidden in the house."

"Do they know—what was in it?"

"Not all. Nothing about the son, for instance. But both the butler and the housekeeper know that if the will is found they will each get twenty-five thousand dollars for having been in Mr. Allison's employ more than ten years."

"I should think they would hunt for it."

"Hunt for it? My dear Miss Allison, they have been kept on at the house as caretakers, and ever since Mr. Allison died, a little more than a year ago, they have been hunting for that will—I might say day and night. I don't believe there's a square inch of the house that they haven't been over. I don't believe there's an article of furniture that they haven't moved, or a loose board that they haven't pried up and nailed down tight again."

One might have thought that Miss Allison would have felt dismayed at the judge's news; but strange or not, it seemed to have the effect of putting ballast in her thoughts. Before, the whole affair had loomed over her at times as a vision too good to be true—a thing of enchantment, a midsummer night's dream; but as soon as she heard of this Damocles' sword of a missing will hanging over her, somehow it seemed to make the whole thing real, crowding out the theories and putting human beings in their places, getting away from Miss Millennium and putting Old Man Trouble back on guard.

"Just as I thought," she told herself, with that patient little sigh which only time can teach. "It's too good to last. But while it does last," she continued, tightening her lips a little, "I'm just going to enjoy myself, every minute of it, even if it's only for a summer's vacation, even if it's only for a month, or a week ——"

She was interrupted by the car drawing to the sidewalk and coming to a halt with a jerk of its stiff old springs. Across the road was Central Park, and facing this, in the smugness of granite and red brick, was one of those houses which architects dream about but only few are fortunate enough to attain.

"We're here," said the judge, getting out and turning to help her. "I'll bring your things."

III

IT WAS a beautiful hall, the one in which Miss Allison found herself—that is to say, it was beautiful for those who liked that type of beauty. Theretofore the halls she had known had generally been small affairs, often covered with ingrain carpet; halls in which the principal articles of furniture had been a hall rack, consisting of a seat below and a mirror above, the seat opening on hinges like the top of a trunk and hiding a collection of worn-out rubbers, dusters and antiquated post-card albums; the mirror, often diamond-shaped, surrounded by coat hooks. But the hall to which she had now arrived was floored with alternate squares of black and white tiles. Its walls were paneled with marble and its only furnishings were a rug that shimmered with opalescent tints, a side table worthy of an art museum, and on the wall above this table an oil painting by such an old master that it had cost its late owner more than the land on which the house was built. One might have thought that in such surroundings Miss Allison's heart would have warmed within her with the thrill of possession, but instead she felt a slight chill pass over her. This may have been partly due to the effect of the tiles and marble, and partly because of the butler, who had opened the door and was now surveying her in much the same manner as Mount Rainier regards those who would attempt to scale its snow-capped peaks.

"Wibley," said the judge, "this is Miss Allison, your new mistress."

Wibley bowed—an imperturbable affair—and returned to his previous attitude, reminiscent again of Mount Rainier, an attitude which seemed to say "New mistresses come, new mistresses go; but butlers stay forever."

"Unfortunately," said the judge, glancing at his watch, "I have a case in court and shall have to leave you now. Meanwhile Wibley will make you acquainted with the establishment, and with your permission I will call again this evening and—ah—ah—make sure that you are thoroughly comfortable in your new home."

When he had gone that chilly air aforesaid seemed to pass over Miss Allison more unmistakably than before, reminding her of the first time the school committee had ever appeared in her classroom, and had listened in silence while she had attempted to explain to a wooden-headed boy why it was that when people went up in balloons the nearer they rose to the sun the colder it grew.

"You would like to look over the house, madam?" asked the butler, his glance straight over her head.

"Yes," she meekly replied, and was sorry the next moment for her tone. "This will never do," she told herself. "It's like a new class in school. If I don't rule them from the first they will simply turn around and rule me."

But for one thing, as you will understand, she had never had a class which was quite like this, and when Wibley excused himself for a moment and returned with the housekeeper, who also proved to be Mrs. Wibley, little Miss Allison's heart sank lower yet.

"She's like Mrs. Corney in Oliver Twist," she thought, and felt a bit better for the comparison. "Yes, and I'll bet she bosses her husband around just the same way," she added to herself with something like a smile. "I'll have to watch them."

They started through the house together, and hadn't got far when Miss Allison caught the veiled hostility in the housekeeper's manner.

"She keeps looking at my hat," she thought, "as though she knows that I trimmed it myself, and twice I've caught her staring at the side of my skirt where I killed the grasshopper and couldn't quite get the stain out. I suppose it's because of the missing will," she added with a sigh. "They look on me as a sort of interloper, and are probably thinking all the time of the legacies they lost."

First they looked at the drawing-room—done in gilt, old rose and gray; a room big enough in itself to stage a fashionable wedding, and having an atmosphere that seemed more suitable to grand monarchs or Watteau ladies than to gentle little schoolma'ams from Parsippany.

He Saw Her Eyes Slowly Filling With Tears. "Don't," He Gently Pleaded. "You've Nothing to Cry For"

"How lonely I'd feel in there!" thought Miss Allison, her frame of mind distinctly heavy-hearted.

Next came the dining room, paneled and furnished in dark mahogany; a room that seemed to have been built for banquets and formal dinner parties.

"Imagine me, eating here all by myself!" she sighed.

The library interested her more, but even there the books didn't seem friendly, but opened with stiff reluctance; and one of the walls was covered by a collection of books dealing with the Indians of North America, and opposite that were thousands of volumes devoted to mines and mineralogy. Over the mantel was a portrait of the late Mr. Allison.

"What a hungry look he has!" she thought. "As though—oh, I don't know—as though he'd like to eat the world if he could only get it into his mouth."

They went upstairs, and it wasn't long before she had quite lost track of the number of rooms.

"How many bedrooms did you say there were?" she asked the housekeeper.

"Twelve master's bedrooms and seven servants'," replied Mrs. Wibley with a sharp-eyed look around the one they were in. "Each master's bedroom has its own bathroom and closet."

She opened a door to show one of the closets, and, as though unconsciously, raised herself on her toes to look over a shelf.

"Looking for the will," thought Miss Allison with a flash of inspiration. "It's probably become a habit with them by now, and they don't know when they do it. Just to think!" she added as they went on to the next room, "twelve company bedrooms—and I'm the only one to sleep in them!"

The last chamber was the best, having a sitting room attached, overlooking the park across the Avenue, and humanized by a fireplace that had evidently been used a great deal.

"This was Mr. Allison's apartment," said Wibley, while his wife opened and shut one of the drawers of the desk. "Judge Keppler thought you'd like this for your own, and has had it entirely redecorated; but, of course, if you'd prefer one of the other rooms ——"

"No, I like this," she said.

"There is a safe over here, set in the wall," continued the butler. "This thing that looks like an electric light switch hides the lock. You pull it down—so—and there's the keyhole."

From his pocket he drew a long key, and a moment later a panel of the wall swung open, proving to be the door of the safe and disclosing an arrangement of cubby-holes and shelves. One of the compartments contained a tin box with a lock of its own. Drawing this box from the safe, the butler produced another key and unlocked it. Little Miss Allison had reached the point where she wouldn't have been surprised, no matter what the box contained; but it proved to be empty, the bottom of it covered with black velvet which had evidently been glued into place.

"I should think you might like to keep your jools and things in there," said the housekeeper with another glance at the grasshopper stain.

The tone of her voice was unmistakable. Parents of backward children had sometimes spoken to Miss Allison like that, especially when their children had failed of promotion while neighbors' children had gone to a higher grade; and she knew exactly what to do. She didn't say a word; she simply looked at the housekeeper; looked at her with such a serenely sovereign glance that a few moments later the housekeeper's eyes took a downward sweep and her manner tumbled with them.

"I can handle her!" thought little Miss Allison with a touch of triumph in the angle of her chin.

"Shall I send for your baggage, madam?" asked the butler.

She turned to him then, suspecting sarcasm as in previous days she had suspected chewing gum in the roof of a mouth or notes concealed in the back of a geography. For as long as it might take you to count five there was a silent contest between them, and then Wibley's eyes turned slightly watery and he coughed behind his hand.

"Yes, and I can handle him too!" exulted little Miss Allison, and aloud she said in those quiet, even tones which her pupils had learned to know: "I will attend to the baggage, Mr. Wibley; but down in the hall you will find a valise. I wish you would bring it up here."

As soon as the butler had gone she turned to the housekeeper.

"That'll be all for the present, Mrs. Wibley," she said. "I will have dinner in my room here to-night."

Vere de Vere herself couldn't have done it any better, but as soon as Miss Allison was alone she had a good long look at the stain which that great fool of a grasshopper had made.

"There's no use talking," she thought. "I shall have to do some shopping." And she was still wondering how best to go about it when the butler returned with her bag.

"Can you get me a cab, Mr. Wibley?" she asked. "I have some errands I want to do."

"I will telephone for your own car, madam, if you wish."

"Oh," she said, her eyes opening, "I have a car then?"

"Yes, madam, two of them. The garage adjoins the house around the corner."

"And is there a chauffeur too?"

"Yes, madam. Judge Keppler told me last week to engage a full staff of servants."

"A full staff? How many is that?"

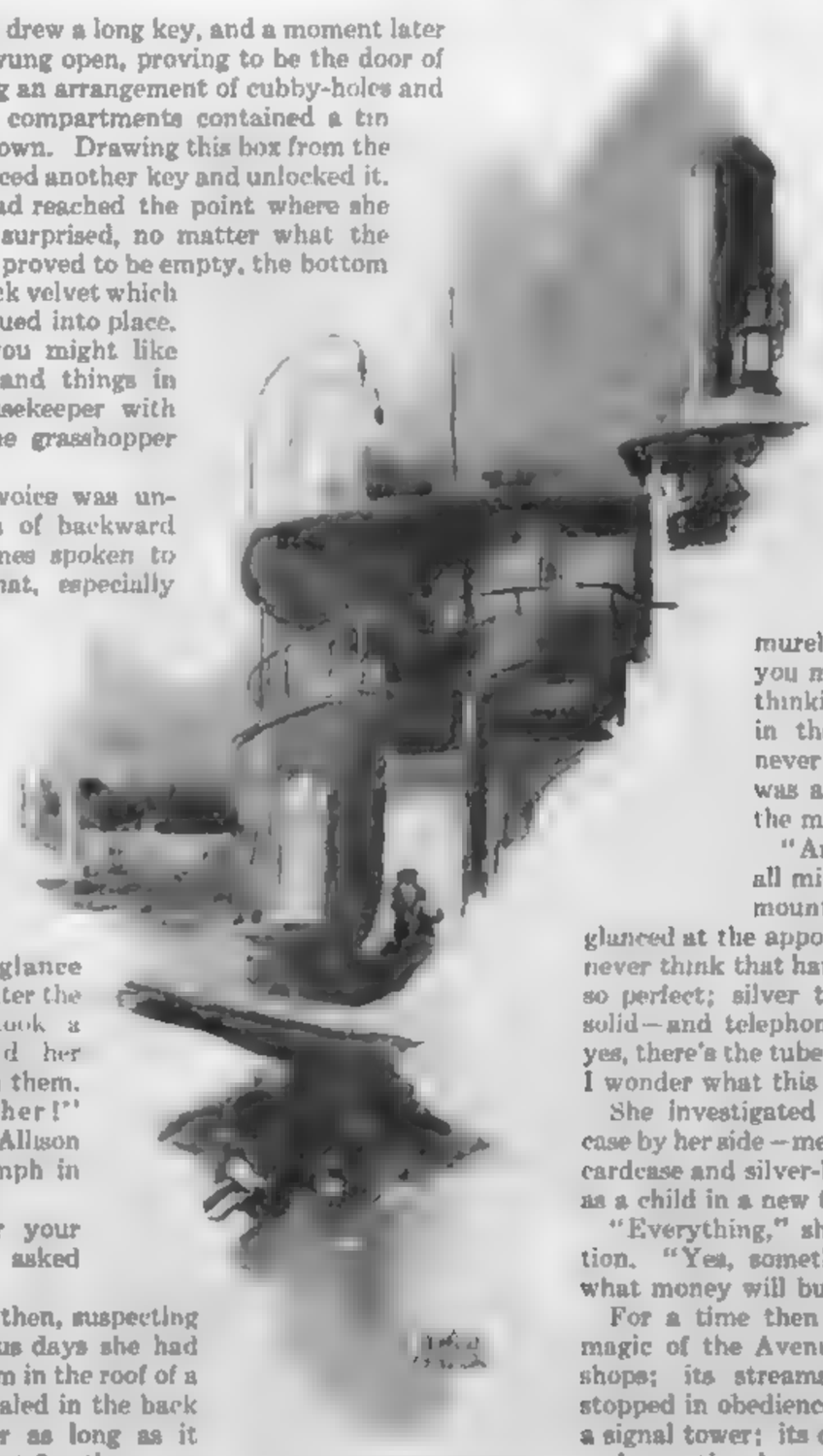
"Footman," said Wibley, checking them off on his fingers, "cook, kitchen girl, two laundresses, one upstairs girl, one downstairs girl and a chauffeur—that makes ten of us in all."

"Somebody for everything!" thought little Miss Allison, her bright blue eyes opening wider than ever. "That's what money will do. Ten people in this house, and all to wait on me!"

"Of course if you don't like any of them," continued Wibley, "you have only to mention the fact. They all understand that they have been sent on approval, as you might say."

Again a thrill passed over Miss Allison.

"Sent on approval," she repeated to herself, and her mind turning to the news which the judge had told her she couldn't help adding, with one of those touches of insight which come to us all now and then, "I—I wonder if I was sent on approval too."



The Moonlight Showed the Box as It Fell

IV

IN THE sunshine of Fifth Avenue Miss Allison's unpleasant thoughts gradually left her. At first when she had taken her place in the limousine that had rolled to the door in answer to Wibley's call she had sat up primly enough on the edge of the seat, but it wasn't long before the velvet cushions had tempted her to slip back into their depths, and if you had seen her then, looking out of the window, one elbow on the arm rest, her feet demurely crossed upon a hassock, you might have been pardoned for thinking that here was a passenger in the journey of life who had never entered a trolley; that here was a little lady who had been to the manner born.

"And to think that it's mine—all mine!" she told herself with a mounting glow of pride as she glanced at the appointments of the car. "You'd never think that hands had made it, everything's so perfect; silver trimmings—I'm sure they're solid—and telephone to speak to the chauffeur; yes, there's the tube against his ear; and—and—I wonder what this is."

She investigated the contents of the vanity case by her side—memorandum book, pincushion, cardcase and silver-backed mirror—as interested as a child in a new toy.

"Everything," she told herself with satisfaction. "Yes, something for everything—that's what money will buy."

For a time then she gave herself up to the magic of the Avenue—its miracles of cars and shops; its streams of life, which coursed or stopped in obedience to the color of the light in a signal tower; its clubs and mansions, churches and counting houses, picture galleries and costumiers; and finally its tantalizing glimpses of window displays, where nearly every imaginable form of portable beauty was set out as though in the form of a magnet, first to draw the glances and then the gold and silver of the passers-by.

"Just what I've always dreamed of!" thought little Miss Allison, a spot of color appearing in each of her cheeks.

Yes, ever since she could remember she had loved beautiful things and had always hoped that some day she would be able to afford some of the items which her fancy had painted and for which her heart had yearned. "If this had only come before!" she breathed, her heart so full that it wasn't far from aching. "Still, better late than never, and I'm sure it's not too late!"

Snatches of old dreams returned to her: the high lights of many a quiet musing; men in brilliant uniforms and women dressed like queens; moonlight nights on a Mediterranean steamer, with a man pouring out his heart to the lady of his dreams; a pageant headed by the royal coach, in which sat a regal little figure receiving the plaudits of her people; and finally a great church wedding with the police holding back the crowds as the bride came out—snatches of old visions in all of which she had been the heroine, in all of which she had reigned as queen.

"If it isn't too late!" she told herself again.

In front of her the plate glass with the chauffeur's back behind it served in some measure as a mirror, and with eyes that had a touch of tragedy in their depths she gazed at her reflection, asking that question which every woman must ask herself sooner or later, and which always receives the same answer in the end.

"Of course," she thought, "I'm not as young as I used to be. Nobody is, for that matter; but ——"

She had never before had the sunlight on her face when she looked in a mirror, and perhaps for the first time she began to realize how much her long terms of teaching had taken out of her; how many years had passed her by since she had looked at her first class. If you had been there then, blessed with the gift of seeing invisible things, you might have seen a shadowy figure seating itself opposite to her, a shadowy figure with a scythe and hourglass—that famous old antagonist who sooner or later will ride us all for a fall.

"I don't care," she told herself, suddenly turning away as though she had seen enough. "It's this old-fashioned hat and dress. If I only had some younger clothes I wouldn't look the same ——"

In the next block she caught sight of a store whose name was famous even in Parsippany, and a few minutes later she was seated on one of the upper floors looking at a pretty little model who was wearing one of the latest creations from the Rue de la Paix. She was a young girl, this model, who looked as though she might have dreams of her own, and something in her attitudes and expressions reminded Miss Allison of the time when she herself was nineteen and that implacable old boy with the hourglass and scythe had not yet shown himself. Her interest was noted by the head saleswoman, a wise-looking bird who was known to her staff as madame.

"Pret-tee costume," said madame, hopping forward. "Très chic. Ze ver', ver' latest importation from Beausoliel Frères, and call' by zem Le Printemps. Mademoiselle would look très chic in it. Mademoiselle would like to try it on?"

"How quick she is, calling me mademoiselle!" thought Miss Allison. "She's noticed that I have no wedding ring. Yes, and I do believe I would look good in it. I think I will try it on."

It was, indeed, a dress worth notice—rosebuds set on an apple-blossom silk, and ably named Le Printemps in the Beausoliel atelier. It was, moreover, a dress with a personality, and the more Miss Allison looked at it and handled it the more she wanted it. In short, it wasn't long before she had retired with the model into one of the dressing rooms, and when she came out again she was not only dressed in the apple-blossom silk, but the pretty little model had evidently tried to do something with her hair.

"Ah, bootiful!" cried madame, hopping forward again like a hungry old bird after a worm. "Mademoiselle shall view it in ze triple mirror. Mademoiselle shall see for herself!"

As a matter of fact, Miss Allison saw more than the dress when she started to look at herself in the discreetly shaded pier glasses. Over her shoulder she caught a glance that madame was giving one of her colleagues—a rich, significant expression which seemed to say, "Voilà, donc! Eet is to laugh! Anozzer old ewe who wish' to dress lamb fashion."

It was a quick thing, that glance of madame's, and lasted no more than the fractional part of a second; but it seemed to cast a great white light over the little lady from Parsippany. A moment before she had been looking at the silk, but now her eyes lifted and she looked instead at herself, and saw how she was being mocked by the youthfulness of the dress.

"I'm getting old," she sighed, and possibly including her golden dreams she sighed again, from a deeper well this

(Continued on Page 28)

THE DRIVER

By GARET GARRETT

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

XVII

IN SEPTEMBER Galt's plan was brought out. Though it caused a good deal of dubious comment the verdict of general opinion was ultimately favorable. The security holders liked it because they were not assessed in the ordinary way. They received, instead, the privilege, so called, of buying new securities.

When all arrangements were completed the assets of the old Great Midwestern Railroad Company, meaning the railroad itself and all its possessions and appurtenances, were put up at auction. Mordecai & Co., acting as trustees, were the only bidders. They delivered the assets to the new Great Midwestern Railway Company, which had been previously incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. Afterward there was a stockholders' meeting in Jersey City, in one of those corporation tenements where rooms are hired in rotation by corporations that never live in them but come once a year for an hour or two to transact some formal business and thereby satisfy the fiction of legal residence.

A stockholders' meeting is itself a fiction. The stockholders are present by proxy. Clerks bring the proxies in suitcases. They are counted and voted in the name of the stockholders under previous instructions. Thus directors are elected. Mordecai & Co. held six-tenths of the proxies. Horace Potter, representing himself and the oil crowd whose investment in the old Great Midwestern had been very large, held three-tenths. There was no contest; Mordecai & Co. and the oil crowd acted concertedly in all matters. They were allied interests. With one exception the old board was reelected. The exception was Henry M. Galt, elected in place of a man who had been induced by the bankers to withdraw.

In the afternoon of the same day the directors met in the board room for the first time since their inglorious exit through Harbinger's office eleven months before. Valentine was unanimously reëlected president. There was a pause.

"I propose Mr. Gald vor chairman ov ze board," lisped Mordecai.

It had all been arranged beforehand. There was no doubt of the outcome. Yet there was an air of constraint about taking the formal step. Evidently in the background there had been a struggle of forces.

Potter said, "Second the nomination."

The president called for the vote. Four were silent, including Galt. Five voted aye. Valentine nodded his head and the result was recorded: "Chairman of the board, Henry M. Galt."

Meanwhile the traffic manager and his three assistants, who had been summoned from Chicago for a conference, were waiting in Harbinger's office. Galt walked directly there from the board room, sat on Harbinger's desk with his feet in the chair, waived all introductions, and said: "Now for business. Hereafter all contracts with shippers and all agreements with the traffic managers of other roads will be sent to this office for my approval and signature. They will not be valid otherwise."

The traffic manager was a florid, contemptuous man who wore costly Chicago clothes and carried a watch in each waistcoat pocket, very far apart.

He was one of a ring of traffic managers who waxed fat and arrogant in the exercise of a power that nobody dared or knew how to wrest from them. They sold favors to shippers. They sold railroad stocks for a fall in Wall Street and then got up ruinous rate wars among themselves to make the stocks fall. Their ways were predatory, scandalous and uncontrollable.

If one road tried to discipline its traffic manager the others practiced reprisals and the business of that one railroad would slump; or if a railroad dismissed its traffic manager his successor would be just as bad, or more greedy, in fact, having to begin at the beginning to get rich.

At Galt's speech the traffic manager crossed his legs with amazement, dropped his arms, slid down in his chair, bowed his neck and assumed the look of an incredulous bull, showing the white under his eyes.

"And who the hell are you?" he asked.

"Me?" said Galt. "I'm the driver."

There He Lay, on the Costly Counterpane Lined With Pink Silk, a Forlorn and Shabby Figure

"We'll see," said the traffic manager. He rose, overturning his chair, and made for the door, meaning of course to see the president.

"You'd better wait a minute," said Galt. "I'm not through yet."

He waited.

Then Galt, addressing the assistants, outlined a new policy. What they were to work for was through freight, passing from one end of the system to the other. What they were to avoid was anything they wouldn't like a railroad to do to them. What they were to believe in was a gang spirit. What they were to get immediately was a doubling of their pay.

Getting down on the floor he advanced slowly with a stealthy step at the traffic manager, who began to quail.

"You choose whether to resign or be fired," said Galt. "The first assistant will take your place." He added something in a lower tone that no one else could hear, then stood looking at him fixedly. The traffic manager started, mopped the back of his neck, wavered, and stood quite still.

"Well, it's damned high time," he said at last, by way of mentioning a basic fact. With that he sat down and wrote his resignation.

This incident was an omen. Unconsciously Galt worked on the principle that once a thing has happened it cannot unhappen. The fact of its having happened is original and irrevocable. Every other fact in the universe must adjust itself to that one. Something else may happen the next instant; that is a new happening again.

Mr. Valentine was violently agitated by the traffic manager's dismissal. If he had been consulted he would have made an issue of it. But there it was. It had happened. The fact created a situation. He might refuse to accept the situation, but he could not extinguish the fact. He fumed and let it pass. Nothing was ever the same again.

Galt consulted nobody. He turned from the traffic man to Harbinger and ordered that the pay of the whole executive staff, from the secretary down, be doubled. Then he put Harbinger out, took the whole of the room for himself, painted the word "Chairman" on the door, and thereafter the Great Midwestern was managed from his desk. There was never one moment's doubt about it. There was no time to debate his authority. It took all of everybody's time to keep up with what was happening. He recast the operating department by telegraph in one hour, according to a plan already matured in his mind. He changed the accounting system radically, and, much to everyone's surprise, John Harrier accepted the change with favor.

Having made a flying trip over the road, he sent a telegram ahead of him calling a special meeting of the board of directors. It convened at ten o'clock. Galt came directly from the train, stained, unshaven and a little weary until he began to talk.

What he proposed was that fifty million dollars be raised at once and spent for new engines, cars, rails and road improvements. Mordecai alone was prepared for this. All the others were daft with astonishment. A railroad only a few days out of bankruptcy to find and spend that sum for improvements! It was preposterous. Not only was the whole board against him, save Mordecai; it was struck with foreboding. As Galt rose to make his argument I remembered what he had twice said: "I shall be one of ten men in a board room. Everything else follows from that."

This was the first true exhibition of his power to move men's minds—a power which nobody understood, which he did not himself understand. Perhaps it was not their minds he moved. Men of strong will often turned from their convictions and voted with him or for what he wanted, who afterward, having recovered their own opinions, were unable to say why they had acted that way. He was not eloquent. When he was excited his voice became shrill and irritating. He had no felicity of speech and often lost the grammar of tenses, cases and pronouns. The reasoning was always clear. He molded an argument in the form of a wedge and then hit it a sledge-hammer blow. But it was not the argument alone that did it. As time went on he more and more dispensed with argument and brought the result to pass directly, as a hypnotist with a well-trained subject induces the trance without preparation, seemingly by an act of more intention. It was a power that increased with use until it was like an elemental force and acted at a distance, so that he had only to send an agent with word that this or that should be done, and men did it helplessly. You may say of course that all such later phenomena were owing to a habit of submission, men having accepted the tyranny of his will; only that would not account for the rise of his power from nothing, would it?

In this first case he had back of him no prestige of success. He was still unknown and distrusted by a majority of the ten directors who sat at the board table. And they were not men accustomed to be led. They were themselves leaders. In all Wall Street it would have been

impossible to find a more powerful, self-confident group, cold, calculating, unsentimental in business, their faces all cruelly scarred with the marks of success terrifically achieved. Yet as he talked their chemistries changed. The first visible reaction was one of bothered surprise. This was followed by efforts of resistance. The last phase was one of fascination.

His reasons were these: A flood was about to rise. He adduced evidence on that point. Money, materials and labor were plenty and cheap. Never again would it be possib'e to increase the railroad's capacity at a cost so low. And a railroad that made itself ready to receive the flood would reap a rich harvest. Finally, the spending of fifty million dollars in this way would give business the impulse it was waiting for—the little push that sends a great vessel down the ways into the water. The moment was rare and propitious.

"Is it true," asked Mr. Valentine, "that the chairman, on his own responsibility, without consulting the president or the board of directors, has already let contracts for engines, cars, rails and construction work, before the money has been voted for that purpose, before anybody knows whether it can be raised or not? I have heard so."

Everyone was startled by the question. Galt was not expecting it.

"That is true," he said, and waited.

"So we are committed to this expenditure whether we approve it or not?"

"That's the predicament," said Galt recklessly.

Valentine, wholly deceived by his manner, came heavily on:

"Have you any idea what it will cost us to get out of these contracts—to cancel them?"

"The construction contracts," Galt said very slowly, "are subject to cancellation without penalty until this midnight.

"The contracts for engines, cars and rails cannot be canceled. I've baked this pie for the Great Midwestern. If it doesn't want it I'll give the company's treasurer my check for one hundred thousand dollars and eat it myself."

"What do you mean?" Horace Potter asked.

"I mean that in consideration of placing the orders when and as I did, on the equipment makers' empty stomach, I got a special discount of 10 per cent. The idea was that the news of our buying as it got around would start a general buying movement. That has happened. Other roads have placed orders behind ours at full prices. We started a stampede. Nobody has been buying equipment for two or three years. Everybody needs some. These contracts can be sold to-day for at least one hundred thousand dollars."

"Can we sell fifty millions of bonds?" asked Potter, looking at Mordecai.

"Ve vill guarantee to zell zem," said Mordecai. "Mr. Gald iss righd. Iv ve reap ve musd zow."

With no further discussion they voted with Galt, and the feud between Valentine and Galt was openly established.

We were torn by the dilemma of allegiance. Everyone was fond of Valentine. One could not help liking him. And his position was desperately uncomfortable. Galt had reduced him to a mere figurehead—not intentionally, perhaps; not by any overt act of hostility, certainly; but as an inevitable consequence of his ruthless pursuit of ends. Valentine became obstructive. Galt grew irritable. They ceased to have any working contact whatever. And although the organization, to a man, was sorry for Valentine, still there was a turning to Galt, purely as an instinctive reaction to strength. As a railroad executive Valentine for all his experience was inefficient. This had been always tolerantly understood. But now with Galt's work beginning to produce results in contrast, the fact was openly admitted. Galt's touch was sure, propulsive and unhesitating. And besides, in whatever he did there was an element of fortuity that could not be reasoned about. He not only did the right things; he did them at precisely the right time.

"You remember what I told you a long time ago," said Harbinger. "He sees things before they happen. My heart breaks for the old man, but it's no use."

"Pig in the Sack, Coxey. Pig in the Sack. Not a Squeal Out of Him"

The sight of inspired craftsmanship is irresistible to men. The organization wavered between affection for the one and awe of the other and ended by giving its undivided loyalty to Galt, not for love of his eyes but for reasons that were obvious.

One day Mr. Valentine complained that I was unable to serve him and Galt both, and asked me gently if I did not wish to go entirely to Galt. He had guessed my inclinations. So we shook hands and parted. Thereafter my place was in Galt's room and I attended the board meetings as his private secretary.

His activities were of increasing complexity. A Stock Exchange ticker was installed, for he meant to keep his eye on the stock market; then an automatic printing device on which foreign, domestic and Wall Street news bulletins were flashed by telegraph; then a private switchboard and a number of direct telephones—one with the house of Mordecai & Co., one with the operating department at Chicago, one with the office of Jonas Gates, several with Stock Exchange brokers, and others designated by code letters, the terminals of which were his own secret. He worked by no schedule, hated to make fixed appointments and took people as they came. They waited in the reception room, which of necessity became his antechamber. In a little while it was crowded with those who asked for Galt, Galt, Galt. Not one in twenty who entered asked for Valentine, the president.

A mixed procession it was—engineers, equipment makers, brokers, speculators, inventors, contractors and persons summoned suddenly out of the sky, whose business one never knew. Never wasting it himself, never permitting anyone else to waste it, Galt had time for everything. He received impressions whole and instantaneously. With people he was abrupt, often rude. He wanted the point first. If a man with whom he meant to do business insisted upon talking before the point he would say: "Go outside to make your speech and then come back."

He never read a newspaper. He looked at it, sniffed, crumpled it up and cast it from him, all with one gesture. Four or five times a day he ran a yard or two of ticker tape through his fingers and glanced in passing at the news-printing machine. Magazines and books were nonexistent matter. Yet within the area of his own purposes no fact, no implication of fact, was ever lost.

Meanwhile Great Midwestern stock was slowly rising. One effect of this was to relieve the tension in the Galt household. Gra'ma Galt's daily question was no longer dreaded.

Having asked it in the usual way at the end of dinner one evening, and Galt having told her the price, she electrified us all by addressing some remarks to me.

"You are with my son a good deal of the time?"

"All day," I said.

I was looking at her. She frowned a little before speaking, wetted her lips with her tongue and spoke precisely, in the level, slightly deaf and utterly detached way of old people.

"Do you see that he gets a hot lunch every day?"

"I have never attended to that," I said.

"Does he?" she asked.

"We've been very careless about it," I said "Sometimes when he's busy he doesn't get any."

"Please see that he gets a hot lunch every day," she said. "Cold victuals are not good for him. And tea if he will drink it."

I promised. An embarrassed silence followed. She was not quite through.

"Have you any Great Midwestern stock?" she asked.

"I have a small amount."

"You must believe in it," she said; adding after a pause: "We do."

Then she was through.

Had she alone in that household always believed in Great Midwestern stock, which was to believe in him? Or had she only of a sudden become hopeful? Was it perhaps a flash of premonition, some slight exercise of the power possessed by her son? Long afterward I tried to find out. She shook her head and seemed not to understand what I was talking about. She had forgotten the incident.

The next day I ordered a hot lunch to be sent in and put upon Galt's desk. He said "Huh!" but he was not displeased, and ate it. And this became thereafter a fixed habit.

XVIII

THE new equipment had only just begun to move on the new rails when Galt went before the board with a proposal to raise one hundred million for more equipment, more rails, elimination of curves and reduction of grades.

"My God, man!" exclaimed Horace Potter. "Do you want to nickel-plate this road?"

"It will nickel-plate itself if we make it flat and straight," said Galt.

He was in a stronger position this time. His predictions were coming true. The flood tide was beginning. Everybody saw the signs. Great Midwestern's earnings were rising faster than those of any competitor, and at the same time its costs were falling because of the character of the new equipment. Therefore profits were increasing. On the other hand, Valentine now was openly hostile, and Jonas Gates, whom Galt could have relied upon, was ill. There were nine at the board table.

He argued his case skillfully. For the first time he produced his profile map of the road, showing where the bad grades were and how on account of them freight was hauled at a loss over two divisions of the right of way. To flatten here a certain grade—selected for purposes of illustration—would cost five million dollars. The cost of moving freight over that division would be thereby reduced one-tenth of a cent per ton per mile. This insignificant sum multiplied by the number of tons moving would mean saving a million dollars a year. That was 20 per cent on the cost of reducing the grade. It was certain.

"Are the contracts let?" asked Valentine ironically.

"They are ready to be let," said Galt. "That's how I know for sure what the cost will be."

"Let's vote," said Potter suddenly. "He'll either make or break us. I vote aye."

The ayes carried it. There were no audible noes. Valentine did not vote.

At this time Galt was laying the foundation for an undisclosed structure. It had to be deep and enduring, for the strain would be tremendous. He poured money into the Great Midwestern with a raging passion. As the earnings increased he plowed them in. With the assistance of the pessimistic treasurer he disguised the returns. Improvements were charged to expenses as if they were

repairs. New property was added in the guise of renewing old. This he did for fear the stockholders, if they knew the truth, would begin too soon to clamor for dividends. He spent money only for essential things—that is, in ways that were productive—and neglected everything else, until we had at last the finest transportation machine in the country and the shabbiest general offices. The consequences of this policy, when they began to be realized, were incredible.

In the autumn of 1896 a strange event came suddenly to pass. People were delivered from the Soft Money Plague, not by their own efforts, as they believed, but because maladies of the mind are like those of the body—if they are not fatal you are bound to get well. Doctors will take the credit. The Republican Party won the election that year on a gold platform, and this is treated historically as a sacred political victory for yellow money; the white-money people were hopelessly overturned. But it was wholly a psychic phenomenon still. Why all at once did a majority of people vote in a certain way?

To make a change in the laws, you say. Yes, but there the mystery deepens. Immediately after this vote was cast the shape of events began to change, with no change whatever in the laws. The law enthroning gold was not enacted until four years later, in 1900, and this was a mere formality, a certificate of cure after the fact. By this time the madness had entirely passed, for natural reasons.

XIX

AFTER 1896 the flood tide began to swell and roar. Galt was astride of it—a colossus emerging from the mist. The Great Midwestern was finished. He had rebuilt it from end to end. And now for that campaign of expansion which was adumbrated on the map I had studied in his room at home. For these operations he required the active assistance of Mordecai, Gates and Potter. He persuaded them privately and bent them to his views.

I began to notice that he went more frequently to the stock ticker. His ear was attuned to it delicately. A sudden change in the rhythm of its g-n-i-r-r-r-i-n-g would cause him to leave his desk instantly and go to look at the tape. He was continually wanted on those telephones with the unknown terminals.

Speaking into them he would say "Yes" or "No" or "How many?" or "Ten more at once."

One afternoon he turned from the ticker and did a grotesque pirouette in the middle of the floor.

"Pig in the sack, Coxey. Pig in the sack. Not a squeal out of him."

"What pig is that?" I asked.

He looked at me shrewdly and said no more.

Under his direction they had been buying control of the Orient & Pacific Railroad in the open market so skillfully that no one even suspected it. He had not been a speculator all his life for nothing. What set him off at that moment was the sight of the last few thousand shares passing on the tape.

Valentine was in Europe for his annual vacation. Galt called a special meeting of the directors. He talked for an hour on the importance of controlling railroads that could originate traffic.

The Great Midwestern did not originate its own traffic. The Orient & Pacific was a Far Western road with many branches in a rich freight-producing area. The Great Midwestern had been getting only one-third of its eastbound freight, and it was a very profitable kind of freight, moving in solid trains of iced cars at high rates; the other two-thirds had been going to competitive lines.

It would be worth nearly fifteen million dollars a year for the Great Midwestern to own the Orient & Pacific and get all its business. A syndicate had just acquired a controlling interest in Orient & Pacific stock, and he, Galt, had got an option on it at an average price of forty dollars a share. The Great Midwestern could buy it at that price. What was the pleasure of the board?

The substance was true; the spirit was rhetorical. The formal pleasure of the board was already prepared. Four members, listening solemnly as to a new thing, had assisted in the purchase. Galt, Potter, Gates and Mordecai were the syndicate.

Potter as usual called for the vote, and voted aye. The rest followed.

A brief statement was issued to the Wall Street news bureaus. It produced a strange sensation. An operation of great magnitude had been carried through so adroitly that no one suspected what was taking place, not even the Orient & Pacific Railroad Company's own bankers. They were mortified unspeakably. More than that, they were startled, and so were all the defenders of wealth and prestige in this field of combat, for they perceived that a master foeman had cast his gage among them. And they scarcely knew his name.

Twenty minutes after our formal statement had been delivered to the Wall Street news bureaus the waiting room was full of newspaper reporters demanding to see the chairman.

"But what do they want?" asked Galt, angry and petulant. "We've made all the statement that's necessary."

"They say they must talk to somebody, since it is a matter of public interest. The bankers have referred them here. There's nobody but you to satisfy them."

"Tell them there's nothing more to be said."

"I've told them that. They want to ask you some questions."

It was his first experience and he dreaded it.

"We'll have a look at them," he said. "Let them in."

As they poured in he scanned their faces. Picking out one—a keen, bald, pugnacious trifle he asked "Who are you?"

"I'm from the Evening Post."

He put the same question to each of the others, and when they were all identified he turned to the first one again.

"Well, Postey, you look so wise, you do the talking. What do you want to know?"

Postey stepped out on the mat and went at him hard. Why had control of the Orient & Pacific been bought? What did it cost? How would it be paid for? Would the road be absorbed by the Great Midwestern or managed independently? Had the new management been appointed? What were Galt's plans for the future?

To the first question he responded in general terms. To the second he said: "Is that anybody's business?"

"It's the public's business," said Postey.

"Oh," said Galt. "Well, I can't tell you now. It will appear in the annual report."

After that he answered each question respectfully, but really told very little and appeared to enjoy the business so long as Postey did the talking.

When he was through the Journal reporter said: "Tell us something about yourself, Mr. Galt. You are spoken of as one of the brilliant new leaders in finance."

"That's all," said Galt, repressing an expletive and turning his back.

When they were gone he said to me: "Don't ever let that Journal man in again. Postey, though—he's all right."

All accounts of the interview, so far as that went, were substantially correct. In some papers there was a good deal of silly speculation about Galt. One reporter went further with it than anyone else, described his person and manners vividly, and went out of his way three times to mention in a spirit of innuendo that there was a stock ticker in Galt's private office, with sinister reference to the fact that before he became chairman of the Great Midwestern he had been a Stock Exchange speculator.

(Continued on Page 97)

"And Who are You?" He Asked. "Me?" Said Galt. "I'm the Driver"

MEN OF AFFAIRS

"He May be Dead, Anything May Have Happened to Him—and You Could Have Prevented it All"

By Roland Pertwee

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE E. WOLFE

XXIX

A POINT of interest arises as to how long one determined girl armed with a revolver can hold up three desperate men, also armed, and further fortified by greed of gold. Your average tough is not greatly alarmed by a pistol in the hands of a woman. He banks on the theory that so long as she thinks she is aiming in his direction he is moderately secure from harm. It is when she is pointing at some other object that fear arises as to his safety and well-being.

In this particular instance, however, there was an unusually threatening quality in the demeanor of Jane. She trained her gun like any artilleryman and in a manner not lightly to be dismissed by the casual process of a rush. Added to which, the position in which these adventurers found themselves—a compact mass in a single doorway—did not offer good opportunities for acts of individual or concerted heroism.

They formed, as it were, a unified target, the bull's-eye of which was the center of Alfred Bolt's immense corporation. To suppose that any marksman, however indifferent, could fail to register a hit upon so broad an invitation was to betray unreason.

Dirk, who had had previous experience in similar situations, remarked with melancholy that the steely-eyed Amazon who commanded their destinies kept carefully out of reach of his foot. This was a pity, since he was contemplating trying the effect of kicking her on the knee-cap, a proceeding which if performed adroitly is often fruitful of happy results. Bolt, too, knew a very effective means of ramming his head into the solar plexus of an adversary, but this again was a form of attack dependent on proximity.

It was Harrison Smith's able staff work that won the day. An old-enough trick, heaven knows, but one that generally works. He waited till her eyes were upon him, then shifted the direction of his gaze to a point somewhere behind Jane's back and nodded very quickly.

She is hardly to be blamed for having swung round, but in the second before she had recovered her wits and realized the bluff, the pistol had been snatched away and the three men were pouring through the French windows into the garden.

It was Mrs. Barraclough who caught her by the arm and prevented her from following.

"Oh, oh, oh!" cried Jane. "I've failed, failed!"

"Nonsense, my dear," said the old lady. "You girls have been just wonderful." She pointed to a horizon of trees a mile away, where a cloud of dust showed against the shadows. "Look what a lovely start he has. My Anthony would never let himself be caught by a pack of such—such"—she hesitated for lack of a word and added —"dirty dogs!" with astonishing vehemence.

"But what are we to do now?" wailed Jane.

"Let us walk down to the village church together, and I don't think it would be wrong if we said a little prayer."

They had reached the front garden when the Ford car, making a considerable fuss about it, banged and snorted past the front gate.

There are those perhaps who will condemn Mrs. Barraclough's action, but let them remember she was a mother. After all it stands to the credit of any mid-Victorian lady who, notwithstanding the ravages of time, is able to pick up a flower pot and hurl it accurately into a moving vehicle. The Reverend Prometheus Bolt caught the missile full in the side of the head, and the last view the old lady had of him was under a shower of dirt and broken pottery, while from his lips arose a cloud of invective more azure than the skies.

From where the car had been standing appeared Cynthia the cook. In her hand she carried a watering can, her cheeks were flushed and her eyes wild.

"I'd have done in their car if you'd held 'em a moment longer," she panted indignantly. "Didn't have time to slash their tires, but I did manage to get about half a pint of water in the petrol tank before they slung me into the hedge."

And very valuable was the help thus afforded, for within a mile the Ford had banged and snuffled itself to a standstill, and twenty minutes were lost draining the tank and blotting up the rust-colored drops from the bottom of the float chamber. Both Dirk and Bolt were in favor of returning to the house in order to conduct a punitive campaign, but Harrison Smith would not hear of this.

"We must push the damn car all we know how," he said, working feverishly at the union of the induction pipe with a spanner that didn't fit. "If we haven't caught up with them by eight o'clock I shall drop Bolt at a post office and he must get through to the chief."

"What—the Dutchman?"

"No choice. It's infernal luck, but better that than let him get through with the thing."

"If you ask me, Smith," said Bolt critically, "if you ask my opinion I'd say that you've made a bloomer of this show."

"You can keep your opinion till I ask for it," came the retort. "Get in. She's clear now."

He took a heave on the starting handle and jumped to his place at the wheel.

"Keep your eye on those tire marks, Dirk. If you lose 'em I'll break your head."

And from the spirit of this remark it will be seen that kindliness and fellowship had gone by the board.

XXX

HUGO VAN DIEST struggled to his feet, gasping for breath and stroking his chin with sympathetic fingers. Comparatively speaking, Richard's blow had been a light one, but the Dutchman's training had not fitted him for taking punishment.

He was hurt, outraged and resentful.

"This young man wass very violent, Hippe," he muttered jerkily. "I dunno—'sno use—seems."

"Are we beat, chief?"

"I don't like this word 'beat.' Mus' be a way." He paused for a moment to recover his breath, then turned to Laurence. "This Miss Craven, she hass not arrifed yet?"

"She's here. Came five minutes ago."

"She know how we stand, yes?"

Hippe nodded.

"She don't quite register on the line we've adopted to make him talk. Kind o' kept that in the background. Women are soft."

"Ask she come up," said Van Diest.

And Laurence went out, passing Blayney, who was on duty outside the door.

"What's the bend, chief?" demanded Hipps.

Van Diest shook his head thoughtfully. "Donno, donno. Wass awful if we mus' do somet'ing. Eh? Hipps, eh?"

And he tilted his head suggestively toward Richard's bedroom.

"His own damn fault," came the answer.

"But it wass a man's life, Hipps."

"I've no choice that way myself."

Van Diest began to pace the floor, his fingers tattooing on his chest and his head going from side to side.

"We ought to haf read better the character of this man. 'Sno good to know about the moneys and not about the mens. We find ourselves in a terrible position. Ss! Terrible—terrible."

There was a clatter of footsteps on the stairs, and Laurence, a telegraph form in his hand, burst into the room.

"What you haf there?"

"Can't make head nor tail of the damn thing! Read it aloud!" cried Laurence excitedly.

Ezra Hipps moved over to his chief's side as the old man picked out the code words and translated them aloud.

The message was simple enough:

Saw Barraclough Polperro this morning. Been following all day. Escaped in Panhard, probably will enter London by Portsmouth or Great Western Road. Am pursuing in Ford car. Obstruct.
HARRISON SMITH.

It was handed in at eight o'clock and postmarked Wimborne.

"Saw Barraclough!" repeated Hipps. "Harrison Smith's gone crazy."

For a moment Van Diest said nothing, then remarked, "Smart man, you know. Smart man."

"He's made a mistake," said Laurence. "How in hell could he see Barraclough when ——" There was no point in finishing the sentence.

"'Snot often he make a mistake. Our opponents haf been ver' quiet, you know; ver' quiet. Perhaps now they draw the kipper across the path."

"He's got bats," said Hipps. "Been standing in the sun."

"I'd ignore the whole thing," said Laurence. "Ten to one it's a trick. A stunt put up by our adversaries."

"In our private code, Laurence? No, no, no. I t'ink it wass well we take some precautions with this gentleman who wass so like our guest. You will telephone to Mr. Phillips, please, that I would like some of those roads that lead into London made—difficult." Then as Laurence seemed disposed to argue: "You haf your orders," he thundered.

As Laurence was leaving the room Auriole came in and stood hesitating on the threshold.

"Ah! Miss Craven," said Van Diest, stooping to kiss her fingers. "For you a little work. You will talk to our guest, yes? So stubborn he wass. You ver' clever woman, ver' gentle. You put your arms round him—so! You whisper, you beseech, you ver' sympathetic. P'r'aps you make 'im cry. Then he tell you what he refuse to tell us. 'Sunderstood?"

"Yes, I understand," said Auriole in a small voice.

"Goot! Then we go downstairs now. Come, Hipps." At the door he paused. "'Sver' important you succeed, because we haf tried all the rest." He spoke the final words, slowly and with great meaning, then turned and went out.

Auriole caught Hippe by the sleeve as he passed her.

"What does he mean—'all the rest'?" she questioned.

The American scarcely paused in his stride. "Think it over," he said, and closed the door behind him.

With a heart that thumped hammer blows against her side Auriole turned toward Richard's bedroom and paused with her hand on the latch. She felt as a traitor might feel who was seeking audience of his sovereign. For a traitor she was—false to her original employers, to her ideals, and to a man who, even though he might have stirred in her the hope of a wedding, had never willingly wrought her a single wrong. A dozen times in the last three days her hand had gone out to the telephone, and the will had been there to confess to Cranbourne that her allegiance to his side existed no longer; but even in this her honesty had broken down. She saw herself, as she hesitated on the threshold, a wretched, mercenary creature—the sport of greed and jealousy—self-centered and governed by thought of gain. It was not a pleasant reflection. For the doubtful blessing of being wife to an unscrupulous millionaire she had deafened her ears to the call of every decent instinct.

And now the fates had so contrived that it rested with her to make the supreme final appeal, and on her success or failure depended the safety and future of the man within. A horrible conviction came over her that these men who held Barraclough captive would indeed stop at nothing to gain their ends, and that the innuendoes they had uttered were terribly in earnest. Unless he were persuaded to speak, his very life would be forfeit, and it was this consideration that fortified her to make the effort.

Richard was sprawling on the wire mattress when she threw open the door. He raised a pair of hollow eyes that looked at her without recognition. Instinctively she shrank away from him, appalled at the changes in his face and bearing.

"What have they been doing to you?" was startled from her.

Richard hitched himself into a sitting posture and coughed. "Who are you?" he said.

"Don't you . even know me?'

He thought before replying.

Richard Wavered Visibly. "What are You Saying? You're Mad," He Answered

"Yes, I know you. You're the woman who was jealous of someone."

"Someone! Is that how you speak of your sweetheart?"

"Wait a bit. It's coming back. Isabel, wasn't it? Isabel Irish. Well, what do you want?"

She came a little nearer.

"To be with you. I haven't seen you for a long time."

"You deserted me, didn't you? I m-mussed you at first. The one bright spot, your coming."

"Was it?" she whispered.

He staggered to his feet and walked rockily into the inner room.

"No! What'm I saying? Man with a sweetheart doesn't want you."

"Tony!"

"No, no. 'Cause you're the worst devil of the lot. Decoyed me to this damn place."

"Tony, I'm so sorry!" Her hand fell on his sleeve, but he drew away.

"Don't come near me. Don't touch me. I mustn't be touched."

"Then I'll sit over here," said she.

"Yes, there. No, get out! Leave me alone, d'ye hear?" His voice pitched up high and imperative, but as suddenly dropped again. "I beg your pardon. I'm not much of a man to talk to a woman jus' now."

"I think you're a very fine man, Tony."

"Ha! Yes. A devil of a fellow!"

"But so stubborn," she whispered.

"There you go!" he cried. "I knew it. I knew you came here for that."

"Tony! Tony!" she implored. "This has gone too far. You've been splendid, but what's the use? Just think, my dear, how rich you'd be."

"I don't want to be rich. Rich men torture each other," he cried, steadying himself against the back of a chair.

"You've only to say one word and you can walk out of here without a care in the world."

The sound of violins was in her voice. The promise of life, carefree and full of sunshine, was in her eyes and the curve of her smile.

He tried to look away, but the appeal was too strong.

"I can walk out of here," he repeated. "Out of here!"

"Such a lovely world too."

The touch of her breath on his cheek was like a breeze, and the smell of her hair like violets.

"Yes, yes."

"A great big garden of a world," she crooned, and no song ever sounded sweeter.

He felt his power to resist was ebbing away—falling from him like a cloak. With a mighty effort he replied, "A garden full of Eves."

And he sat humped up upon the camp bed. Auriole glided toward him and slipped her arms round his neck. He made no effort to escape.

"Eves are rather nice," she whispered.

His head tilted back against her.

"Rather nice," he echoed. "Rather nice. Soft shoulders where a man can rest his head."

A glorious drowsiness was stealing over his limbs, a blessed sense of drifting into unknown contentment. She drew up her knees and they sat huddled together on the narrow canvas bed like babes in a wood. He was barely conscious of her voice. It came to his ears as gently as the sound of waves running over sand.

"All the wonderful things we could do, Tony! The plans we could make come true! We could go out to a fairylike dinner together—in one of your wonderful cars you could fetch me—and the streets would be twinkling with lights like jewels in Aladdin's cave."

Then he found he was talking too.

"A farm in New Zealand," he said. "Great flocks of sheep and herds of cattle.

"I know the place. There are mountains with snowcaps, green-grass plains, black firs and running water. I could have all that—if only —— But no."

"Nothing is out of reach, Tony. Everything can be yours at the price of a little sentence."

"No, no."

"You need never see those others again, but just tell me. Men tell everything to women; they can't keep a secret from a woman. Nature never intended they should. That's why Nature made women the mothers, because the first secret of life is theirs, and all the rest follow after."

"You're bad, bad," he moaned. "A cheat trying to get at me by kindness."

"And isn't kindness worth a little? Come, kneel down and whisper. It will be easy with your head in my lap and my arms around you. Kneel down and whisper."

Heaven perhaps could tell where Richard found that last speck of sand which gave him the power to spring to his feet, to shake off the subtle influence of touch and voice, and to answer in a voice that fairly rang with resolve:

"No, nothing—nothing!"

To Auriole he looked almost godlike as he stood with clenched fists and every fiber quivering. It was in that instant of admiration and amazement that she recognized him as another man, and the cry burst from her lips, "You're not Anthony Barraclough!"

Richard wavered visibly, and for the first time she saw real fear in his eye.

"What are you saying? You're mad," he answered.

"You're not Anthony Barraclough!"

"I am. I am."

"No!" She stared into his face. "You're different—your eyes, your mouth. Who are you?"

"Anthony Barraclough!" he cried.

"It's not true. Anthony would never have stood this. The men, yes. The torture, yes; but he always gives way to a woman. Who are you?"

(Continued on Page 49)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 14, 1922

The President's Forest

IF WE are to ask Americans to see America first we must preserve something worth while for Americans to see. We have done much, though not enough, by setting aside certain areas in the West as national parks for the use and enjoyment of the whole people. In this week's number of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST Emerson Hough calls the attention of the country to a great opportunity to do a big thing for America and for those Americans who really love their country and are concerned with something more than wringing the last dollar out of her for their own immediate and personal profit.

The President's Forest is the most splendid unspoiled woodland left in America, stretching away mile after mile from the North Rim of the Grand Canyon. To destroy this forest, to kill the uncounted deer that range it, to do anything that would in the least degree mar the glory of the Grand Canyon itself would be an act of vandalism in the name of "improvement" that would be unprecedented even in America.

Mr. Hough in his article tells us what can be done and what must be done to save this priceless possession of the American people for them and their children. Mr. E. J. Marshall, president of the Grand Canyon Cattle Company, has written the following letter to President Harding generously offering to surrender his grazing privileges and to withdraw his cattle from the forest in order to facilitate the plan to preserve it for all time:

Dear Mr. President: In a recent conference with Mr. Stephen T. Mather, Director of the National Park Service, I learned of the rapidly increasing interest in the region in Northern Arizona directly north of the Grand Canyon National Park and particularly the suggestion that I understand has been made to call this region the President's Forest. Recognizing its extraordinary value as a game preserve and for purposes of recreation the Grand Canyon Cattle Company desires to express to you its wish to be as helpful as possible in enlarging the scope and usefulness of this region in the interest of a larger public enjoyment.

The Grand Canyon Cattle Company, a California corporation, has been operating here for a number of years under leases from the United States Forest Service, and during that time has made extensive and valuable improvements, particularly in the development of water supply and the erection of stone cattle camp buildings. The Company owns certain patented tracts of land within the boundaries of the forest reservation and several tracts of located scrip lands in the immediate vicinity. At the present time we are grazing a herd of breeding cattle, numbering about 4500 head, under permit from the Forest Service. We desire to register our willingness to vacate and abandon the Kaibab Forest Reservation and the public lands immediately adjoining to the east thereof, recognizing that by so doing the purposes of former President Roosevelt in establishing a game preserve here could be more completely fulfilled, and making the entire region available for the public enjoyment.

Our only request is that a reasonable time be given the Company to dispose of and move its livestock and other personal property, and that in recognition of our action such grazing permits be not hereafter issued to other livestock interests in the area now covered by our permit.

Arrangements have been made through private individuals for acquiring the Company's patented land holdings, which are to be presented to the United States without cost to the Government.

Respectfully, E. J. MARSHALL, President,
The Grand Canyon Cattle Company.

Once created, the President's Forest will belong to you and your children forever. You can retrieve a failure, make more money in a thousand ways; but neither you nor coming generations can replace the beauty that is the Grand Canyon and the President's Forest. The man who would deface one or destroy the other for the sake of gain deserves a swift push over the rim. The drop would be an inadequate punishment for the crime—a bare five thousand feet—but 'twould serve.

Write your representative in the Congress that you are for and behind the plan to create the President's Forest.

Circumstances Alter Cases

FROM the earliest days of Marxian socialism it was preached that work was a categorical obligation of all members of society. From the pinkest Fabian collectivism to the reddest Slavic communism the dictum was affirmed. It remained a more or less academic prescription, however, for many years. Then a professor with a staccato style wrote a Theory of the Leisure Class. This supplied the missing impulse. The book became a ritual of the silk-clad parlor socialists. Idleness became unfashionable. No one was ashamed to work if the work was something he was not ashamed of. Then came the war. The war brought a real impulse for service. It was service for the sake of results, not for the sensation of service.

With the period of deflation came unemployment. Figures were issued, supposedly semiofficial, to the effect that five million workers were out of work during the past summer. The Washington conference on unemployment reduced these figures materially, but the fact of widespread and serious unemployment remained.

An analysis of the data led to interesting disclosures. Among the unemployed were men with families, widows with children, single women with dependents. Among the employed were men without families or dependents. Among the employed were, further, women with moderate incomes, who lived in comfortable homes, to whom the added income of occupation was an extra. While men and women with dependents were unable to secure the work that meant bread other men and women held work that meant only theater tickets, bonbons and lingerie.

As a measure of relief, communities were urged to undertake construction of public works and to give preference to workers with dependents. Labor leaders are now urging the doctrine that work belongs to those who need it. It has ceased to be a duty to work. The idler of means is no longer a parasite, but a public-spirited citizen. Even in Russia the transition has taken place. At first, under communism, the meal ticket, the food card, was issued only to holders of the work card. Now the workers in Moscow and Petrograd do not permit hungry peasants to flock to the cities. Workers who have family connections in the country are deported to the land. Everywhere in Europe, as here, the leisure class went to work. Now the proletariat is expelling the bourgeoisie. The leisure class must go back to leisure. And the very people who used to expound the sin of parasitic idleness are now propounding the occult doctrine that it is not the duty of everybody to work unless there is work for everybody to do.

All the foregoing could have been read in the derided writings of classical English-speaking economists.

Right Wrong and Right Right

WE ARE all familiar with the mother with the child who can do no wrong. Much the same thing is now going on with the American apologist and the Russian communist. When the land was nationalized, that was right. At least it was courageous, and only through courageous experimentation could progress to the millennium be accelerated. With the collapse of Russian agriculture under nationalism the land was returned to private ownership. That also was right. It was courageous to be able to reverse an action. When crops were nationalized and collected by requisition, that was a step in social justice. Now that the crops have been returned to private trade, that also is right. It is courageous to be willing to reverse a policy. When banking was nationalized and the program of abolition of recognized monetary principles was inaugurated, that was right. The moneyless state, whose citizens exchanged commodities through the clearing house of the state, represented the frictionless operation of an ideal society. The method of destroying money was to make it as common as air. Within two years the soviet government increased the issue of paper notes from twenty-three billion to thirty-two hundred billion rubles. This was not only right but courageous. It was magnificent to see the single figure of Lenine breaking through the cordon of traditional monetary economists!

This also has been reversed. Russia has returned to conventional banking. The value of the ruble is to be increased, not scuttled. If possible, Russia is to return to the gold basis. Individuals and concerns are allowed checking accounts in the reopened banks. They receive interest on deposits. They may correspond with foreign banks. Taxes are revived in terms of money, instead of requisition of produce and goods.

And all this is right! It is right to reverse the policy so courageously. It was right to lead Russia into the morass of chaos and disorganization by throwing away the compass. It is right to take the compass again in hand and try to lead the country back. What would be in other men folly, in Lenine is "striving for idealism." Verily, like the king, Lenine can do no wrong! There's no fool like a pink fool.

Distributing the Load

AS THE months pass, the circumstances surrounding the depression of prices of farm products seem more susceptible of objective analysis. The very low price of oats is due in part to the fact that the farmer has continued to plant oats as a rotation crop, while the consumption of oats by horses has fallen. As the automobile replaces the horse in the town and city the demand for horse feed recedes. The low price of corn is related not only to the lowered prices of meat animals but also to the fact that the animal count is so much shorter than the corn crop. On the other hand, upward readjustments are taking place. The rise in cotton was reflected to the grower and resulted in free movement of cotton, with setting free of credits. Wheat has gradually risen to a notable extent, though this will not be so largely reflected back to the grower, on account of the excessive early overmarketing of wheat during the summer and early autumn. Notable throughout the recent months were the relative height and stability of prices of eggs, poultry and dairy products.

The leaders in agricultural practice have long urged the value of diversification for technical reasons. It is now revealed as equally important for economic reasons. Chickens, eggs, cream and butter were once the perquisites of the farmer's wife. On many farms these are now the best currency in hand. Diversification means distribution of the load. And in farming, just now, some of the side lines are carrying most of the load.

Why They Don't Get Together

By J. R. SPRAGUE

DECORATION BY GUERNSEY MOORE

I COULD not help overhearing the conversation of two men who sat at lunch near me in the hotel dining room. The one who did most of the talking was evidently a local business man, and he was sketching the hardships of his business life.

"I might just as well be in jail," he said bitterly, "for all the chance I ever have to get away from my desk for a decent vacation. There isn't a soul in my whole establishment who will take any responsibility. The minute I leave, things go to pieces. I guess I shall have to keep my nose to the grindstone for the rest of my life."

It did indeed appear a gloomy outlook that a man could not look forward to anything except a daily grind for the rest of his life. The business man's friend tried to turn his thoughts into brighter channels by suggesting a way out of his troubles.

"What you ought to do," said the friend, "is to get hold of some bright young man and train him up to take responsibilities off your shoulders. Probably there is some young fellow in your employ right now who could be developed into a valuable executive if you would give him enough encouragement. Let him know there is a partnership ahead if he makes good."

The business man was not impressed by this optimistic talk. There was more than a trace of exasperation in his answer.

"I've thought of all that a thousand times," he said. "Heaven knows I'd be glad enough to encourage any one of my clerks with the prospect of a partnership if I could see any ambition on his part. But they're all just alike. None of them looks further ahead than Saturday night. The only prospect I have is to work like a dog until I am too old to work any more, and then try to sell out the business."

The business man spoke as though he meant what he said. There are probably a hundred thousand business men in the country who feel just as he does. They would like to develop some young man into taking responsibilities off their shoulders and would be willing to pay the price, even to offering a partnership at the end of the road.

Likewise there are probably a million young men throughout the country who are working at their jobs day by day, vaguely ambitious, doing the best they know how, and wondering if their merits will never take them anywhere beyond a salaried position.

The Creation of Understudies

WITH the thousands of business men anxious to promote someone, and other thousands of young men equally anxious to be promoted, it seems as though a greater proportion of them ought to get together. The purpose of this article is to figure out why so few do get together, and perhaps give some information that will lead to results.

Far be it from my intention to write an article purporting to tell young men how they may, by strict attention to business, working fifteen minutes overtime every day and attending night school, eventually rise to a partnership and marry the beautiful daughter of the boss. Nor has this article anything to do with the methods employed by big corporations in the training of their men. It is written after a great many talks with private business men and their clerks in small enterprises—shoe stores, lumber yards, small manufacturing plants, mail-order houses, drug stores and various other retail lines such as exist in every town and city in the United States.

I may as well state at the outset that my investigations led inevitably to the conclusion that it is not entirely the fault of the employes that so few business men are able to find the right young man to relieve them of their responsibilities. The blame will have to be shared about on a fifty-fifty basis. Many men who think they want to develop someone into a partner are not really in earnest; at least they are not in earnest enough to go at it with the same intelligence and care that they use in the ordinary conduct of their affairs.

It may seem a small ambition for a young man to figure only on becoming the proprietor of a clothing store or the sash-and-door mill in the home town; it looks so much more attractive to get into a big country-wide organization where there are thousands of employes and hundred-thousand-dollar salaries at the top. But there is this to think about: The big-salaried man at the head of a corporation is, after all, a salaried man. If he fails to produce dividends for a couple of years he can lose his job just as easily as the lowest salesman. But the proprietor of the drug store in the home town is his own boss. He is a permanent and solid factor of his community. If business is bad for a year or two and the store pays only a bare living there are no impatient stockholders clamoring for dividends, and no boards of directors directing to vote him out. His life is probably more cheerful than that of a good many others who occupy more imposing positions in the business world.

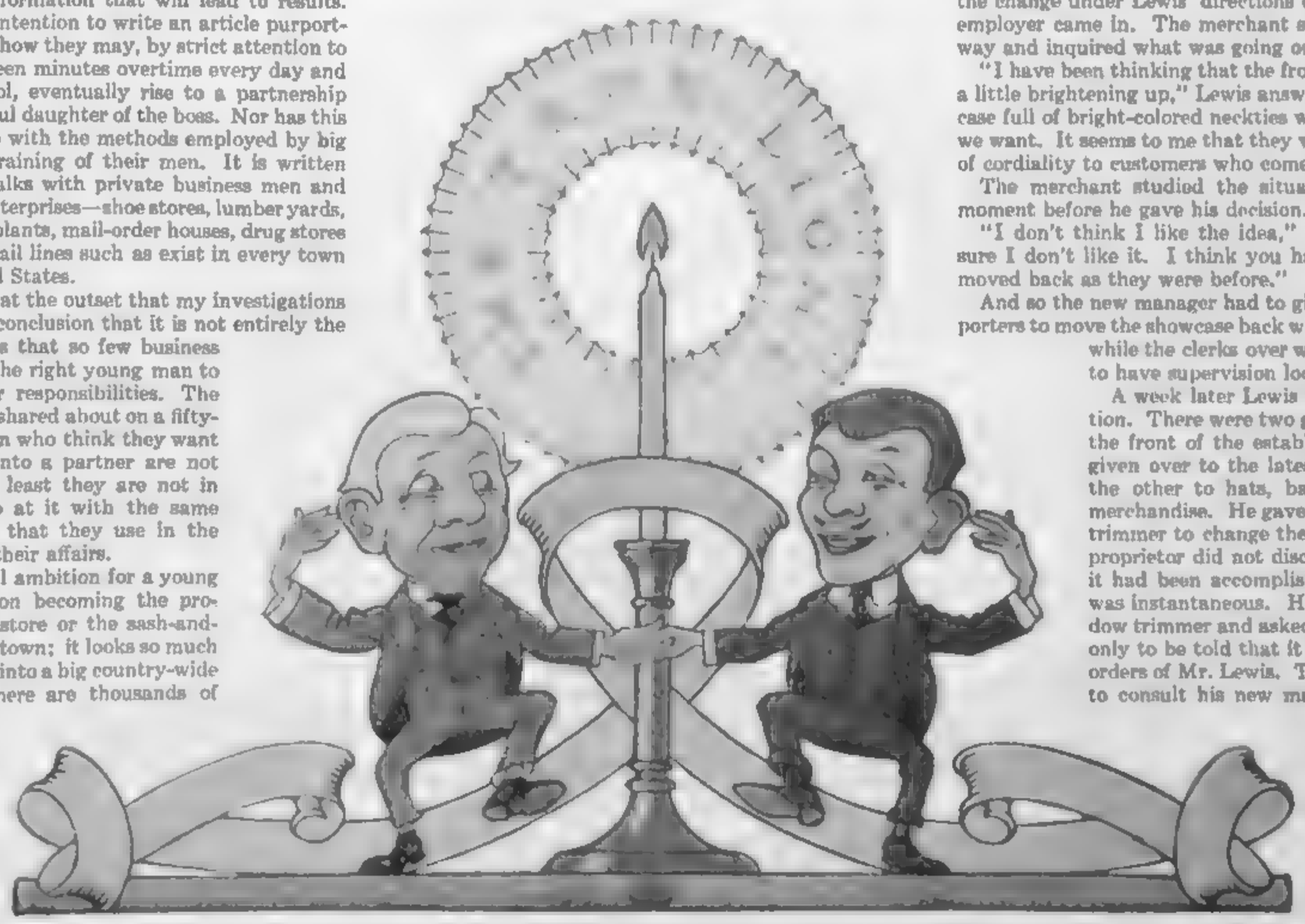
There is every reason why the private business man should want to train someone to step into his shoes; perhaps the greatest reason lies in the fact that it is hard to sell out a small enterprise at anything near what it is worth. Many a man has worked hard to build up a successful business only to find, when he wants to quit, that the best offer he can get is about fifty cents on the dollar. The fact that he is willing to sell engenders a suspicion in the minds of possible buyers that there must be something the matter with the proposition. And actually a business is usually not worth a hundred cents on the dollar to a new man. The change of ownership almost inevitably causes a slump until the public has become convinced that the new management is going to give as good service as the old one.

The opinion of a retired business man whom I interviewed is worth quoting on this point.

"The only way to retire successfully," he told me, "is to take in a partner, preferably someone who has grown up in the business and knows all about it. Then, when you get ready to quit, you have got a ready-made purchaser. If the business is paying he knows it and is not under suspicion that you are trying to put something over on him. If he hasn't got the money to pay all cash you can usually trust him with part of the purchase price because there will be no slump when you drop out, as would probably be the case of a new man coming in."

Thousands of business men realize these things, and hundreds of thousands of employes vaguely sense them. The remarkable part of it is that the two sides so seldom get together.

A good many of the employers I have talked with contend pessimistically that a large proportion of the young fellows are merely bluffing when they say they are anxious to get along in the business world; that what they really mean is that they are willing to be promoted if the promotion can be effected without serious effort on their part. They aren't enough in earnest.



This may be true; but on the other hand there is plenty of evidence that some of the business men who say they want to develop young men to take their places are not enough in earnest either. Not long ago I talked with a young man who had just quit an eight-thousand-dollar job. He had quit it cold, he told me, and had no idea where he was going to get another one that would pay as well. I must have shown my disapproval of such a reckless course, because he went on to explain the whole proceeding. Lewis is not his name, but I will call him that.

Lewis, it seemed, had grown up from boyhood in the retail clothing business, always working for one firm in his native city. He must have been a good man, because by the time he was thirty years old he had become head salesman and was drawing a salary of seventy-five dollars a week. That, however, seemed as far as he could go. The proprietor of the establishment had a couple of sons growing up in the business who would naturally come into partnerships later on, and so there was nothing Lewis could hope for in that respect. One day a traveling man told him of what seemed a splendid opening in another city. The head of an old-established business was getting along in years and wanted to be able to take things easy; he was anxious to get in touch with some young man capable of taking charge of his establishment.

Lewis believed he could fill the position and wrote a letter applying for it, sending along the names of a number of firms in the trade as references. The correspondence thus started resulted in a personal interview, and Lewis was offered the managerial position at a salary of eight thousand dollars a year. It was strongly hinted that if he made good he need not stop at being manager.

A Tactless Boss

BUOYED up by high ambitions Lewis moved his family to their new home and began work. It did indeed appear just the opening he had always wanted. The business was a highly prosperous one, doing close to a million dollars a year. The proprietor was an agreeable gentleman in his sixties, apparently very serious in his desire to be relieved of the responsibilities which he had carried on his shoulders for more than thirty years.

After a month spent in getting himself used to his new surroundings Lewis began planning a few changes which he thought would be beneficial. Among other things he decided to move a showcase full of neckties which stood at the rear of the establishment up to a more prominent position at the front entrance. The porters were making the change under Lewis' directions one morning when his employer came in. The merchant stopped in a surprised way and inquired what was going on.

"I have been thinking that the front of the store needed a little brightening up," Lewis answered, "and this showcase full of bright-colored neckties will give just the effect we want. It seems to me that they will give kind of an air of cordiality to customers who come in."

The merchant studied the situation for an annoyed moment before he gave his decision.

"I don't think I like the idea," he announced. "I'm sure I don't like it. I think you had better have things moved back as they were before."

And so the new manager had to give instructions to the porters to move the showcase back where it had come from, while the clerks over whom he was supposed to have supervision looked on.

A week later Lewis tried another innovation. There were two great show windows at the front of the establishment, one always given over to the latest in men's suits, and the other to hats, bath robes and similar merchandise. He gave orders to the window trimmer to change the displays about. The proprietor did not discover the change until it had been accomplished; its effect on him was instantaneous. He sought out the window trimmer and asked the meaning of it all, only to be told that it had been done at the orders of Mr. Lewis. Then without stopping to consult his new manager the proprietor directed that everything be put back as before.

Lewis was somewhat set back at these curbs to his enterprise, but said nothing. It was getting to the season

when fall merchandise was to be bought, and as manager he was to accompany his employer to the Eastern factories on the annual purchasing trip. He had for years bought goods successfully for his department in his old position and felt that now he would be able to show his real worth. The merchant was an agreeable traveling companion on the trip East, insisting that Lewis should see some good shows and take in the sights at the expense of the house.

But when it came to the actual buying of merchandise Lewis had to take a back seat. It was his employer who selected the styles and named the quantities to be shipped. The most Lewis was expected to do, he found, was to stand at his employer's elbow with a pencil and pad of paper and write down the items as ordered. On the return from the trip he tendered his resignation.

"I resigned," he told me, "to keep from being fired. The merchant was paying me eight thousand dollars a year to do work which any forty-dollar-a-week clerk could do just as well. He wouldn't let me earn my salary, and it would be only a question of time before he would see that I was not earning it. He may have thought he wanted a manager, but if so he was fooling himself. What he really wanted was a clerk."

It may be that the foregoing incident is rather typical; that the young fellows are correct when they complain that the average business man is only kidding himself when he says he wants to find some young man capable of being trained into a partnership. But there is one thing sure: No one is going to be boosted into a partnership unless he first shows that he is somewhat fitted for it.

In preparing this article I talked with perhaps seventy-five business men, big and little. Only two would admit that they had anyone in their employ who might be developed into partnership timber. I heard more faults described in connection with aspiring young employes than I had supposed existed. A prosperous druggist told me his head clerk was all right except that he never could see that the prescription counter ought to be kept clean. An automobile dealer had a young man who was splendid except for an unfortunate habit of getting into acrimonious arguments with customers who complain about the performance of their cars. I heard of young men who do not get advanced because their thoughts are on girls instead of business; because they crowd the clock at closing time; because they believe they are not getting enough money and so give the boss only what they think he is paying for; because they hate to use their brains.

The Handicap of Extravagance

MOST of the business men agreed, however, that these are largely surface faults which may be cured by intelligent coaching. But there was one point on which the verdict was unanimous: It is labor wasted to try to train anyone for managership of business who keeps himself habitually in debt, who shows he cannot finance his own affairs intelligently.

The proprietor of a successful shoe business told me that he had been ambitious for some time to start a branch store. He had the necessary capital and knew of a favorable opening; all he needed was someone to manage it. He had in his employ a man who seemed to possess the necessary qualifications—a competent salesman, affable to customers, a good stock keeper and a shrewd judge of shoe values. There was about him only one drawback that the merchant could see; he did not appear quite able to make both ends meet on the sixty dollars a week he was earning. Every week three or four collectors would call on him with bills which he never seemed able to straighten out in full.

He was such a good man, however, that the merchant decided to try to help him get on a firmer financial footing. Last January he took the young man aside and announced that he had decided to put him on a profit-sharing basis, dating the arrangement back one year. The amount thus due amounted to a little over four hundred dollars.

The young man was immensely pleased and evidently used the money to good advantage, because the collectors ceased their visits. But not for long. By April they began drifting into the store again. It was early in June that the young man intercepted his employer one evening at closing time and said he wanted to speak to him on a little matter of business.

"Our sales are running pretty well this year, aren't they?" he asked.

The merchant agreed that for slack times the sales were running exceedingly well; that if the volume kept up the previous year's business would easily be passed.

"That being the case," the young man proceeded hopefully, "it is almost certain my bonus will amount to as much as it did last year. I have been wondering if you would object to letting me have it now. I've some debts I would like to clear up."

The merchant's dream of opening a branch store is still unfulfilled.

Although many of the business men I interviewed sell goods on installments, nearly all agreed that the help problem would be vastly improved if the easy-payment plan was not worked quite so intensively. When one is young a year seems a long time. And if some much desired article may be had by merely laying down a small payment and the balance strung out for twelve whole months the transaction appears too easy to be resisted. One merchant told me how the dollar-down-and-a-dollar-a-week virus had come between himself and a bright young employe, depriving both of the fulfillment of their desires.

"Henry was naturally the best boy that ever worked for me," the merchant said. "He came into the store fresh from high school, and from the first I took quite a shine to him. Nothing was ever too much trouble for him; he was always on hand at eight o'clock in the morning and if a customer came in at one minute before six in the evening Henry never tried to slip him off on one of the other clerks. I am not so young as I used to be, and after Henry had been with me a couple of years I began to watch him critically to see if he might not be the boy I needed. You know we business men are always in hopes of running across someone who will prove good enough to take into partnership and sell out to when we ourselves get ready to quit. Of course we almost never find the wonder we are looking for -probably we expect too much anyhow—but that doesn't prevent us from looking for him."

Henry Branches Out

"BY THE time Henry was twenty-two or twenty-three he was my right-hand man—rather, I think, to the dislike of some of the older clerks. But he showed that he could take responsibility, and I got so I depended on him a good deal. The only flaw I could find in him was that he never seemed to be able to save money. When he saw anything he wanted to buy it appeared actually to hurt him until he got it. He used to come to me with most of his troubles; I remember the first time I had to lecture him was in connection with a diamond ring.

"He was about twenty-four at the time and had fallen in love; the affair had got to the engagement stage, and he came to me one day to ask if I would recommend him as a good credit risk. It appeared that he was dickering with an installment jeweler for the purchase of a ring at two hundred dollars, but had only fifty dollars with which to make the first payment.

"I didn't think much of the transaction, but he was so eager about it that finally I signed the recommendation and he became the proud possessor of the ring on his promise to pay the balance in about a year.

"A few months later he was married. The furniture, of course, had to be bought on the installment plan, which put him in debt several hundred dollars more. His work in the store became a little less satisfactory; usually he had to draw something on his salary before Saturday night, and frequently he would have to run out for an hour during business hours to attend some matter in connection with his easy payments. I didn't like it very well, but thought it might be only a passing phase which he would get over after a while when he had finished paying off his courtship and marriage debts.

"But it was not a passing phase. The installment habit had him in its grip. Whenever he wanted anything it seemed so useless to wait until he had all the money, inasmuch as all he had to do was to pay a little down and string the balance out over future months. At the end of a couple of years when the baby came he was in pretty bad shape, and I guaranteed the hospital and doctor's bills for him. At this time he was drawing a fifty-dollar-a-week salary, which ought to have been enough to live on nicely in a small city like ours.

"He was still a good many months behind his debts when one day he told me brightly that he had located a great bargain in a secondhand automobile which a man was willing to sell him for four hundred dollars on ten straight monthly payments. He had it figured out that he would hardly miss the forty dollars a month; and besides, he said, the saving in street-car fares would go a good way in meeting the installments."

A Man Who Wouldn't Save

"FOR the first time I sat him down for a straight talk. I pictured his position. He was a married man; his wife and baby depended on him for their food and lodging. He did not, I knew, have a ten-dollar bill laid aside to meet any crisis that might occur. He was just drifting along on the edge of a volcano that might blow up any minute. And on top of that, he was thinking of taking on an extra four-hundred-dollar burden which was entirely useless.

"My talk did not have the desired effect. He had already promised to take the machine, he told me, and couldn't back out. Besides, he said, his wife had to be cooped up all day at home with her housework and the baby, and he owed it to her to be able to take her around a little after business hours. I suppose it was this last argument which prevented me from doing my duty and telling him that he would have to give up his automobile or his job. I have no doubt that his wife would rather have had a few hundred dollars in the bank for a rainy day than the pleasure of milling around town nights in a secondhand automobile and worrying over the cash purchase of five gallons of gasoline or a new inner tube.

"By this time I had given up the idea that Henry would ever develop into the kind of business man who could take over the responsibilities of my establishment when I wanted to quit. Four-fifths of the success of any business depends on successful financing; no matter how much energy and initiative a man may put into his enterprise he is bound to go on the rocks unless he knows how to handle his money conservatively. Henry couldn't handle fifty dollars a week without getting in a tangle. Manifestly he wouldn't be able to handle a business taking in two to three thousand a week without a worse tangle.

"The end came six months or so later. One day I noticed a new face among the collectors who regularly dropped in on him in the interests of the easy-payment houses. I asked him what new purchase he had been making. He answered that he had traded in his old car and was beginning to make payments on another one.

"But the old car was all right, wasn't it?" I asked. "It would take you wherever you wanted to go?"

"'Oh, yes, it would run all right,' he answered, 'but it looked kind of shabby; and besides, it didn't have a self-starter. I got an awfully good bargain in this last one,' he continued brightly. 'The man took the old car as a first payment, and all I have to do is to pay him thirty dollars a month for twelve months. A cinch, I call it.'

"That was the last straw. He was tying himself up for another year of useless debt without a dollar ahead to take care of emergencies that might crop up at any time. I gave him thirty days' notice and let him go. The last time I saw him he was driving a truck for a wholesale house, his chances of becoming a successful business man gone because he could not wait until he had the money when he wanted to buy things."

It is too bad that the word "thrift" has been worked so nearly to death that it has lost a good deal of its original force. It is like some of the striking lessons of the Bible which most of us have heard so often that we miss their real meanings. In its last analysis thrift merely means self-control; to be willing to put off a good time occasionally.

It was in a big specialty shop in a large Eastern city that I heard a striking instance of what a man may lose by being impatient for a good time. The proprietor of the establishment is a friend of mine, a man who in twenty years has built up his enterprise from nothing into one of the most prosperous in the community. He is a man past middle life, plenty well enough off to retire if he wants to, but still sticking to business day in and day out. I asked him why he had never trained up someone in his establishment to share his responsibilities so that he could take a vacation once in a while.

Shortsighted Sam

"I GUESS I ought to," he said, "but somehow I have never been able to find the right man." He pointed to one of his salesmen who was waiting on a couple of customers. "I thought I was going to make a partner of old Sam at one time," he continued, "but he just naturally wouldn't let me."

I looked at the salesman called Sam. He was a nice-looking man of fifty, bright and alert, and evidently on good terms with his customers, whom he was handling in agreeable fashion. It appeared that he had been with the concern for nearly twenty years.

"It is about a dozen years ago that Sam and I pretty near became partners," said the merchant. "I have always liked him; he has many qualities that I lack. He is better educated than I am, and he has a better social manner. During the years when I was having kind of a hard time to build up the business Sam was my right-hand man. Nothing was too much trouble for him. He used to come down here and work nights, and he was right on the job every minute of the day. When my finances finally got on a solid footing I got to thinking I ought to have someone to help run the business, and naturally I thought of Sam first.

"As a preliminary I organized the business into a corporation and put a couple of thousand dollars' worth of stock in Sam's name. I knew he didn't have any money to buy it with, but I told him that his stock could lie in the safe until it paid for itself out of the dividends. We were having exceptionally good business at that time, and at the end of a little more than two years it paid itself out. I asked him to stay after closing time one evening, when I got the stock out of the safe and handed it to him.

"'It's yours, Sam,' I said, 'to do what you please with. Of course I'll be glad to have you leave it in the business, but if you don't want to do that I will buy it from you at a hundred cents on the dollar.'

"He appeared vastly pleased at this evidence of his wealth, turning the stock certificates over in his hands and looking at them in an admiring way. I was getting ready to tell him that I had planned to have him elected secretary of the corporation, when he spoke up in an uncertain way.

(Continued on Page 26)

For Fridays

a rich smooth delicious cream soup

Easily prepared with Campbell's!

A real luxury of the dining table awaits you when you serve a cream soup made with one of these invitingly smooth, finely flavored Campbell's Soups. They are already enriched by golden creamery butter. You have only to add milk or cream, when serving, to produce an extra heavy, velvety, luxurious soup that is a rare delight. Especially appropriate Fridays; creamery butter is used instead of meat broths to give strength and richness to these soups.

Pea Soup

You will relish this delightful essence of selected peas, sifted and refined with the utmost care. Daintily prepared by a Campbell's recipe to retain their delicate aroma and flavor, smoothed with fresh milk and creamery butter, they make an extremely palatable soup—children love it.

Tomato Soup

Just the pure juices and rich fruity parts of ruddy, luscious Jersey tomatoes. Grown from selected seed, picked full-ripe and made into soup the very same day. In the blend also are creamery butter, snow-white granulated sugar, tasty herbs and delicate spices. This is the most popular soup in the world today.

Celery Soup

Crisp stalks of celery, gathered in the autumn when field-blanched to a creamy whiteness, are made into a puree and blended with rich milk, creamery butter and delightful seasoning. A refreshing delicacy wonderfully appetizing and invigorating.

Guarantee

Don't limit your enjoyment to just two or three of the Campbell's Soups—there are twenty-one different kinds, a wide and tempting variety. And remember our unlimited guarantee

Money back if not satisfied.

12 cents a can

Campbells' Soups

FOR EVERY TASTE AND EVERY OCCASION

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(Continued from Page 24)

"'I hardly know what to think about it,' he said. 'Of course it's nice to be a stockholder, but if you're willing to pay me cash for my stock perhaps that would be just as well. I'll leave it to you to do as you please.'

"I was sort of dashed to think he would consider selling his stock, which had yielded dividends of 40 per cent a year, but I thought maybe he had plans that I did not know anything about. Nevertheless, I thought best not to say anything about the secretaryship just then; I merely told him that he had better talk it over with his wife that evening and let me know his decision later.

"When he came down to business next morning he had made his decision.

"'If you are still willing to buy my stock,' he said, 'I believe I will let you have it.'

"There was no room for argument; he had taken me up on my own proposition and I made him out a check for the amount. Along toward evening he came back to the office and sat down.

"'If you think you can spare me,' he said, 'I believe I would like to take a month's vacation. You know I have never traveled around much, and last night my wife and I got to talking about how we would like to take a trip to California. Now that we've got the money there doesn't seem to be any reason why we shouldn't go.'

"He and his wife went on the California trip and had a splendid time, getting back home just as their two thousand dollars ran out. Sam is still a mighty good clerk, although he is getting a little along in years. But I have never got to the point of proposing that he become a partner in the business."

A good many of the business men I talked with complained that one can never tell whether promotion is going to help a young man or ruin him. Faults are likely to crop out in the most unexpected places, they claimed. One man told me a specially distressing story concerning a young employe whom he tried to develop into an executive.

This man owns a small woodworking plant. It is not a very impressive establishment, employing only about a dozen workmen, but it is the nucleus around which the owner has built up a fairly substantial fortune. For some time past he has been looking for someone who could take the details off his hands so as to allow him to spend a portion of his time looking after other interests.

A Flat Failure

Among the help was a young man called Jim, on whom the proprietor had a favorable eye. At the time of which I am writing Jim was twenty-seven or eight years old; he appeared a shade brighter than most of the other employes of the woodworking plant, and in every way eligible for promotion. Besides being a natural mechanic he had taken a manual-training course at the local high school and also knew a little about bookkeeping. He had been in the woodworking plant several years and knew the details thoroughly. The manufacturer made up his mind that Jim was the man to take the responsibility off his shoulders.

Accordingly Jim was installed as manager of the plant. In order that he should have a free hand the manufacturer moved himself out of the place, taking an office downtown, where he attended to his other interests, only dropping into the woodworking plant once or twice a day to see how things were going.

Jim went at his new duties enthusiastically. His first move was to quit all manual labor, although he had won the position largely through his dexterity at the trade. This was not exactly in line with his employer's ideas; he had himself worked at the bench long after he had become an employer of labor; but he did not say anything, thinking perhaps the young man knew best. In order to show his dignity further Jim had fixed himself up a private office. For twenty years the office had been merely a wooden table in the middle of the shop, where the proprietor could see everything that was going on and where the help could ask and receive orders without leaving their workbenches; but Jim boarded up one end of the place and did his bossing from that point of vantage. When any one of the workmen wanted to ask a question he had to seek an audience.

It was evident that the help did not much care for this aloofness on the part of the new manager, who had so recently been one of them. The shop's production fell off a little; a couple of the men quit. One day the owner, paying his daily visit to the place, came upon a distressing scene.

It was a strike, a riot and a fight, all at the same time. Two husky young workmen, armed with pieces of wood snatched from their benches, had Jim backed up in a corner, where he was defending himself the best he could with a rather inadequate T-square. The half dozen other employes were standing around enjoying the excitement and unfairly cheering on the two-to-one attacking party.

When the owner finally restored order he heard the cause of the outbreak. Jim, it seems, had come back from lunch and found the two young workmen sitting in his private office. Not only that, but they had their lunches spread out on his desk and were using it for a dining table. His sense of dignity was outraged and he ordered them out with harsh, not to say abusive, words. The riot followed as a natural outcome.

Thus the proprietor of the woodworking plant lost his manager and had to go back to running the place himself. Being a fair-minded man he does not place all the burden on Jim's shoulders.

"I guess it was as much my fault as Jim's," he told me after he had finished the story. "I ought to have eased him into the job more gradually. When I first saw how he was doing I ought to have taken him aside and given him a little fatherly advice. What I didn't realize was that Jim was in a new position and didn't know exactly how to act. He is naturally a good-hearted boy, but somehow he had got the idea that a boss has to be bossing all the time so as to show his authority. And now I've got to get back into harness again because I didn't use the same care in trying to ease Jim into his new job that I would have used in operating any other part of my business."

A Common Mistake

Almost everywhere I found the same situation. The average small-business man does not intelligently try to develop his help. A great many of those to whom I talked seem to have the feeling that they themselves got their start without much assistance and they expect their employes to work up in the same way.

In one of the larger Southern cities there is a retail merchant who has been remarkably successful, having worked up a business that requires the services of seventy-five people. Recently he has incorporated his enterprise, making two of his men officers of the corporation. He does not now have to worry about details; he can be away for a week or for three months, and things go along just as smoothly as though he were present; better, he says he sometimes thinks. This merchant has decided opinions on the subject of why so many business men want to promote their young men without being able to do it, and why so many young men want to be promoted and are not.

"I believe the reason why so many business men go through life without ever being able to find anyone to relieve them of responsibility," he told me, "is because they are not really in earnest about it. I was that way myself for years

"It seemed to me that the present generation of young men was distinctly inferior to the generation I had grown up with. I used to go to lunch with fellow business men occasionally and we would agree pessimistically that automobiles and picture shows had ruined the young men of the day. We would be especially strong on the fact that we ourselves had had no such opportunities as exist at the present time; that we had just forged our way upward through sheer hard work and over obstacles that would floor any of the present-day young men. This line of conversation was quite satisfying; it made us feel that we had all of us been very superior characters indeed.

"One day I was talking along these lines with a business friend who is also somewhat of a philosopher.

"'I wonder,' he said, 'if you and I really were much more satisfactory to our employers when we were twenty-five than these young fellows who work for us nowadays, and whom we accuse of being blind to their own interests. Perhaps if we could see ourselves as we were then we wouldn't believe we were such prodigies after all.'

"The remark opened up a new train of thought. I recalled that I had not devoted my whole time to thinking how I might make myself most useful to the people I worked for, and I had not spent my evenings planning the next day's work.

"These reflections naturally led me to wonder if I myself was not a little to blame for the seeming lack of ambition among my employes. Was I giving them something definite to work for? Or was I expecting them to show initiative and efficiency without anything especial to encourage them along?

"I had to admit to myself that I was as much to blame as anyone for not having found an employe who seemed worthy of promotion. I was like a lot of other business men; when I engaged a new clerk I always told him that there was a splendid chance in my organization for men of ability, and then I didn't take any pains to show him how to take advantage of the splendid chance. I was working my head off to give good service to the public, to have attractive merchandise for sale and to discount my bills; yet I was letting my help problem, perhaps the most important thing of all, go along in a hit-or-miss sort of manner. If a man did well I increased his salary; if he proved too inefficient I let him go. I was making no definite effort to train anyone so that eventually he might relieve me of some of my responsibilities."

On the Watch for Ability

"I resolved to try to do something about it. I could not, of course, go at it in the elaborate fashion adopted by some of the big corporations for training their men; I had only about a dozen employes at that time, and manifestly it would be impractical for me to hold classes in expert salesmanship or give lessons in scientific management. About all I could do was to watch each man in my employ for symptoms of ability, and if I found any one of them had some especial talent get behind him and help him develop it. Above all, I made up my mind that I would not make vague promises of promotion and then fail to live up to my promises if a man showed that he was trying to do what I wanted.

"I tried to reconstruct life as I had seen it when I was in my twenties; to realize that what seemed stupidity and lack of ambition was often only lack of experience. They were fumbling about with life's problems and were bound to make plenty of mistakes just as I had done. Among my friends was a very successful writer; he told me that during the first ten years of his writing experience he wrote at random on all sorts of subjects until he blundered on the line for which he was best fitted. He told me that if some experienced person had analyzed his style early in the game and had suggested what he was best equipped to write he would have saved years of more or less futile struggle.

"This remark, it seemed, might apply to young clerks just as well as to young writers. If I wanted seriously to develop first-class assistants it was up to me to study the material I had to work on. I could not expect the young fellows of twenty-five to know all the rules of business that I myself had learned at forty-five.

"I may as well confess that it was no easy job to pick out definite performances among my dozen employes which seemed worthy of being cultivated. The main trouble was that they would do the work they were hired to do and then stop. It was irritating to see a salesman finish waiting on a customer and then, if there was no other customer to be waited on, settle himself in an attitude of vacuity with the evident intention of giving his brain a good rest. Always that seemed the main trouble; if there was something definite to do they did it; but they didn't want to rack their brains to think of anything else.

"One day, however, I had a gleam of hope. Coming back from lunch I saw one of the boys changing some merchandise on a table at the back of the store to another table up near the front. I asked him what he was doing it for and he answered in a rather dilident way that the goods seemed to be stickers and he thought perhaps if they were moved to the front where all the customers could see them they might sell better.

"The incident did not amount to a great deal, but it seemed something to go on. The boy evidently had some initiative; more than that, it showed he felt some responsibility toward money that was tied up in slow-moving merchandise. If he felt that way, I figured, he possibly had the makings of a good buyer, for a sense of responsibility, as I figure it, is the main asset of a successful buyer of merchandise. Plenty of men can select attractive goods without a thought of where the money is coming from to pay the bills. But a real buyer is one who has one eye on the goods he is buying and the other on the hard problem of turning his purchases into money at a reasonable profit.

"I began to nurse along the boy whom I had caught changing goods from one table to another. He was not especially a business prodigy. He was out the front door as soon as the next one when six o'clock came, and I do not think he ever lay awake a single night to scheme how he might do wonderful things to circumvent his fellow clerks and win the especial favor of the boss. He was a normal boy of twenty-four with most of the faults which naturally go with that age, but he had shown a little more interest in his work than the others. I needed someone to help me out and he seemed the most likely material; if I could develop him into a first-class assistant it would be worth all the trouble it cost.

"I began to study him as carefully as I studied any of the other problems of my business. Also, I gave him something definite to work for. I told him that I was going to give him a chance to help me with the buying and that if he made good he would get his salary raised. I did not make the raise in salary a vague matter; I named the exact amount I would pay him if he should come up to specifications.

"After that I made a practice of taking him with me when I went to look over the lines of samples offered by traveling salesmen, and asked his judgment in selecting various items. Once in a while I would let him go by himself. On such occasions I always made his responsibility a definite one. I would say, for instance: 'You can buy up to a thousand dollars' worth of that line. Use your own judgment in picking the items. But remember, you are responsible for what you buy. Every dollar's worth of merchandise that does not sell is just so much money uselessly tied up, and no business can stand very much of that.'"

A Sound Investment

"Of course he made some mistakes, but I had not always been infallible myself in picking winners. He worked extra hard to sell the goods which he had himself bought, so his training in purchasing really did not cost anything; it must be admitted that he did things at times that it seemed he ought to have known better. One of his failings was that he became a little puffed up over his new authority. He got in the habit of walking out of the establishment whenever he felt like it; mainly, I suspect, to enjoy the feeling that he could do it if he wanted to. Also, he became a shade lofty in his manner toward his brother clerks, and fell into the habit of telling them to do things which he could just as well do himself.

"Sometimes I had to use a good deal of imagination to realize that he was only doing what I would have done myself at his age; that he was on strange ground and groping about with no experience to guide him. I had made up my mind that I would not make the mistake of letting him go on with some fault until it became so unbearable that I would have to fire him. As soon as some fault began to appear I talked it over with him in a friendly way and usually managed to eliminate it before it got to be a habit. It took two years of painstaking and often irritating work to bring him up to the point where I felt I was getting my money's worth, but in the end I had a first-class buyer.

"I developed my present floor manager through somewhat the same methods.

"I believe nothing I have done in my whole business career has paid so well in dollars and cents as the effort I spent on the development of these two men. Recently I incorporated my business and set aside a block of stock for each of them so as to make sure they would stay with me. With things thus arranged I can go away for a day or for three months and be sure everything will go as smoothly as though I myself were in charge. And more than that, when I get ready to retire I can sell the business to them at a hundred cents on the dollar, which probably would not be the case if I had to look outside for a purchaser."

The Greatness That Endures

Ever since the world began, to one austere quality men and nations have ceaselessly aspired.

With eyes fixed beyond the foreground of temporary triumphs, men seek the greatness that endures.

In statecraft, in art, in literature, in science and in industry, the goal is eternally the same.

Superficial brilliancy, the might of a moment, is cheap and plentiful enough.

Profound achievement, the leadership that lasts, is lone and priceless as the stars.

Every day of every year a builder rises whose work bears the promise of greatness.

But the brief success, the single and sensational effort, never is sufficient evidence of genius.

Only by sustained achievement over a period of years is the title to greatness established.

Once in a generation, perhaps, the true and unmistakable leader appears.

Boldly, his work forces itself in upon the consciousness of the world as masterful, fundamental, unique.

No amount of denial or doubt or detraction, no testing passage of years, dim his original greatness in the slightest.

Steadily, the evidence of his genius grows, and the renown of his name grows with it.

The whole eager sentiment and support of the world unite triumphantly behind him.

The world lauds his leadership, but more than his leadership it admires the dependability of his powers, the assurance that it can definitely count upon them as a standard for the world to follow.

Applauding the leader, the world applauds itself—the undying fire in itself which lights the age-old quest for enduring greatness.

Great names of all time, in every sphere of human effort, all know the reward of eminence and all bear witness to the eternal truth.

The genuine leader cannot die. His fame is immovable and immortal as the rocks. He lives steadily on, he survives because the power of his work is permanent.

True greatness inevitably endures. Enduring achievement alone is great.

CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

Division of General Motors Corporation

C A D I L L A C

The Standard of the World

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SENT ON APPROVAL

(Continued from Page 16)

time, and breathed to herself that sad refrain which will come to us all if we but live long enough, "These things are too young for me."

V

"DID you like it?" asked the model when Miss Allison returned to the dressing room.

"No, dear," said the other gently, "I—I'm afraid it's too youthful for me."

"It's pretty, though!" exclaimed the model. "Don't you think it's awfully pretty?"

Little Miss Allison found herself smiling at the girl's enthusiasm.

"Just like I was—at that age," she told herself, and aloud she said: "It's pretty on you, my dear; but then, you know, you are a very pretty girl, and I'm getting to be an old woman now."

The girl blushed at the compliment, a wave of color flooding her cheeks and making her prettier than ever.

"I don't think you're getting old," she said, busy with the dress and mumbling a little because of the pins between her lips. "I think you're awfully nice."

It wasn't long before they were chatting together at a great rate, and Miss Allison learned that if she had bought the dress the girl would have been paid a small commission.

"Then I've a good mind to buy it, anyhow," she thought. "It's such a beautiful thing, and even if I only hung it in the closet and took it out and admired it now and then ——" Aloud she said, "Are you going to put it on again, my dear?"

"Yes," said the girl, raising her slim arms. "Madame told me to."

In the lively presence of youth Miss Allison began to feel younger.

"Perhaps that's what's been the matter with me lately," she thought. "It may have been the boys and girls at school that kept me young, and now that I've given up teaching I miss them."

By that time the girl had slipped the dress down into place.

"How sweet it looks!" thought little Miss Allison. "If I could only wear it and look like that!"

Out of this wish a really wonderful thought was born.

"Somebody for everything!" she thought with growing excitement. "I wonder if I couldn't hire someone to wear my clothes—the beautiful kind that I'd like to buy, but the kind that I'm too old to wear myself. After all, it isn't much different from having somebody cook my food and make my bed and wash my clothes. Besides, it would do me good to have somebody young around." And turning again to the girl by her side she almost breathlessly asked, "What's your name?"

"Margaret Williams."

"Do you like it here?"

"Not so very much," said Margaret cautiously, with a glance toward madame through the half open door. "But I have a friend here, a girl I went to school with—Beatrice Gaynor. See? That pretty girl in the black and white with the monkey fur. Don't you think she's awfully nice?"

"Does she like it here?"

"Not so very much," whispered Margaret, with another cautious look in madame's direction.

"Then how would you like to come and work for me?" asked Miss Allison—"you and your friend, too, if she'd like to come."

For the next few minutes they both grew excited about it, and then first Beatrice was called, and then madame. At the end of a quarter of an hour Miss Allison had acquired two bright-eyed and excited young models, and when she finally left the store between them Margaret was wearing Le Printemps and Beatrice the black and white stripes.

"Yes, you can look!" thought little Miss Allison, proudly noting the glances of admiration which her two new dresses received. "My apple-blossom silk is an exclusive model by Beausonel, and my black and white is trimmed with genuine monkey fur—imagine that, if you please!—genuine monkey fur!"

As they crossed the sidewalk to the waiting limousine—the chauffeur's eyes nearly popping out of his head—another really wonderful thought came to little Miss Allison.

"If I'm only to have the estate for a little while, anyhow," she told herself, "I might as well make a party of it while it lasts," and half turning as though to her invisible antagonist—that old boy who is trying to down us all—she triumphantly added, "I'll show you whether or not it's come too late!"

VI

IT IS doubtful if Miss Allison had ever enjoyed herself in all her life as much as she did that afternoon. It wasn't shopping so much as it was dissipation—dissipation that almost amounted to downright revelry. At first the girls were quiet—perhaps were vaguely disturbed at legends they had read of Youth and Beauty being enticed to a dragon's cave; but no one who looked at Miss Allison twice could feel that everything was not as it should be; and besides, both Margaret and Beatrice had heard before of models being hired to adorn receptions and garden parties, there to reflect a double glory, first upon the hostess and then upon the establishment which had sent them forth. So it wasn't long before they, too, began to enter into the spirit of the occasion, and the more they enjoyed themselves the happier Miss Allison felt, echoing their laughter deep down in her heart, silently repeating to herself their excited little bursts of speech, hugging herself at the unconscious airs they gave themselves as they sat back in the velvet cushions like two young duchesses on their way to court, only to nudge themselves the next moment at the terrible silhouette of a fat woman climbing a bus, or the smirk of a masher who looked as though he had suddenly been taken ill.

"Just like I was at that age," she told herself over and over, feeling prouder every minute of what she had done. "It's nice to have young people around you. I feel as though I was a general with my staff," and aloud she said: "Now, my dears, I want to get some nice quiet things for myself. What would be the best store to go to?"

That was the start of it. Whenever they saw anything particularly fetching, if it was too young for the general she had one of the staff try it on, and if it was too old for the staff the general tried it on. So, with one thing and another, you will understand that Miss Allison was tired when she went to bed that night. She had given the girls the room next to hers, and as she undressed she could hear their excited chatter, subdued by the wall between.

"I needed them," she told herself. "All my life I've had young people around me, and as soon as I got away from them I began to grow old."

From her wrist she unfastened the watch which had been her last purchase of the day.

"I'll put this in the safe," she thought, "and my money too. I see that Mr. Wibley left the key in the lock."

Opening the tin case which the housekeeper said would do for her jools, she placed the watch on the black velvet which covered the bottom of the box, and then put her money beside it.

"There," she thought, unconscious of the pun, "that's safe, and now I'll lay me down to sleep."

The words recalled an old tune of her childhood, and being happy, though tired, she sought to try to sing it to herself.

"Now I lay me down to sleep ——"

Her voice quavered, pianissimo growing difficult with advancing years.

"That's another thing I always wanted," she thought—"to have my voice trained, and be a great singer, and play the violin and the harp."

It was then that her second great inspiration of the day came to her, drowsy as she was.

"Yes," she slowly nodded, "I'm too old myself now; but I could probably get somebody else to do it for me, the same as I've got somebody to wear my pretty clothes—nice girls with talent who can't go on with their lessons. And with all those rooms—twelve master's rooms and baths, with nobody in them—how lonely they must feel!"

She fell asleep then; but on the top floor was a couple that hadn't drifted gently down the tides of slumber, the same being Mr. and Mrs. Witney of the old régime. Indeed, the butler turned and tossed so often that at last his wife had to speak to him.

"That's twice you've pulled the clothes off me," she protested, wrapping her hand in the hem of the blanket and giving it a vicious tug. "What's the matter with you, anyhow? Got the fidgets in them great legs o' yours?"

"No," groaned Wibley in the darkness. "I was thinking of her downstairs, and them two tarts she brought home with her, and then I started thinking of the will."

"Huh! Much good that'll do you—except to send you crazy like it's nearly sent me!"

"I can see Mr. Allison now, just as he looked when he signed it, the day before he was taken ill," said Wibley in a troubled voice. "The safe had just been put in his bedroom, and the varnish was still a bit sticky, I remember. And there he sat, as large as life, but looking a bit pale, I thought, cutting out a piece of plush to fit in the bottom of the tin box—the one you had the lip to tell her to-day she could put her jewels in.

"'Wibley,' says he, 'how long have you been with me?'

"'Twenty-one years next month, sir,' says I.

"'Ah,' says he, 'we're getting on, both you and me,' says he. 'I've been to my lawyer's this afternoon and made my will,' says he, 'and there's twenty-five thousand in it for you, and twenty-five thousand for your wife—to keep you from fighting ——'"

"'Says he,'" impatiently muttered the wife in question, who was now beginning to toss on her own account.

"'Says he,'" solemnly nodded Wibley in the darkness. "'And I'm going to put it in this safe,' says he; 'but remember, one wrong word or one wrong look from either of you and that fifty thousand goes to charity and not one cent you'll get!'"

"'Says he!'"

"Ah," said Wibley, as solemn as ever in the darkness, "his very words! And there by the side of the tin box was the will—with a light lavender cover, I remember. I can see it now as plain as I saw it then; but where he put it, or what he did with it ——"

Words failing him, Wibley groaned again and drew a sigh that strangely resembled a puncturing tire.

"Oh, be quiet and go to sleep!" snapped Mrs. Wibley. "What's the sense of making a noise like that?"

"It's all very well for you to talk," said he, "but that damned will, wherever it is, means fifty thousand dollars to me."

The next instant Mrs. Wibley was up on her elbow, staring down at her lord and master in the darkness, and though he couldn't see her, he felt her glance upon him and suddenly went still.

"What do you mean—fifty thousand dollars to you?" she sharply demanded.

"Well," he asked, "it's twenty-five thousand apiece, isn't it?"

"Yes!" said she. "And if that will ever turns up, let me tell you this, John Wibley, I'll take care of my twenty-five thousand, and don't you think I won't! What? You mean to lie there and tell me ——"

Moving cautiously in the darkness, Mr. Wibley sank one of his ears in the pillow and over the other he tightly cupped his hand.

"She's wound up," he told himself.

Butler, baker or candlestick maker; rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief; every man who has been married twenty-one years will know what Wibley meant.

VII

AT THE end of the week two more of the second-floor rooms had found occupants, and within a fortnight Miss Allison's staff had increased to six. It sounds as though it had been easily done, stated in those few words; but it had proved to be one of the most difficult tasks that the little lady from Parsippany had ever engaged upon; and with all her money it is doubtful if she would have succeeded if it hadn't been for the help of Judge Keppler and his partners at the office.

"Frankly," the judge had told her, "I think you're going to have your hands full with them. Of course it is pleasant, in a way, to think you are helping these girls; but it seems to me that you are incurring responsibilities that—ah—ah—may arise to plague you later on."

"Oh, I don't think so," she smiled. "I like it. You see, all my life I have been a school-teacher, and I feel at home with them, as though I had a very select little high school of my own to play with, something to keep me from going rusty. You haven't heard Sheila play the violin yet, have you?"

"Not yet."

"Just you wait then! You'll be surprised. She throws herself around, and shakes and shivers, and first her eyes flash, and then they go deep and tender, the way the music does, and she makes me thrill all over. I'm so glad you gave me that letter of introduction to Tretsche. He says she was his most promising pupil, but she had to give it up and go to typewriting because her father failed in business. Tretsche comes every morning to give her a lesson, and you've no idea how much I enjoy it. Maibohm comes an hour later to give Alice her lesson on the harp, and perhaps next year—or the year after—they are going into concert work together."

"And what's the little one doing—the one with the red hair who wears the silk smocks?"

"She paints for me."

"And the tall one?"

"She sings for me."

The judge made a helpless gesture, and though Miss Allison smiled at him, she didn't enlighten him further—didn't tell him that at every note of Freda's voice she imagined that she herself was singing.

"And, indeed, it's just the same as though I were singing," she sometimes earnestly told herself, "because if it hadn't been for me Freda's voice would have been lost."

And so with Betty's painting. When the painting master came Miss Allison could almost imagine that she herself was wielding the brush, because Betty had been rescued from drawing patterns for a catalogue house—baby-faced girls in flimsy blouses, and back views of Coat No. 14Z3267. And as for Alice, who could ripple the harp as though there were human heartstrings drawn taut beneath her hand, she had been found playing the piano in the basement of one of the Allison stores.

"Just a few years more and they would have lost their chances," Miss Allison told herself, "and then it would have been too late for them—the same as it was with me."

It was probably in the evenings that the little lady from Parsippany enjoyed her staff the most—musical evenings, most of them, with Betty drawing amusing sketches, and Margaret and Beatrice dancing together in costumes that were melodies in themselves. But for all her enjoyment, it vaguely came to Miss Allison after a few of these evenings that something was missing, even as it has probably come to all of us in our time that the salt has accidentally been left out of the omelet, or that the music has stopped in the moving-picture show.

"I wonder what it is," she thought. "Every once in a while the whole room seems to be waiting for something that doesn't happen. I know! It may be refreshments. To-morrow night I'll have refreshments."

But it wasn't refreshments, she found. Nor was it a window which needed opening—her next guess. Nor was it a ride up the Albany Post Road as far as Peekskill, to get the country air, then over the Hudson to Newburg, and back along the Palisades.

"I wonder what it is," she thought again as the phenomenon persisted. "It was never this way at school."

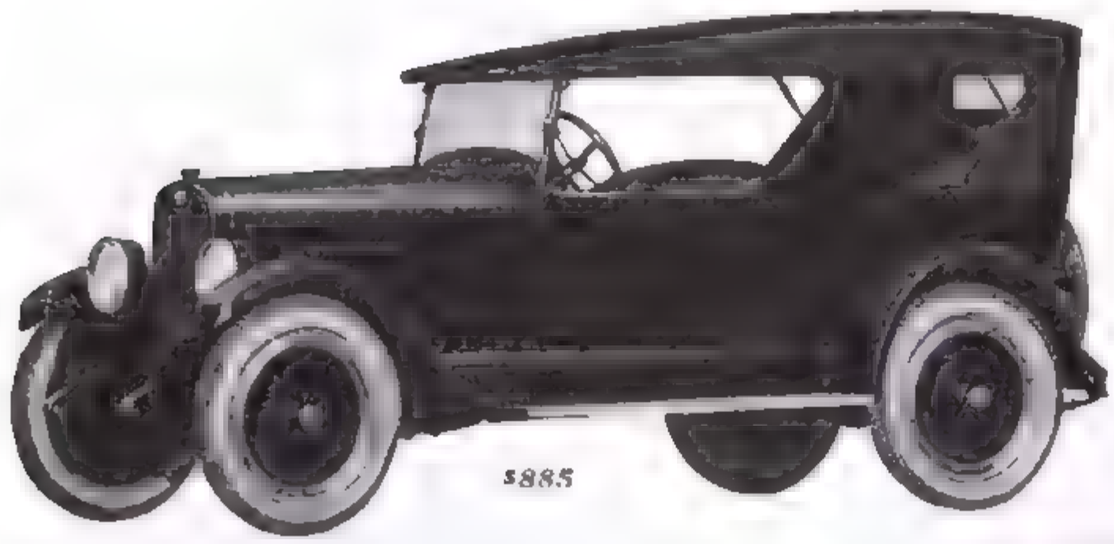
But suddenly the solution came to her. The next afternoon they were about ready to go to a matinée when the manager of the Allison stores presented himself with a letter of introduction from Judge Keppler.

"I'll see him here," Miss Allison said to Wibley. "I'm sure you girls won't mind."

Even as she spoke, she noticed a change go over her staff. A moment before they had been sitting in one of those listless, thoughtful moods which had puzzled her so; but now at the mere mention of man in some subtle way they all seemed to sit up and take notice; and although the manager proved to be a middle-aged specimen with a little bald spot where they are generally worn, it was plain to see that the staff regarded his coming as an event and enjoyed every minute of it.

"Oh-ho!" thought little Miss Allison with a twinkle in her eye. "So this is it! And now I come to think of it, I never had a class of girls alone. There were always boys as well."

(Continued on Page 30)



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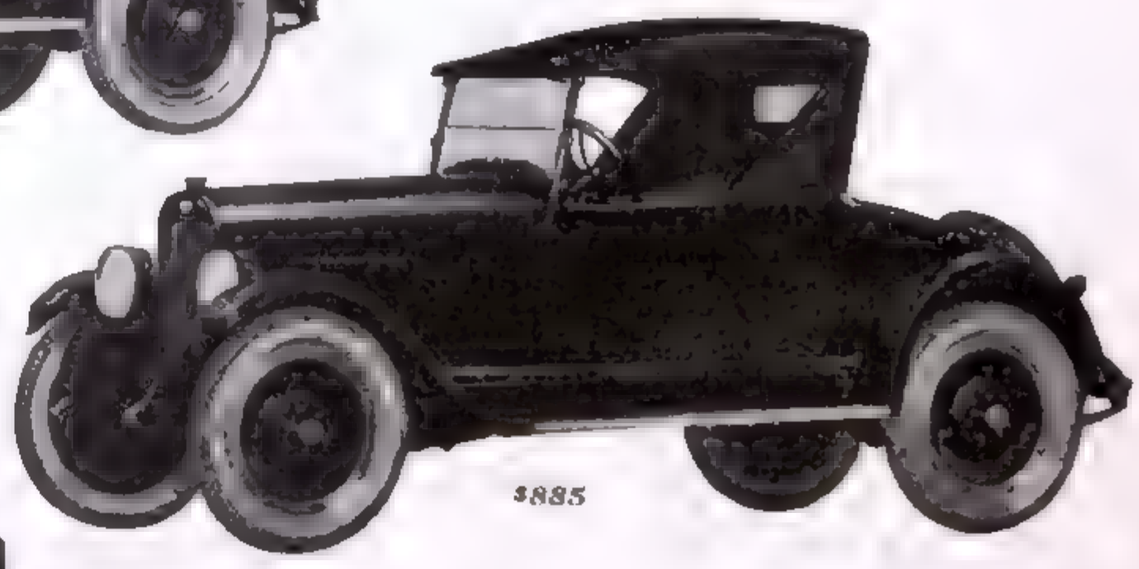

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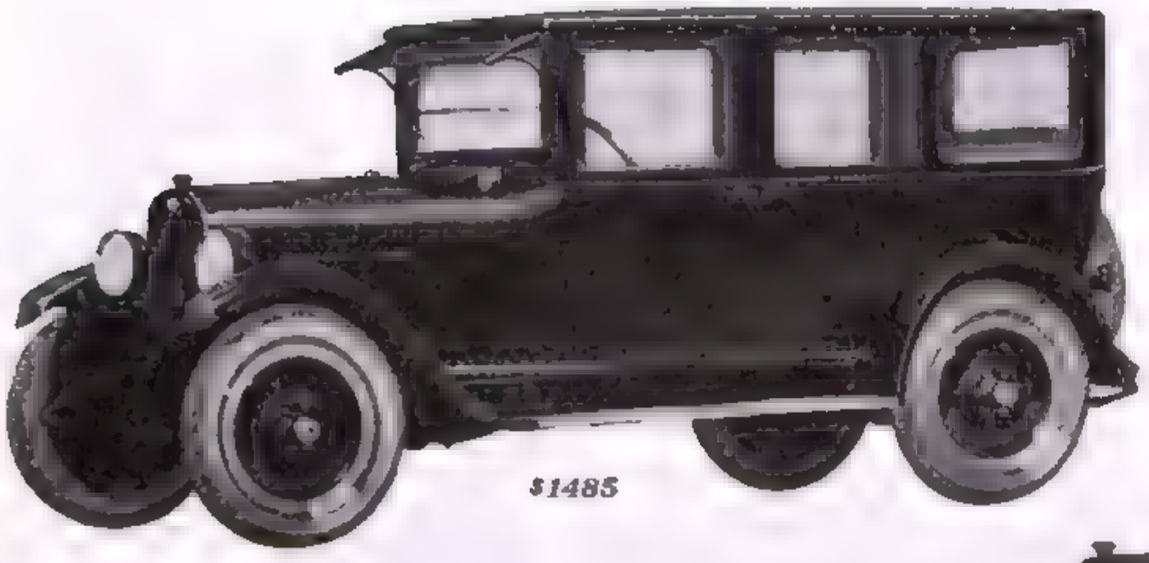

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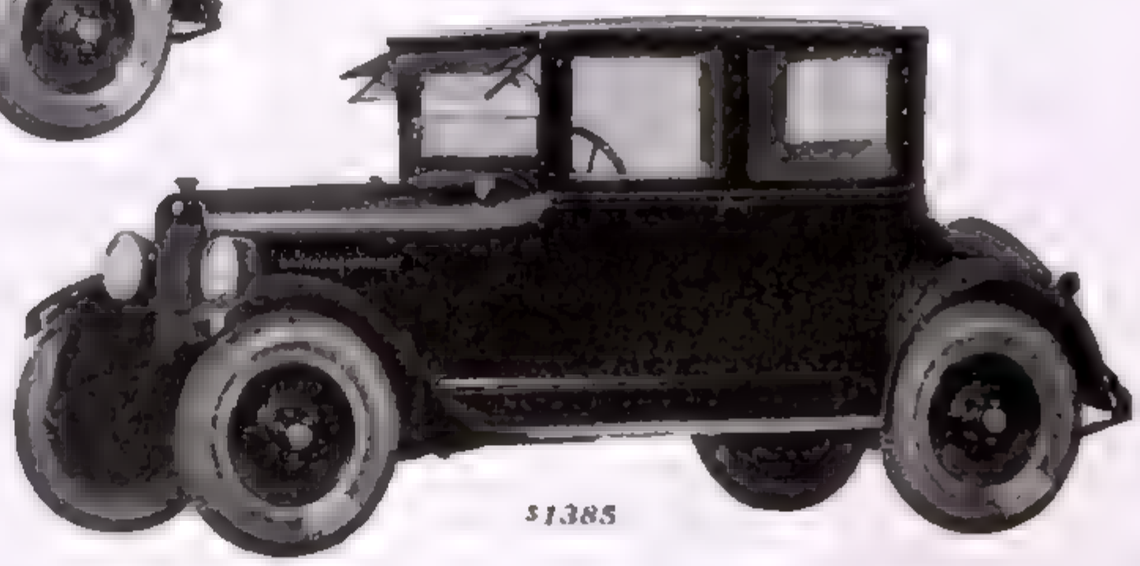

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Already, the enthusiasm which first greeted the great beauty displayed by the New Series of the good Maxwell has deepened and ripened into permanent public favor.

For the owners of these fine cars, and through them the people at large, have discovered that underneath their handsome exterior is the goodness which assures power and performance, and an unusual ability to render reliable, saving service.

Cord tires, non-skid front and rear; disc steel wheels; drum type lamps; Alemite lubrication; motor driven electric horn; unusually long springs; deep, wide, roomy seats; new type water-tight windshield. Prices F. O. B. Detroit, revenue tax to be added

MAXWELL MOTOR CORPORATION, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
MAXWELL MOTOR COMPANY OF CANADA, LTD., WINDSOR, ONT.

The Good MAXWELL

(Continued from Page 28)

The manager had called, it seemed, on a question of policy.

"It was always Mr. Allison's plan, madam," he said in a very earnest manner, "that when the surplus earnings of the stores had reached a certain specified figure, part of the money should be used to open new stores, and so on, and so forth. Judge Keppler said that perhaps you would like to make the decision yourself—whether to keep on with Mr. Allison's policy or change it."

"I don't think I'll change it," she thoughtfully told him. "You have money enough now to open a new store?"

"There's surplus enough to start seven more," he told her, his earnestness growing so that he had to dab at Spot with his handkerchief.

"Very well, I'll speak to Judge Keppler about it."

"Thank you, madam." They all called her madam, you see, because she was so very rich. "There is one thing more on which my mind is not entirely at rest," he added. "Mr. Allison always left the management of the business to the office; but there was one point which he always decided himself, and that was the selection of the young men who were to manage his new stores—those who were to be his faithful stewards, madam, as you might say, to use the good old word. Would you be willing to leave that point to me, or how would you wish to proceed?"

Seven young men! Whether or not it was partly due to telepathy, Miss Allison suddenly felt herself distinctly interested in those seven young men whose futures and fortunes were about to be so closely tied up with the family name.

"How do you generally get them?" she asked. "By advertisement?"

"No, madam," he answered. "We select young men from the general offices who have also worked in the stores—a system that Mr. Allison started himself. And then when the choice has been made we give them what we call intensive training for a month—lectures from the sales managers and things like that."

"Why, it's something like a normal school!" thought Miss Allison, and looking around the room for a moment she smiled to herself at what she saw.

"Very well," she said to the manager. "I shall be busy this afternoon; but I wonder if you could bring the young men here to-night—and I'll do my best to pass upon them."

"They would feel honored, madam, I am sure."

He bowed over his hat, presenting another view of Spot which was not without its interest, and when he called again that evening with his seven young men in tow you can imagine whether or not the staff was supporting Miss Allison—especially Beatrice and Margaret, who were wearing their general's prettiest gowns in honor of the occasion. Judge Keppler had dropped in, too, though that was an accident, for he had come partly to see Miss Allison and partly to see how Sheila shook and shivered—so altogether it wasn't far from being a party.

Miss Allison stood in the reception room, with the judge by her side, and one by one the judge introduced the candidates to her.

"I like him," thought the little lady from Parsippany when the first young man stammered and bowed. "He isn't bold. I like him," she thought as the second one rolled off a neat remark which he had been practicing for the last three hours. "He seems so competent. I like him," she thought as Number Three advanced to the firing line. "He has such nice eyes. I like him," she thought, smiling at Number Four. "He looks so clean and bright. I like him," she thought as Number Five stepped forward. "He has such a well-shaped head. I like him," she thought of Number Six. "He looks so honest."

But if you had been there when Number Seven was introduced to her you would have seen her lips part a little, and then her eyes open wide, as the sisters of Jairus probably looked in the first moment of wonder that time they saw the one whom they had numbered with the dead.

"Did you notice the last young man I spoke to?" she whispered to the judge a few minutes later, after she had led him into the library.

"That dark, handsome young rascal? Yes. I thought for a moment that you had met him before."

"And so I have," she breathlessly nodded, pointing to the portrait over the mantel, "and so have you."

For the next few seconds they first stared at the picture and then at each other, both of them struck with the same strange fancy.

It might have been thus that Mr. and Mrs. Boffin stared at each other when first they thought they saw young Mr. Harmon.

It might have been thus that Hamlet and Horatio stared when first they saw the ghost.

VIII

"OF COURSE, it's pure imagination," protested the judge at last.

"It is not!" she eagerly insisted, though she was trembling a little too. "I had a brother once—dead a long time now, poor boy—and that young man in the other room might be his twin—even to his voice and the way his hair grows down to a point in the middle of his forehead. When we go back you look at his eyes, and the way he puts his head on one side and shows his teeth when he smiles, and that hungry expression he has at times as though—oh, I don't know—as though he'd like to eat the world if he could only get it into his mouth—the way this one does," she whispered, with a half-frightened glance at the portrait, "when the light falls on it in just the right way."

"Imagination," apostrophized the judge, still trying to argue her out of it, "you were born in woman's mind! If the truth were known, this young man's mother has probably half a dozen children, and his father—ah—ah—is possibly a motorman in the Subway"

"All right," she said. "We'll go and ask him."

Thus caught in a woman's snare—which is, alas, too often the fate of man—the judge could only feebly wriggle; and before he could put his arguments into rhetorical form Miss Allison had placed her hand on his arm and had firmly led him back into the next room. But here the judge, catching his second wind, came into his own again. It was he who guided Miss Allison, as though by accident, to a chair by the side of the seventh young man, and it was he who seated himself on the other side and asked the questions.

"Did I catch your name right?" he began. "Fleury?"

"Yes, sir; Allan Fleury."

"You live with your people, I suppose?"

"No, sir; they're dead."

Over the young man's shoulder the judge caught Miss Allison's eye—the barely perceptible nod of her head.

"Ah, yes," said the judge. "Didn't your ah ah didn't your father work for Mr. Allison at one time?"

"I couldn't tell you that; he died before I was born."

Again the judge caught Miss Allison's glance, shining now like a sibyl's who sees her prophecies come true.

"He left a large family?" persisted the judge.

"No, sir; only myself and my mother, of course."

"Fleury a French name."

"Yes, sir; I think she was."

"Do you like to dance?" Miss Allison asked, suddenly leaning forward.

"I love it!" he answered, speaking in a different voice.

Miss Allison sent for Alice, and a minute later Moszkowski's Liebeswalzer was helping the candidates to break the ice with the staff. While the young ones danced the old ones talked to the manager.

"This young Fleury," began the judge—"how long has he worked for you?"

"Since he was a boy—about ten years, I should say, altogether."

"He has always given satisfaction?"

"Well, sir, I wish you hadn't asked me that," hesitated the manager; "but I would hardly be a faithful steward if I didn't give you a truthful answer. I'm afraid at times, sir, that he's a bit wild—in fact, I know he is, but he was what you might call a pro-tee-shay of Mr. Allison's and—well, there you are, you see. Mr. Allison once told me that I was to push him on as fast as I could, and seeing that he was in line for this promotion I couldn't very well do otherwise than bring him here to-night."

Miss Allison looked over to where young Fleury was dancing—dark, handsome, and with that well-nigh indescribable air of subdued recklessness which every woman, sooner or later, learns to fear. He was dancing with Sheila, and had just whispered something to her. Sheila colored, but it couldn't have been with displeasure, for a few moments later she gave him a shy glance from underneath her lashes, and after that there seemed to be the beginning of a deeper note in their dancing—that low, vibrant note, say, which you sometimes get from the cello when the moonlight's on the water and the world seems far away.

A few days later Judge Keppler called again, and the moment she saw him Miss Allison knew that something was in the wind.

"I've been looking up young Fleury," he said, frowning at his thoughts. "Would you like to see the report? Or shall I tell you about it?"

"I think I'd like to see it," she said after a moment's pause.

She read it slowly at first, and then more quickly, as though she had caught herself peeping through someone's window at things she shouldn't see, but was too much interested to turn her head away until she had seen it all.

"I—I wonder if it's true," she said at last, quietly handing the report back to the judge.

"I think so. The firm that handled the inquiry has done a lot of work for us at different times, and has always been found trustworthy."

For a time they were both silent.

"I felt sure that he was—well, inclined to be that way," said Miss Allison at last; "but I had no idea that he would be as wild as this."

"The sins that men do live after them," said the judge, attempting one of his rhetorical periods. She made no reply, but reached for the typewritten pages again.

"—— at present with Adelaide Zollner, who dances on the roof garden of Montmartre," was the line that chanced to catch her eye. She hurriedly turned the page. "Followed him to Block's, where a set of fast young men were playing pool. Two of these I recognized. The first was Toddy Steiner, a race-track follower and budding confidence man. The second was Kid Tichenor, who barely escaped conviction last year on a charge of stealing jewelry from a woman who danced with him in a hotel tea room."

"What I can't understand," said the judge, "is where he gets the money. As a rule, a girl who dances at the Montmartre is looking for something higher than a clerk whose salary is twenty-five dollars a week."

When Miss Allison spoke again she voiced a thought which is probably as old as the human race:

"Isn't life the queerest thing ever?"

"Yes," said the judge. "And do you notice how well his father must have known him—to have burned the will?"

"Do you think he did burn it?"

"I haven't any longer the least doubt about it. Have you?"

Miss Allison slowly shook her head, and then made a helpless gesture.

"I don't know," she said. "Sometimes I have, and then again I haven't. And that reminds me of something I had meant to tell you," she added, looking as though she didn't know whether to smile or not. "I think that Mr. Wibley's still looking for it."

"What makes you think so?"

"Well, the other morning when I came in unexpectedly I heard him closing the safe in my room upstairs."

The judge was about to reply when the sound of a step in the hall caused them both to turn around with something like a start, and a moment later Wibley appeared in the doorway.

"The car is at the door, madam," he announced, and advancing then into the room in his grand manner he picked up the typewritten report which had fallen at the judge's feet. "I believe you dropped this paper, sir," said he.

IX

FOR the greater part of her life Miss Allison had dealt in problems, including such abstractions as the seven men who worked seven days to build seven rods of road, and the product of x minus y multiplied by m plus n; but never in her experience had she been called upon to try to work out such a puzzle as the one which was now before her.

"Of course, if the will turns up the answer is simple enough," she told herself over and over, and wasn't far from hoping at times that it would, indeed, turn up, so that the problem could be answered and her mind set at rest. "But what if it doesn't?"

In that event it had either been burned or otherwise destroyed by her uncle, an act to be taken as proof of his decision that he didn't wish its provisions to be carried out, or else his son was being deprived of a great estate which rightfully belonged to him.

"And even there," said Judge Keppler, who tried to help her come to the right conclusion, "we are only proceeding upon guesswork. Let us grant the resemblance. It isn't conclusive. I can find any number of persons who resemble each other, and yet are not related in any way whatever. Let us grant again that this young man believes that his father died before he was born. Does that prove anything? I could find dozens of young men of whom the same thing is true; but certainly it doesn't prove that they are the sons of Henry Allison. Then what have we left? Merely the fact that young Fleury was the protégé of Mr. Allison. But here again such things are not exceptional; a wealthy old gentleman often takes an interest in a clever young man. Why, bless my life, why didn't I think of this before? Now here is a happy thought which has just occurred to me: Perhaps Mr. Allison himself was first attracted to young Fleury because of the family resemblance—because his parents were dead. There! Don't you see? Then what have you left to make you think that this young Fleury is Mr. Allison's son?"

"Instinct," she quietly answered.

"A very good answer," he agreed. "But even you will cheerfully admit that sometimes instinct deceives us. If instinct were all-sufficient, what would be the need of the reasoning faculty? But let us waive all that. Even admitting for the moment that your instinct is right, how do you know that the ashes which were found in Mr. Allison's grate on the day of his death were not the ashes of the missing will?"

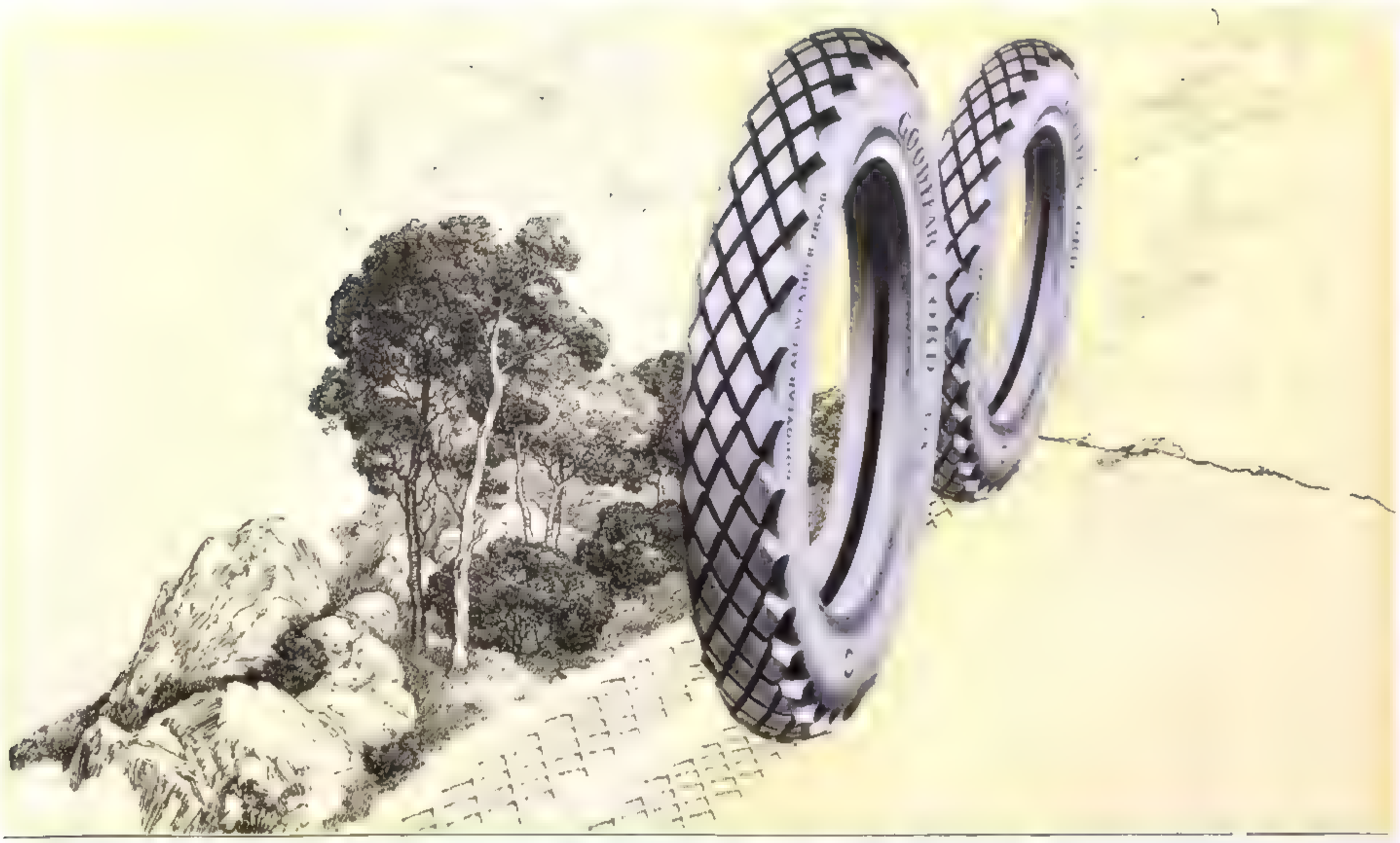
In short, it wasn't long before Miss Allison was reduced to the same position as that in which the young lady in Babes in Toyland found herself, the one who thought and thought and thought until her brain was numb, but finally had to tell herself, "I can't do that sum!"

"Anyhow," she thought, "it would be wicked to make myself miserable over a thing that I can't help. I've seen too many people do that—always worrying and fretting and never acting thankful for what they get. So I'll just go ahead and give Mr. Fleury every chance in the world to succeed—and wouldn't it be nice if, in a few years from now, he got along so well that he would be the president of the Allison Company, like the young men that Mr. Alger used to write about! One thing sure, whether he's wild or not, I'm going to favor him all I can."

At her suggestion the sales lectures were given at her house in the evening—no one listening more intently than the little teacher from Parsippany—and when the lecture was over the seven candidates were regaled with refreshments, and then Alice went to the piano, and after that, as the Parsippany Patriot would have described it, "A pleasant social hour was enjoyed by one and all."

Natural consequences soon began to ensue. One evening, noticing that only three couples were dancing, Miss Allison found Margaret and a candidate sitting on the lower landing of the stairs, and farther up, on the turn of the next landing, she could

(Continued on Page 32)



WHEN IS A TIRE LOW-PRICED?

Ask yourself which is the better proposition for you:

A good tire at a fair price, or a poor tire at a low price?

For your own good, you should know.

What about the "special discount" offered you on certain makes of tires?

Does the dealer give it to you out of his profit?

Or does the manufacturer give the dealer an extra profit to cover such "discounts"?

Or does it come out of the tire?

Ask yourself these things.

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This is the whole foundation of the popularity of Goodyear Tires, the largest selling tires in the world.

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Because of this extra value in Goodyear Tires, their cost per mile is remarkably low.

We believe you would rather buy a better tire, than a better price.

We believe you would rather buy mileage, than "discounts."

We are building Goodyear Tires to this idea, building them better than ever before.

More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.

GOODYEAR

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"Just like wiping your face with a towel"

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ENDERS SELLS FOR $1.00 with six blades of the best quality Swedish-base steel. Packed in black Keratol box, velvet lined. Extra blades, package of 5—35 cents.

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FOR SALE BY ALL UP-TO-DATE DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Blades—Hand-stropped, Hand-tested

(Continued from Page 30)

just see two pairs of feet, one pair belonging to Allan Fleury and the other to Sheila.

"I'm glad I spoke to Sheila," she thought. "She'll be careful. And if he really grows interested in her—a nice, pure girl like that—it may be the turning point of his whole career. Perhaps that has been his trouble in the past—evil companions. We must give him every chance and make him feel at home."

So in her quiet way she began to single him out from the others to do those little chores which every woman understands so well. Did she want a window closed or a chair moved, she let Allan do it for her. Did she want to know the name of a dance or how to get to Long Beach in the car, she asked the dark, attentive young man who was so often in her thoughts. Once on an evening which had grown chilly she let him go upstairs and fetch her a scarf which she had left in her sitting room, and another time she sent him up for a book that she wanted to lend him. On both of these occasions the tin box which served her as a jewel case was open on her dresser and the safe was standing slightly open in the wall, the key in its lock stamped with the name and number of the manufacturer, but little Miss Allison never thought of that. She had so many other things to think about.

On the night of the third lecture, for instance, she noticed that at the end of one of the dances Beatrice and her partner walked back to their chairs apparently unconscious of the fact that they were hand in hand.

"Just the same as when I was a girl and went to parties," she thought with a tender smile that had something wistful in it too. "Some things, I guess, are like the North Star and the law of gravitation. Time doesn't seem to change them the least little bit."

Judge Keppler dropped in then, and it wasn't long before he and Miss Allison were dancing too—one of those old waltzes which were once described as the poetry of motion and in which the gentleman neither wrestled the lady nor hugged her at the starting post nor jiggled her at the turns nor trotted her violently down the stretch as though she were Nancy Hanks on a half-mile track and he meant her to win by a nose.

While they danced Miss Allison told the judge what she had noticed on the stairs and elsewhere.

"Saucy young rascals!" he said. "I'll speak to the manager about it."

"No, please don't," she laughed. "To tell the truth, I—I like it."

Again she couldn't tell the judge the things that were in her mind. For even as they were her own dresses which Beatrice and Margaret wore, and even as it sometimes seemed to her that it was her own voice which filled the room when Freda sang, her own music which rose and fell when Sheila played the violin, so now, if you can understand a thought which Miss Allison herself could hardly have put into words, these blossoming love affairs somehow partly seemed to belong to her as well, giving her tender moments when she watched them or thought about them—tender moments which made her feel young again.

"I've been shopping to-day," she said, sitting down with the judge in a corner of the room when the next dance started.

"Pearls?" he smiled, looking at her necklace.

"Yes. I've always had a weakness for them." Alice was playing a brilliant number by Arditi, and she had to raise her voice a little. "Do you know how much they asked for a necklace like this—real pearls?" she asked.

"A hundred thousand?" he guessed.

"A hundred and forty thousand! Wasn't that an awful price—just for a pearl necklace?"

Feeling someone's glance upon her, she turned and caught a glimpse of Allan Fleury, who was dancing with Sheila. At the moment when she saw him he was not more than a yard away from her, and was watching her attentively over Sheila's shoulder, his dark handsome face marred by one of its hungry expressions.

"He must have heard me," she thought as the young man slowly danced away. "He was staring at my necklace when I first looked up."

"Was your balance at the bank large enough to pay for it?" asked the judge.

"You mean the hundred-and-forty-thousand-dollar one?" she asked in a lower voice. "Oh, I didn't buy that! This is only an imitation—three hundred and fifty dollars. But don't you think it looks nice?"

"Beautiful," he said. "In fact -ah—ah -as beautiful as the one who wears it."

She pretended not to notice, but she couldn't very well help seeing that the judge came to the next lecture—and the next.

"And how he looked at me!" she thought—this last time—after the others had gone and she had retired to her room. "I suppose it must be the necklace," she added with a dawning smile. "Perhaps that's why I've always longed for pearls. They suit me so."

But it wasn't the necklace; it was deeper than that. Whether or not it was because of those blossoming love affairs aforesaid—affairs which partly seemed to be hers as well—Miss Allison seemed to be looking younger every day, her glance more tender, her manner more appealing.

"I almost thought he squeezed my hand once to-night," she told herself as she took off her necklace and carefully laid it in the tin box which served her as jewel case. "Imagine!" she breathed, looking at herself in the mirror. "At my age!"

Slowly then her reflection began to smile back at her—a smile which said "You're not too old for that"—and over her shoulder dim vistas of her old dreams of romance began to open again—men in brilliant uniforms and women dressed like queens; moonlight nights on a Mediterranean steamer with a man pouring out his heart to the lady of his dreams; a great church wedding with the police holding back the crowds as the bride came out ——

"Wouldn't it be queer?" she thought. "Still, I mustn't think too much about it, and then—if nothing happens—I won't be disappointed."

She turned to her necklace then and was about to lock the box and put it in the safe when the black velvet at the bottom of the case caught her eye.

"It's grown quite shabby," she thought, yawning a little. "To-morrow I'll take it out and put a nice piece of purple velvet in its place."

She was soon asleep. Somewhere downstairs a clock struck twelve, then one. A beam of moonlight had stolen across the floor until it shone upon the door that led from Miss Allison's bedroom to her sitting room. As the clock struck one this door was closed, but some time later it was opening, inch by inch, cautiously. If you had been there it might have occurred to you that it was moving breathlessly, too, as though it knew the issues in the balance.

Halfway open the door stopped. For as long as a minute the scene became motionless again—hushed and expectant, one might have thought, at what was about to happen—and then, moving as quietly as a ghost, the figure of a young man appeared on the threshold and noiselessly entered the room.

*

FIVE minutes later a taxicab, bound for the Forty-second Street Ferry, was rolling down Madison Avenue; and seated inside was Allan Fleury with Miss Allison's jewel case upon his knee.

"It's funny," he thought, breathing deeply as though he had lately been running, "the things you can do if you only have the nerve. You'd think it was made to order—the number on the key, so I could get a duplicate, and that big closet downstairs to hide in till everybody was asleep. Too bad the butler heard me and had to be tapped on the head, but I don't think I hurt him much, and I'm sure he didn't recognize me."

At that, after a few moments' frowning thought, he shrugged his shoulders as though to say "Forget it!" and again turned his attention to the jewel case on his knee.

"The only thing that can fool me now," he thought, "is that maybe she keeps the pearls somewhere else. But I think they're in here all right. She keeps the rest of her jewelry in this box, because I've seen it on her bureau, so why not the pearls as well? Anyhow, we'll soon see."

From his pocket he drew a chisel which he had evidently brought for the task, and working as quietly as possible so that the chauffeur couldn't hear him he began to pry under the lid of the box in an effort to break the lock. It was a good box, with a strong lock, the sort of box that will bend before it will break, and they had nearly reached the ferry before the bolt finally snapped open. Yes, the pearls were there all right.

"A hundred and forty thousand dollars!" he thought, passing the necklace through his hands. "That'll straighten me out at the office and put me on Easy Street besides. Too bad I can't take it to some big dealer and sell it myself. Still, no matter how much Moe may try to skin me, he can't very well pay me less than seventy thousand. Fifty-fifty; that's fair enough for anybody. And if he tries to play any tricks on me, the dirty little rascal ——"

The cab caught the two o'clock boat, and when it had reached midstream he went to the rail at the stern, the empty box under his arm.

"Here goes this," he muttered with a nod of relief as he tossed the box into the river.

The moonlight, bright as ever, showed the box as it fell; showed, too, the piece of black velvet that sailed out of it, the folded paper which fluttered on the water, its pages turning in the breeze—a lavender-backed paper which, to keep it from inquisitive eyes, had been hidden underneath the velvet by old Henry Allison, who hadn't guessed that the varnish would act like glue to stick both the will and the velvet to the bottom of the box until the seal was broken by some such prying strain as that which it had just received.

"Hello!" thought Allan, staring. "I didn't see that in the box."

He would have stared harder, though, if he could have seen the following lines on the last sheet of the paper which was tossing about like a troubled thing upon the water:

All the rest and residue of my property, both real and personal, I give and bequeath to Allan Fleury, my natural son, now in the employ of the Allison Stores Company, with the hope and trust that he will make good use of it.

"A receipt for the pearls, maybe," thought Allan, watching the paper till the swirl of the ferryboat's wake suddenly churned it under the surface. "Well, whatever it was, it's certainly gone for good!"

XI

"IT WAS the queerest thing," said little Miss Allison the next day, speaking in a voice which was hardly above a whisper, so touched it was with wonder and awe; "but the very first day I came here I had a feeling that I had been sent on approval, and now I'm beginning to see that—that he was sent on approval too."

Judge Keppler was silent, and if you had been there you might have thought that he was rather pale as well.

"When Mr. Wibley recovered consciousness and told me who it was," she continued, "I didn't know what to think; but when you showed me this ——"

She turned again to the headline in the newspaper which the judge had brought her: "Double Tragedy Follows Quarrel Over Gems. Stolen Pearls Figure in Hoboken Gun Play."

For a time they were silent, and then Miss Allison drew such a deep sigh.

"I don't know," she said at last, with one of her helpless gestures. "I'm glad that poor Mr. Wibley wasn't hurt any worse, though. The doctor says he'll be all right in a day or two, and—do you know what I'm going to do?"

"No," said the judge, but to himself he added, "I think I can guess."

"I'm going to pay him that twenty-five thousand dollars—him and his wife as well. It seems to me, now, the least I can do."

Again she was silent, and as he watched her he saw her eyes slowly filling with tears.

"Don't," he gently pleaded, leaning over and touching her hand. "You've nothing to cry for. You—you ——"

Whatever he meant, she seemed to understand him, and bit by bit she pulled herself together.

"And you really don't think that I did wrong?" she asked.

"Wrong? Why, my dear—ah—ah—my dear Miss Allison, I think you have acted wonderfully!"

"About the girls too? You know, you didn't approve at first, but somehow I don't think they'll be here much longer. I have an idea they'll soon be married."

The judge cleared his throat and evidently prepared himself for one of his rhetorical periods, but somehow it didn't come. Instead, his heart shaking him, he held out his hands, and if you had entered the room a few minutes later it might have occurred to you that Judge Keppler had been sent on approval, too, and hadn't exactly been rejected by the blushing little lady from Parsippany.

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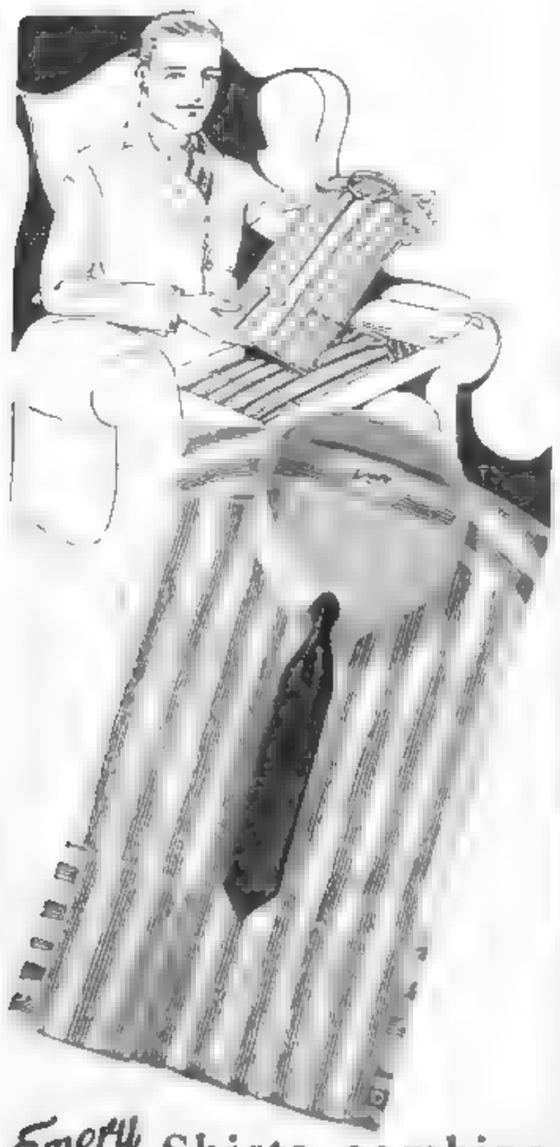

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MR. POTTLE AND PAGEANTRY

(Continued from Page 11)

"Your pageant? It's just as I said it would be. We Pottles will do the dirty work and the Gulicks will grab the glory. They've behaved so piggish that everybody in town is sore at them, and I don't see how the pageant is going to come out on top. You'd probably have gotten that thousand from old Felix Winterbottom if it hadn't been for them. Then you wouldn't have to be losing a pound a day over this pageant. Now if you'd only gotten up a nice old-fashioned chicken supper, and a minstrel show ——"

"Ambrose! Go put on your trousers!"

III

DESPITE Mr. Pottle's pessimistic predictions there was not a vacant seat or an unused cubic foot of air in the Granville Opera House that clinging spring night when the asbestos curtain, tugged by tyro hands, jerkily ascended on the prologue of the Grand Historical Pageant of the Growth of Civilization in Granville for the Benefit of the Browning-Tagore Club's Day Nursery. Those who did not have relatives in the cast appeared to have been lured thither by a certain morbid curiosity as to what a pageant was. Their faces said plainly that they were prepared for anything.

After the orchestra had raced through Poet and Peasant, with the cornet winning by a comfortable margin, Mrs. P. Bradley Gulick, somewhat short of breath and rendered doubly wall-eyed by an inexpert make-up, appeared in red-white-and-blue cheesecloth and announced in a high voice that she was the Spirit of Progress and would look on with a kindly encouraging eye while history's storied page was turned and spread before them; and, she added, in properly poetic language, she would tell them what it was all about. The audience gave her the applause due the dowager of the town's leading family, and not one handclap more. Mr. P. Bradley Gulick, bony but impressive, in a Grecian robe, appeared and proclaimed that he was the Spirit of Civilization. A Ballet of the Waters followed; and as a climax, Evelyn Gulick, age thirteen, in appropriate green gauze, announced:

"Who am I, O friends and neighbors?
I'm the Spirit of the Waters,
Lordly, swift Monongahela;
Argosies float on my bosom ——"

She tapped her narrow chest, and a look of horror crept into her face; her mind seemed to be groping for something. Tremulously she repeated:

"Argosies float on my bosom ——"

The voice of Mrs. Pottle prompted from the wings:

"And fleets of ships with treasures laden"

Evelyn clutched at the sound, but it slipped from her, and she wildly began:

"Argosies float on my bosom" (Slap, slap)
"And sheeps of flits—and sheeps of flits ——"

She burst into tears and, turning a spiteful face toward one of the boxes, she cried, "You stop making faces at me, Jessie Winterbottom!"

Then she fled to the wings.

This served to bring to the attention of the audience the fact that a strange thing had happened: Felix Winterbottom and his family had come to the pageant. He was there, concealed as far as possible by the red plush curtains of the box, defiant and forbidding. From the glance he now and then cast at the décolleté back of his wife it was evident that he had not come voluntarily.

Mrs. Pottle, in the wings, bit a newly manicured fingernail.

"I begged Mrs. Gulick to make that dumb child of hers learn her part," she whispered wrathfully to her husband.

"Mrs. Gulick says it's your fault for not prompting loud enough," said Mr. Pottle.

"She did, did she?" Mrs. Pottle assumed what is known in ring circles as a fighting face.

"I can't stand much more of their pestering," said Mr. Pottle darkly.

"Sh-h-h!" said his wife. "The Paul Revere Scene is going to start"

In the wings Wendell Gulick, Junior, was making ready to mount his charger. The charger, as he had specified, was white, peculiarly white, for it had been found necessary at the last moment to conceal some harness stains by powdering her liberally with crushed lilac talcum. Agnes looked resentful but resigned. Mr. Gulick, Junior, was a plump young man with nose glasses and satisfied lips, who had the distinction of being the only person in Granville who had ever ridden to hounds. He cultivated a horsy atmosphere, wore a riding-crop pin in his tie, and was admittedly the local authority on things equine. He looked most formidable in hip-high leathern boots, a Continental garb and a powdered wig.

It was regrettable that the steed did not measure up to her rider. Save for being approximately white Agnes had little to recommend her for the rôle. She had one of those long, sad, philosophic faces, and she appeared to be considerably taller in the hips than in the shoulders. She had a habit of looking back over her shoulder with a surprised expression, as if she missed her milk wagon.

Encouraged by a slap on the flank from a stage hand Agnes advanced to the center of the stage at a brisk, businesslike trot, and there stopped and nodded to the audience.

"Whoa, Agnes!" shouted some bad little boy in the gallery.

Young Mr. Gulick, in the rôle of Paul Revere, affected to pat his mount's head, and in a voice of thunder roared:

"Gallant stallion, swift and noble,"

Agnes reached out a long neck and nibbled at the scenery.

"Lent me by my good friend Gulick,"

Agnes looked over her shoulder and smiled at her rider.

"Patriot, scholar, king of horsemen,"

Agnes scratched herself heartily on a property rock.

"Speed ye, speed ye, speed ye onward!"

The business of the scene called for a spirited exit by Paul Revere, waving his cocked hat. But Agnes had other plans. She liked the taste of scenery. She did not budge. In vain did the scion of the Gulicks beat with frantic heels upon her fat flanks.

"Speed ye onward, or we'll be late,"

he improvised cleverly.

She masticated a canvas leaf from a convenient shrub and did not speed onward.

"Gid-ap, Agnes!" shrilled the boy in the gallery. "The folks is waitin' for their milk."

The audience grew indecorous.

Even his ruddy make-up could not conceal the fact that Mr. Wendell Gulick, Junior, was very red in the face, and that his lips were forming words not in that or any other pageant. His leathern heels boomed hollowly on Agnes' barrel of body. To ring down the curtain was impossible: Agnes had taken her place directly beneath it.

Paul Revere turned a passionate face to the wings.

"Hey, Pottle," he bellowed, "why don't you do something instead of standing there grinning like a baboon?"

Thus charged, Mr. Pottle's toga-clad figure came nimbly from the wings, to great applause, and seized Agnes by the bridle. Pottle tugged lustily. Agnes smiled and did not give way an inch.

"Send for Matt Runkle," hissed Mr. Gulick, Junior.

"Send for Matt Runkle," echoed Mr. Pottle.

"Send for Matt Runkle," cried voices in the audience.

"He's home in bed," wailed Mrs. Pottle from the wings.

"Get one of the Runkle kids," shouted Mr. Pottle, seeking to arouse Agnes with kicks of his sandal-shod feet.

Little Etta Runkle, partly clad in the tinsel and cheesecloth of a violet, and partly in her everyday underwear, was fetched from a dressing room. She was a bright child and sensed the situation as soon as it had been explained to her twice.

"Oh," she said, "pa always says Agnes won't start unless you clink two milk bottles together."

The audience was calling forth suggestions to Paul Revere, astride, and Pottle, on foot. They included a bonfire beneath Agnes, and dynamite. Even the rock-bound face of old Felix Winterbottom, in the depths of the box, showed the vestige of a crease that might, with a little imagination, be considered the start of a smile.

A fevered search back stage netted two bottles, dusty, and smelling of turpentine and gin, respectively. Mr. Pottle grasped their necks and clinked them together with resounding clinks.

The effect on Agnes was electrical. From utter immobility she started with a startled hop. The unready Mr. Gulick, Junior, after one mad grasp at her mane, rolled ignominiously from her broad back and landed on the stage in a position that was undignified for a Revere and positively painful for a Gulick. Agnes bolted to the wings. The curtain darted down.

The audience seemed to take this occurrence in a spirit of levity, but not so Mrs. Pottle. Hot tears gathered in her eyes.

"That wretch would have a white horse!" she said. "They would put Paul Revere's Ride in! Now look! Now look!"

"There, there, honey," said Mr. Pottle between sympathetic teeth. "We'll fix 'em."

The pageant pursued its more or less majestic way, but as the history of Granville was unfolded, scene upon scene, it became all too apparent to Mrs. Pottle that her poetic opus could not recapture the first serious mood of the audience. It positively jeered when Miss Eltruda Gulick announced that she was the Spirit of the Bogardus Canal. But it grew more interested as the curtain slid up on the battle scene. This, Mrs. Pottle felt, was her dramatic masterpiece. There lay the peaceful pioneer settlement—artfully fashioned from pasteboard—while the simple but virile settlers strolled up and down the embryo Main Street and exchanged couplets. The chief settler, an adipose young man with a lisp, was Mr. Gurnee Gulick, until then noted as the most adept practitioner of the modern dance steps in that part of Ohio. Through a beard he announced, falsetto:

"I give thee greeting, Neighbor Gulick,
Upon this blossom-burgeoning morning;
I trust 'tis not the wily redskin
I just heard whooping in the forest."

His trust was misplaced. It was, indeed, the wily redskin in the persons of Mr. Edward Brannigan—known to intimates as Beansy—and nine of his fellow horseshoe makers who had been hired to impersonate redmen, in rather loose-fitting brown cotton skins. Mr. Brannigan and fellow redskins had done their part dutifully at rehearsals, and had permitted themselves to be knocked down, cuffed about a bit, and finally put to inglorious rout by the settlers. But on the fateful night of the pageant, while waiting for their turn to appear, they had passed the moments with a jug of cider that was standing with reluctant feet at that high point in its career where it has ceased to be sweet and has not yet become vinegar. That was no reason why they should not do their part, for it was not an intricate one. They were to rush on with whoops, be annihilated, and retire in confusion.

They did rush on with whoops that left nothing to be desired from the standpoint of realism. Mrs. Pottle, tense in the wings, was congratulating herself that one scene at least had dramatic strength. It was at this moment that Mr. Brannigan, as Chief Winipasuki, sachem of the Algonquins, encountered Mr. Gulick, the principal settler. In his enthusiasm Mr. Gulick overacted his part. He smote the redskin warrior so earnestly on the ear that Mr. Brannigan described a parabola and dented a papier-mâché rock with his hundred and seventy pounds of muscular body. His part called for him to lie there, prone and impotent, while the settlers drove off his band.

It may have been a sudden rebellion of a proud spirit; it may have been the wraith of history in protest; it may have been an inherently perverse nature; or it may have been the cider. In any event, Chief Winipasuki got to his feet, war-whooped, and knocked the principal settler through the pasteboard wall of the block house. Those in the audience who were fond of realism enjoyed what ensued immensely. The settlers of the town, who were the nice young men, and the Indians, who were not so nice but were strong and willing, had at one

(Continued on Page 36)

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ONE OF THE "GIFTS THAT LAST"

(Continued from Page 34)

another, and although they had only Nature's weapons, the battle, as it waged up and down and back and through the shattered scenery, was stirring enough. When the curtain was at last brought down Chief Winipasuki had a half nelson on Settler Gulick, who was calling in a loud, penetrating voice for the police.

In all the hubbub and confusion, in all the delirium of the audience, Mr. Pottle remained calm enough to note that a miracle had taken place: Mr. Felix Winterbottom was chuckling. It was a dry, unpracticed chuckle at best, but it was a chuckle, nevertheless. Mr. Pottle was observing the phenomenon with wide eyes when he felt his elbow angrily plucked.

"You're to blame for this, Pottle!" rasped a voice. It was Gurnee Gulick's father.

"Me?" sputtered Mr. Pottle.

"Yes, you. You knew those ruffians had been drinking."

"I did not."

"Don't contradict me, you miserable little hair-cutting fool!"

"How dare you?" began Mr. Pottle.

"Bah! You wart!" said Mr. Gulick, and turned his square yard of fat back on the incensed little man.

Mr. Pottle was taking a step after him, as if he intended to leap up and sink his teeth into the back of Mr. Gulick's overflowing neck, when another hand clutched him. It was his wife.

Her face was white and tear stained, her lip quivering.

"They've ruined it, they've ruined it!" she exclaimed. "I warned that simpleton, Gurnee Gulick, not to be rough with those horseshoe boys. Oh, dear, oh, dear!" She pillowed her brimming eyes in his toga-draped shoulder.

"You've got to go out now," she sobbed, "and give the historic epilogue."

"Never!" said Mr. Pottle. "A thousand nevers!"

"Please, Ambrose. We've got to end it somehow."

"Very well," announced Mr. Pottle, "I'll go. But mind you, Blossom Pottle, I won't be responsible for what I say."

"Neither will I," sobbed his spouse.

Mr. Pottle hitched his toga about him and strode out on the stage. There was some applause, but more titters. He held up his hand for silence, as orators do, and glared so fiercely at his audience that the theater grew comparatively quiet. At the top of his voice, he began:

"*Who am I, O list'ning peoples?*"

"Pottle, the barber," answered a voice in the gallery.

Mr. Pottle paused, fastened an awful eye on the owner of the voice, and, stepping out of character, remarked succinctly, "If you interrupt me again, Charley Meacham, I'll come up there and knock your block off." He swept the house with a ferocious glance. "And that goes for the rest of you," he added. The intimidated audience went "Sh-h-h!" at one another; Pottle was popular in Granville. He launched himself again:

"*Who am I, O list'ning peoples?*
Hist'ry's spirit, stern and truthful!
Come I here to give you an earful
Of our city's inside history;
How the Gulicks grabbed the real estate
By foreclosing poor folks' mortgages."

He did not have to ask for silence now. The hush of death was on the house, and the audience bent its ears toward him; even old Felix Winterbottom, on the edge of his chair, cupped a gnarled, attentive ear. Mr. Pottle went on:

"*You have heard the Gulicks blowing*
Of their wonderful relations.
Lend an ear, and I will slip you
What the real, true, red-hot dope is."

He gave his toga a hitch, advanced to the footlights and continued:

"*Old Saul Gulick was a drinker,*
Always full of homemade liquor,
And he got the town of Granville
From the Indians, by cheating;
Got 'em drunk, the records tell us,
Got 'em boiled and stewed and glassy;
Ere they sobered up they sold him
All the land in this fair county
For a dollar and a quarter,
Which, my friends, he never paid them."

The audience held its breath; Felix Winterbottom cupped both ears. Pottle hurried on:

"*Now we come to 'Lijah Gulick,*
Him that lent the noble stallion
To Revere, the midnight rider.
Honest, folks, you'll bust out laughing
When I tell you 'Lijah stole him.
For Elijah was a horse thief,
And, as such, was hanged near Boston.
'Patriot, scholar, king of horsemen'—
Honest, folks, that makes me snicker.
Yes, he let Paul ride his stallion—
And charged him seven bucks an hour!
If you think that I am lying,
You will find all this in writing
In the library in the statehouse."

Sensation! Gasps in the audience. Commotion in the wings. Felix Winterbottom made no attempt to conceal the fact that he was chuckling. Pottle drew in a deep breath and spoke again:

"*Then you've heard of Noah Gulick,*
Him that won the Revolution.
If he ever was a major
George J. Washington never knew it.
When they charged at Saratoga
He was hiding in a cellar.
Was he on the staff of Washington?
Sure he was—but in the kitchen!
I'll admit he made good coffee—
But a soldier? Quit your kidding!
Now I'll take up Nathan Gulick.
His descendants never mention
That he spent a month in prison
More than once for stealing chickens——"

Here Mr. Pottle abruptly stopped. The curtain had been dropped with a crashing bang by unseen hands in the wings.

As it fell there was a curious cackling noise in one of the boxes, the like of which had never before been heard in Granville. It was Felix Winterbottom laughing as if he were being paid a dollar a guffaw.

IV

MR. POTTLE sat beside the bedside of Mrs. Pottle, sadly going over a column of figures, as she lay there, wan, weak, tear marred, sipping pale tea.

He cleared his throat.

"As retiring treasurer of the Granville Pageant," he announced, "I regret to report as follows:

Receipts from tickets	$1250.00
Expenses, including rent, music, scenery, costumes and damages	$1249.17

"This leaves a total net profit of eighty-three cents."

Mrs. Pottle wept softly into her pillow. A whistle outside caused her to lift a woeful head.

"There's the postman," she said feebly. "Another bill, I suppose. We won't even make eighty-three cents."

Mr. Pottle returned with the letter. He opened it; he read it; he whistled; he read it again; then he read it aloud:

"*Dear Mrs. Pottle:* I never laughed at anything in my life till I saw your pageant. I pay for what I get. Yours,

"FELIX WINTERBOTTOM.

"P. S. Inclosed is my check for one thousand dollars for the day nursery."

Mrs. Pottle sat up in bed. She smiled.

THE PRINT OF MY REMEMBRANCE

(Continued from Page 13)

My father was a boxer, and despite mother's most feminine protests he began to teach me the art when he had to sit on a low chair to make my level. After I was fourteen there was never a time when I was not at least part owner of a set of boxing gloves. Father's persistence in teaching me may seem trivial, but will it take on value if I can show a valid connection between it and the important diplomatic communications of others? I fancy I shall do that a little later.

There were two youngsters with whom I learned much in sparring. The first and most constant one was Charles A. Beamer, now a merchant in St. Louis and a man active in high Masonic circles. Charley had a very effective right, and two or three times a week used to leave my face looking like an August sunset. But better than his right was his great good humor, and I learned from him as much as from all others that the control of one's temper, a prevailing good nature, was one object of every bout.

From the Vandalia office when I was fourteen and the St. Louis Transfer Company when I was fifteen years of age, I went to the old St. Louis, Kansas City and Northern Railroad at sixteen. The work was principally on the freight platforms and in the freight yard as a clerk. The platform men, the switchmen, the engineers and firemen of that period were almost exclusively Irish. The play of our resting intervals was boxing. As I developed and grew in the exercise my opponents were truckmen, trainmen, coal shovelers and mechanics none of them spoiled by pampering. In that K. C. & N. yard was the second lad I refer to, one Ollie Crockett as handsome and as continually smiling as a lithograph of Douglas Fairbanks.

Once in the switch shanty in my nineteenth year this debonair youngster, half a head shorter than myself, knocked me out with an eight-ounce glove. A report of it can be defended as a reply to the gentlefolk who decry the brutality of the sport. On that occasion nothing described my own sensation so accurately as a line in the George Ade pugilistic Fable in Slang, that "somebody turned off the daylight." When I came to I was looking into Crockett's smiling face and wondering only what had interrupted our fun.

In later years and fuller manhood I had some professional mates. I never got any medals, but I received consoling compliments. Bob Farrell, a lightweight who had fought a couple of good old-time bare-knuckle matches with Billy Edwards, the champion whom the old Hoffman House patrons will remember, was among the number. Let me join these references pertinently. One night after he had lost the championship to Fitzsimmons, Jim Corbett was one of fifty guests at a dinner to Mr. Otis Skinner in a Chicago hotel. Both he and I had been called upon and had spoken and Corbett had temporarily taken a seat next to Otis for a laughing exchange with him.

Seeing the intimacy of the two men, I took the same chair when Corbett left it and expressed to Otis my admiration for Corbett's talk. I finished my comment by saying with stage-manager humpt-carness, "I could make a speaker of that fellow."

Mr. Skinner laughed more immoderately at this than either its conceit or its improbability called for, and then explained that Corbett had come there the moment before to say of me, "I could make a fighter of that fellow."

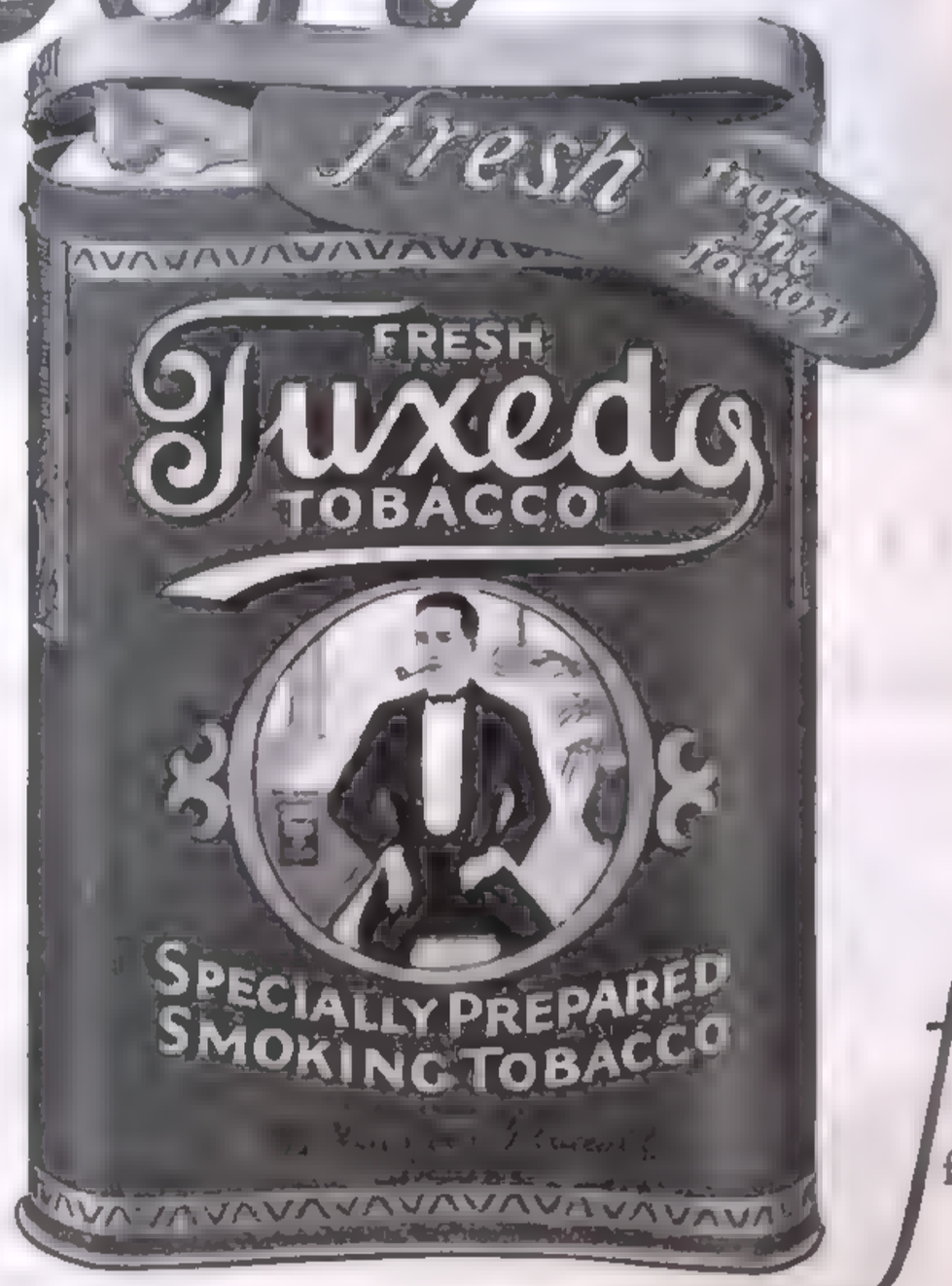
Mr. Corbett was unaware both of my stale years and my timidity; but that my estimate of him was right his finished and artistic ability as a public speaker to-day is proof.

Professional baseball of the middle 70's differed materially from that of to-day. It was not less rigorous or less athletic; in some respects it was more so. The old-fashioned pitched ball, which had more speed than would be believed by one who had not seen the professional pitcher deliver it, was giving way to the underhand throw, which was probably quite as fast as the best delivery now. No catcher, however, wore a padded glove or mask. Little red-haired Miller, the first catcher of the St. Louis Browns, wore on his left hand an ordinary buckskin glove with the fingers cut off; his right hand was bare. His face had no protection; there was no padding over his body or guards over his shins. During the second season, facing Bradley, he introduced the use of a rubber wedge about the size of a domino, which he held between his teeth and let protrude slightly from his lips. This was a precaution suggested by a catcher on another nine having had the dental processes broken by a foul tip.

In those days a batter had the right to call for a high or a low ball, and the pitcher was required to put it above or below his waist, according to his demand. Moreover, a pitcher once in the box went through the nine innings, or if changed was changed for some other member of the nine whom he replaced in his position from the in or out field. Generally a third baseman or a fielder was engaged for his ability as a

(Continued on Page 39)

fresh



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We now know that food must protect us against them

How science has revolutionized the selection of the food we eat

IT is now known that there are two dangers constantly threatening our health—not having our body tissues built up and not ridding the body of poisonous waste matter.

Science has discovered that medicine cannot do this for us either naturally or permanently—that it is our daily food which must supply these great needs.

But many American meals lack the life giving elements which build up body tissues and the elements which eliminate waste matter.

Statistics show that every year thousands of men and women still young die of old age diseases. Scientists say that faulty habits of eating deprived them of the food factors necessary to build up health and maintain resistance to disease.

A familiar food with wonderful health giving properties

Today millions are securing these needed food essentials by adding Fleischmann's Yeast to their regular diet. For yeast is the richest known source of the new found vitamin which experts maintain is lacking in many of our foods.

Fleischmann's Yeast stimulates digestion, builds up the body tissues and keeps the body more resistant to disease.

In addition, because of its freshness it helps the intestines in their elimination of poisonous waste matter. You get it fresh every day.

A noted professor and doctor of medicine says that fresh compressed yeast is more or less of a stomach and intestinal antiseptic, that it increases the action of the intestines, and stimulates the production of white corpuscles.

Laxatives gradually replaced

A noted specialist, in his latest book, says of fresh compressed yeast: "It should be much more frequently given in illness in which there is intestinal disturbance . . . ." This is especially true in cases where the condition requires the constant use of laxatives.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a corrective food, always fresh, and better suited to the stomach and intestines than laxatives. It is a food—and cannot form a habit. In tested cases normal functions have been restored in from 3 days to 5 weeks.

Skin disorders cleared up

Many physicians and hospitals are prescribing Fleischmann's Yeast for impurities of the skin. It has yielded remarkable results. In one series of tests forty-one out of forty-two such cases were improved or cured, in some instances in a remarkably short time.

The need for scientifically tested yeast

Fresh yeast has received general attention from the public since recent scientific tests proved that fresh yeast builds up the system, stimulates digestion and corrects certain skin disorders. These original tests were all made with Fleischmann's Yeast.

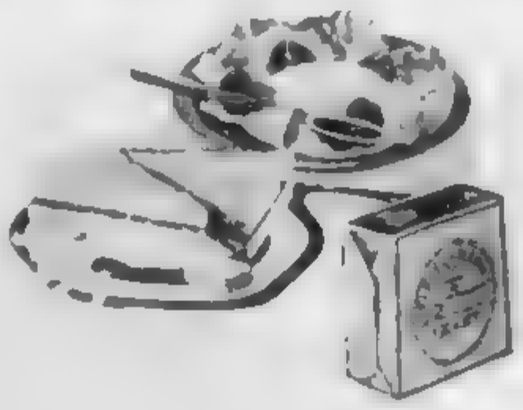
Fleischmann's Yeast is a pure, fresh food, rich in vitamin, in which it measures up to the high standards set by laboratories and hospitals. Place a standing order with your grocer for Fleischmann's Yeast and get it fresh daily.

Send 4c in stamps for the booklet "The New Importance of Yeast in Diet." Address THE FLEISCHMANN COMPANY, Dept. 601, 701 Washington St., New York, N. Y.

Various ways of eating Fleischmann's Yeast

Eat Fleischmann's Yeast plain or spread it on crackers or bread. Try it in water, hot or cold, or in fruit-juices or milk. As milk contains the fat-soluble vitamin Fleischmann's Yeast with milk makes a particularly nutritious drink. Fleischmann's Yeast combines well with almost any familiar dish on your table.

Eat 2 to 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast a day. Have it on the table at home. Have it at your office and eat it at your desk. Ask for it at noontime at your lunch place. You will like its fresh distinctive flavor and the clean wholesome taste it leaves in your mouth.



Beware of untested yeast-vitamin preparations that contain drugs or other mixtures. Fleischmann's Yeast is your standard of purity and potency. The familiar tin-foil package with the yellow label is the only form in which Fleischmann's Yeast for Health is sold.

(Continued from Page 36)

change of pitcher. One or two substitutes attended the game, but they went in only when a man was put out by a physical injury, as they come in now in a football game.

We were very proud of our St. Louis Browns, and equally jealous of the Chicago White Sox. One never gets this partisanship out of the blood. Only last Sunday the sculptor, Ruckstull, now sixty-eight, and sunk deep in the hollow of a library leather chair from which he was freely reading Montaigne's archaic French, paused at some mention of memory and said, "What a heaven-sent gift a good memory is!" And then, with an accusing challenge, "Can you name the whole nine of the first St. Louis league team when they won that first series from Chicago in 1874?"

And trying to beat each other to it, we alternated and interfered and reached a flushed crescendo in a run of competing explosions, telling: "Bradley, pitch; Miller, catch; Dehlman, Bannon, Hogue on bases; Dickey Pierce at short; and in the field! Cuthbert, Chapman, and—and Haight."

But we couldn't remember Chicago. We remembered the whiskers on some of those Lake Front athletes, as luxuriant as those now worn only by the Cough Drop Brothers. And all the time the sculptor was commanding attention with a hand on which the hypnotic feature was an ossified contusion of the first phalange of the little finger, pitched to him on our old railroad nine of that epoch.

A third gymnastic field is one to be noted but not recommended. In the seven years amidst the freight cars and switch engines one acquires the average brakeman's ability to get on and off a moving train. Twenty years after I had left the service I was still annoyed if a street car stopped or even checked its speed to let me either board or leave it, and then one day in New York as a Broadway car passed the Empire Theater, which was my destination, I stepped from its platform onto the wet asphalt as gracefully as the president of the conductors' brotherhood could do it, slipped to a sitting posture, ruined a pair of fifteen-dollar trousers and broke my record. After thirty-four it's a good plan to watch your step. Right here I could possibly say something analogous about political platforms, but the times are hard enough as it is.

My interests and ambitions were threefold—poetry, painting and the theater. Let us try to agree about poetry. Poetry is the feeling that there is soul behind all form; such feeling is not religion, but it is the source of religion. The difference between poetry and fact is like a sailor's difference between the North Star and lighthouses. The lighthouses mark the irregular and charted coast. The North Star fixes a permanent direction. Now wait a minute! You boy in Cheyenne or Manistee or Talladega, and you men with blue pencils, I'm trying to tell something; nothing too highbrow for a boy that is allowed to sit up after supper—and the something is useful.

Glimpses Through the Clouds

A capacity for poetic feeling is the receiving end for all those messages throughout life that the recurring seasons, the grass and leaves, the winds and clouds, the stars, the nostril-dilating odors of the fields, the hum of insects and the sound of ocean waves are trying to get through to us. The fogs of the rough surfaces on which we ride obscure and hide the polar direction of the poetic call, and we move along the prudent shore line and take soundings of supply and demand and cent per cent, but the refreshing reaches are when the star is now and then in sight.

This occasional glimpse through the clouds, which is poetry, has been appraised by William James, our delightful philosopher. It is worth getting a little closer to the lamp; reading very carefully: pausing to look up at the framed photograph of mother and father when they were first married; and then slowly reading again. It is from his chapter on the Mystical Faculty:

"Most of us can remember the strangely moving power of passages in certain poems read when we were young, irrational doorways as they were through which the mystery of fact, the wildness and the pang of life, stole into our hearts and thrilled them. The words have now perhaps become mere polished surfaces for us; but lyric poetry and music are alive and significant only in proportion as they fetch these vague vistas of a life continuous with our own, beckoning and inviting, yet ever eluding our pursuit. We are alive or dead to the eternal inner message of the arts according as we have kept or lost this mystical susceptibility."

During the years leading to and including my nineteenth I not only read poetry: I learned it by rote when it appealed to me, and I recited it. There is no wish to compete with Jean Jacques Rousseau in self-abasement, but I did recite it, in public, at church festivals and the like. I don't defend the term "festivals," but the historic fact is that they were so called. Once when my friend James Whitcomb Riley and Bill Nye were jointly lecturing, Riley, who was nervous at the game, peeped through the curtain before beginning in a little Minnesota town, and then hurried to Nye, who was still adjusting his white tie in the dressing room.

"Bill!" he exclaimed. "There are only about twenty people in the house!"

"I can't understand that," Nye answered. "We've never been here before."

And now with the confession that I recited on these church occasions I want to plead that I was paid to do so, and that sometimes I got return dates.

Noting this disposition to memorize verses, my father said to me, "What you fill your head with in that fashion now will stay with you for a long while. It is a good plan to select the best."

The Influence of Poetry

I tried to keep his advice in view. The old McGuffey School Readers, it seems to me, were well-chosen selections. They ranged from Shakspere to Patrick Henry and Webster, and included such sonorous stuff as Macaulay's and such gentleness as Whittier's. In the full editions of the poets I devoured Tom Moore, Scott, Burns, Longfellow, Bryant, Tennyson, Keats and others. The inference might be that this crowded out the trash, but it didn't. Nothing is so omnivorous as the mind of a growing boy bitten with the theater and romance.

Before we quit the subject of poetry I want to say to those who admired Ivanhoe and Marmion and the other thrilling things by their author that Sir Walter Scott once said nothing had so influenced him throughout his life as four lines of verse in a poem called Cumnor Hall by William Julius Mickle, a Scot, who died when Walter was seventeen years old.

The dews of summer night did fall,
The moon (sweet regent of the sky)
Silver'd the walls of Cumnor Hall,
And many an oak that grew thereby.

For Walter Scott those words never became mere polished surfaces, but remained always alive and held their strangely moving and beckoning power. "And many an oak that grew thereby." Change that line to "And twenty oaks that grew thereby," and see how the fact of the definite numeral clips the wings of your invited fancy. That suggestion is to the boy and girl. Dear papa, whom the angels must excuse because he is so busy that he cannot leave the store, is asked to remember the regretful words of that successful scientist, Charles Darwin, who, looking back in his seventieth year, said:

"If I had my life to live again I would have made a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once every week; for perhaps the parts of my brain now atrophied would thus have been kept alive through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of happiness and may possibly be injurious to the intellect and more probably to the moral character, by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

Some great editors have read those lines of Darwin and grown thoughtful about them.

In my wish to write for the theater, my father thought I would meet with fewer obstacles in the degree that I knew the theater itself behind the curtain. I saw no betraying twinkle in his eye as he talked to me about it, but he was a person of cultivated self-control. He reminded me quite seriously how Shakspere had been an actor and had begun to write his plays from that standpoint. He told me of Molière and of others that I have forgotten, but particularly of Boucicault, so that he built up a fair determination in my mind to get all the

(Continued on Page 41)

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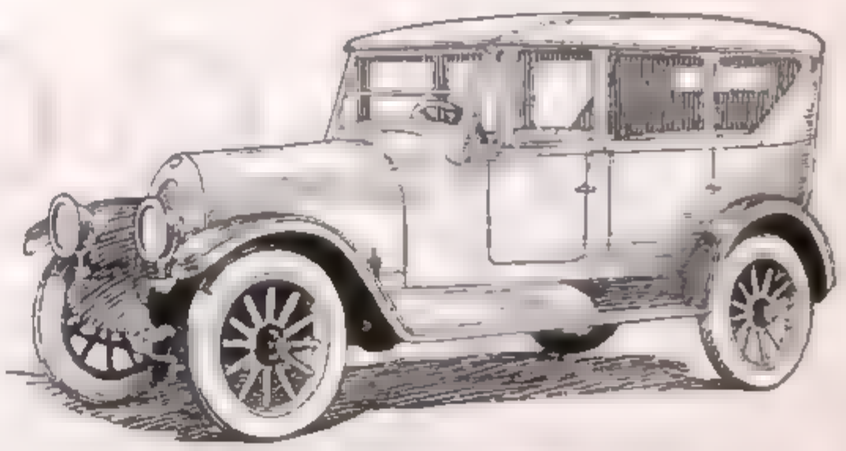

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"The automobile, the interurban line and advertising bring us customers from forty miles about. Our nationally advertised lines put us on an equal footing with the twenty larger towns in that area and our lower overhead gives us an advantage.

"We are completing a four-story warehouse and preparing for bigger business. Our goal is $2,000,000 a year.

"THE COUNTRY GENTLEMAN *goes to over 3,000 homes in our trade territory. Many of its readers are customers of our store and are the sort any merchant would be glad to have. Its influence on their buying is clearly shown, for they call for the goods made familiar by its advertising pages.*"

The COUNTRY GENTLEMAN

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, INDEPENDENCE SQUARE, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

The Saturday Evening Post *The Ladies' Home Journal* *The Country Gentleman*

Continued from Page 39

experience I could. In the absence of a professional association he approved of the amateur work, always cautioning me that it would have some features that would have to be unlearned.

Our St. Louis amateur theatricals soon took on a semiprofessional tone. Those were the days of the Jay Gould ownership of railroads. The enginemen were already organized in discontent; the trainmen were following their example. The managements were anxious and conciliatory. So whenever the conductors, looking for ways and means, invited our club to play for their "benefits" at Moberly, the headquarters of our division, the superintendent promptly passed our little company; some other influence fixed us with the Pullman people. Great occasions, those, with all expenses paid; a full house secured by the tickets the trainmen sold weeks ahead; the local volunteer band at the depot when we arrived; the big posters on the opera-house walls; the selected orchestra that had just doubled in brass; and in front every shopkeeper, barber, saloonist, hotel keeper, attorney and family doctor who wanted to hold his railroad clientele, each with his lady. Add to that a brave representation from the local fire department in uniforms; two policemen and the waitresses from the hotel, all crowded into that second-story uncushioned auditorium, impatient for the curtain to ring up, and you have a combination equaled only when the state standards mass round a national nomination to make it unanimous.

Cooper's Joke

The freight agent at St. Louis, Capt. P. Flanigan, who had to deplete his force of some twenty clerks for the day by excusing Matt Cooper, Fred Naylor and me for each of these rural assaults, was an able transportation man who had learned his business on the Mississippi. He was of quite the better class of river captain, considerably traveled and by no means unread.

Matt Cooper had a tracing department shut off from the main office. The captain unfailingly visited him the day after such a trip and heard every detail of it. I found Cooper in a gale of laughter after one such visit. He closed the door to impart the joke to me in confidence. The cue had been Cooper's narrative of the play of which I was the author.

The proud captain had taken it seriously and his side-splitting line—from Cooper's viewpoint, not from mine—was "Why, if Gus can write that he may some day be as big a dramatist as Boucicault." Cooper had controlled his mirth till the captain left the room, and now he was pounding me on the back to force me to see it.

The first steady job I got in New York was twelve years later, when A. M. Palmer at the Madison Square Theater engaged me to take the place of Mr. Dion Boucicault, who wished to retire. I tell it now in no prideful flush whatever, but mainly in a gentle retrospect of dear old P. F. and partly for its associative value: in the beginning, my first boyish writing, a frank forage on Boucicault's Rip; in the middle field that ridicule that Cooper, of course, passed out for me to our little company; and the finish—Boucicault's desk.

Those were the transition days in the professional theater. The local stock company engaged to support the visiting stars was gradually making place for the visits of entire organizations. A local company might work three or four weeks with as many different stars, and then be laid off a week while Shook and Palmer or Augustin Daly came in with a full cast for some successful play from New York; or Tony Pastor brought a full variety company. Some stars came with one or two supporting actors for the second rôles and filled the remaining parts from the resident stock. The uncertainty of such a broken season quickly weakened the local companies in both ability and number, so that at times in St. Louis the house manager had to wire a hurry call to Chicago or Cincinnati or in an extremity use even some available amateur.

My first professional calls were of that origin, and were soul-stirring occasions. I have in later years, as have other authors—for themselves—gone on in some New York emergency in some play of my own to replace Maurice Barrymore or other actor of note in a stellar rôle with less feeling of importance than I had in those salad days as Mr. Fawcett's or C. F. Loos's cream faced boob, or the handbill, carrying a spear or serving a letter on a salver. After a year or so this furtive association with the business put a fellow on the free list. I began to desert the gallery and to nod familiarly to the front doorkeeper as I went into the playhouse, leaving him to convince the visiting manager that I was entitled to the privilege.

As I look back to the wonderful characterizations of those days by the great men and women, Booth, McCullough, Barrett, Fechter, Davenport, Edwin Adams, Ben De Bar, Barry Sullivan, the elder Sothern, Salvini, Kean, Adelaide Neilson, Charlotte Thompson, Mrs. D. P. Bowers, Janauschek, and a host of others in the legitimate and romantic plays, I find that I remember vividly the stage position of each of them at all times throughout any performance. Not only was the reading of every line impressive; the composition of the picture and the ways of its acquirement were equally so. After the last days of the resident stock, John W. Norton, a fine actor-manager, excellent as Othello, Iago and Master Hunchback, and to my mind the equal of any I ever saw in Don César de Bazan, St. Pierre and the cloak-and-sword heroes, continued a kind of paper organization capable of quick mobilization for any chance week that threatened to leave a theater dark in Louisville or other near-by city. Of that Norton company I became the juvenile lead, playing the seconds to Norton's first parts; and although the hurried calls were few, one or two only in a season, the hope for them colored and buoyed every day, and filled many night hours with solitary recitations of the possible rôles.

The sure-fire comic character of the stage in those days was German. His delineators were called Dutch comedians. Their prince was the gifted, magnetic, adored and regretted Jo Emmett. The vaudeville—or as we said then, variety—representative was Gus Williams; a later one, my next door neighbor, was Clark Fogel, known on the bills as Bert Clark. Each of them struck twelve in a kind of Lieber Augustine song, broken and emphasized by a rough dance in wooden shoes. The German revolution of 1848 had filled America with a lovable immigrant of the Carl Schurz frame of mind and longing for liberty, made still more popular by their stalwart service as soldiers in the Union cause.

Oldtime Favorites

This type gave way in the theater to the stage Irishman, irresistible in Handy Andy blunder and volatile humor. The greatest Irish comedian that I ever saw, not excepting Mr. Boucicault, was Hugh Fay, of the old firm of Barry and Fay. Mr. Fay was a tall, intellectual-looking person with deep-set eyes and very scholarly gentleness and repression. Perhaps these effects were heightened by the contrast to his partner, Barry, who was a short, roly-poly, rather rough-and-tumble personality. They made a great contrast in their several vehicles, especially Muldoon's Picnic, which had been gradually elaborated from a vaudeville sketch to a three-act comedy. This play is coupled in my mind with Florence's Mighty Dollar for ability to rock its audience with laughter until persons here and there left the auditorium for momentary escape from the side ache of it. The Irish impersonator was applauded and undisturbed until he forfeited support by his exaggerations; until Irish-Americans revolted at the extravagance of green whiskers and egg-sized lumps raised on bald heads by cave-men shillalahs; after which the Irishman in turn gave way to the stage Jews.

The most popular Jewish character actor of those days was M. B. Curtis, who sprang into sudden popularity in a drummer-salesman character called Samuel of Posen. This play had the same progressive history of commercial struggle that one gets glimpses of in The Auctioneer and Potash and Perlmutter, which play and dramatization were both made by that talented Jewish author, the late Charles Klein, and in which respectively appeared David Warfield, Barney Bernard and Alexander Carr. The rise of Curtis financially was a phenomenon of that time. The play had been done in the East, and when it came to St. Louis its arrival was heralded by lithographs which showed Curtis as Samuel of Posen mounted on a racing horse taking hurdles over the field. These hurdles grew in the number of bars as the horse progressed. Each hurdle had on it the name of the city, with the

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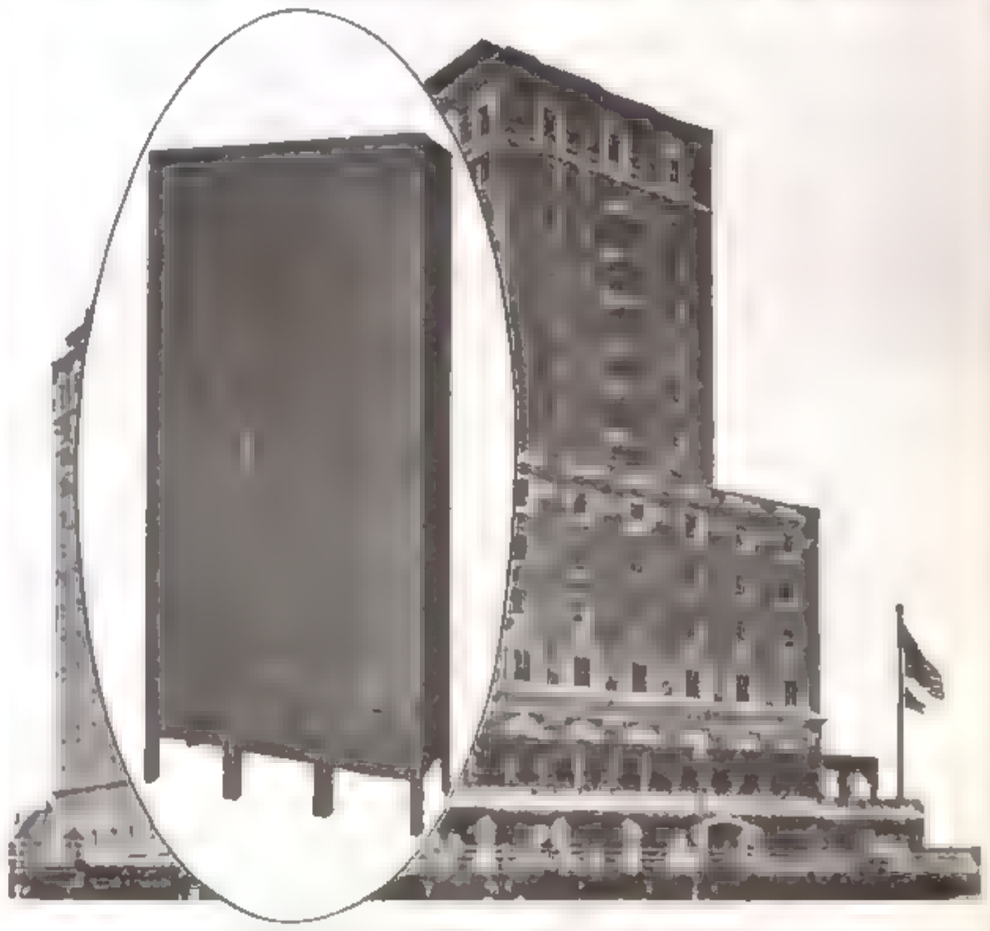

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And every grain supplies whole-wheat nutrition.

Next morning, Puffed Rice

In the morning serve Puffed Rice.

That is a food confection. Breakfast never brings to children a cereal to compare.

After school, let hungry children eat like peanuts, doused with melted butter.

Puffed Grains are Prof. Anderson's invention. They are shot from guns. Over 100 million steam explosions are caused in every kernel.

The purpose is to fit whole grains for easy, complete digestion. The result is also to make them tempting dainties.

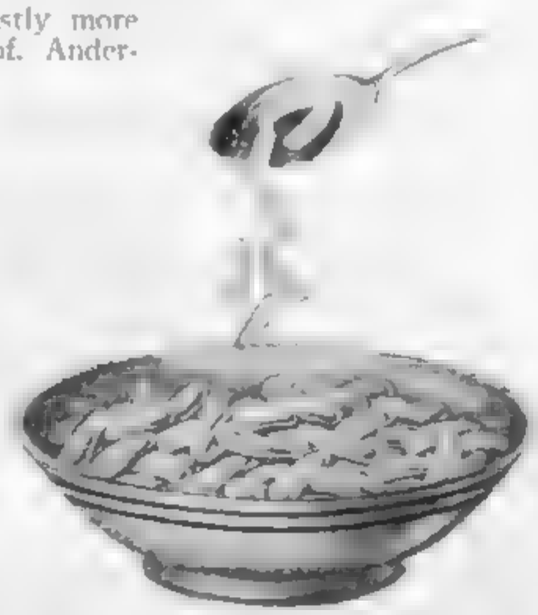
Millions of children eat vastly more whole-grain food, because Prof. Anderson made it so delicious.

Puffed Wheat

Whole wheat puffed to 8 times normal size

Puffed Rice

Rice grains puffed to bubbles—flimsy, flavory



Puffed Rice with cream and sugar is the cream of breakfast dainties

The Quaker Oats Company Sole Makers

bars carrying the advertisement of the gross receipts of the play. We had often had in plays the Jewish character, both sinister and comic, but aside from the classical Jews, as Shylock and the Jew of Malta, I do not recall the Jew as being a dominating character of a play before that. Following Samuel of Posen, there was an invasion of Jewish impersonations. This character bids fair to continue his comic tenure, because his present exponent, engaged by a Jewish manager, is himself Jewish, and has his material furnished by observant male and female writers of his race.

To go back just a little further in the period we are considering: The first time I ever sat in a dress circle without my father was when my boy pal, Charley Beamer, bought the tickets. The attraction was Lydia Thompson's British Blondes. We were in the front row of that horseshoe as one would be to-day if on a depressed balcony. The burning, the unforgetable feature of that Christmas matinée was the appearance of six girls in tights. To-day I should know it was a bum-front scene with two baby spots arranged to let the carpenters set the stage behind. Then it was an intoxicating illusion with calcium lights that never were on land or sea. Three of those robust ladies I have forgotten, but Lydia Thompson, Pauline Markham and Eliza Withersbee I remember.

In the matter of stage effect that sextet of substantial femininity in a double cross current of prismatic splendor is my lost chord. Now and then at Easthampton, with the motor headlight making a profiled tunnel through a lane of pines at two A.M., there has been a heart throb of a former incarnation that I have been able to connote as that Christmas matinée, but it was ephemeral, tantalizing, fugitive and mocking. The perfect ecstasy of that holiday disclosure will never come again. Lydia Thompson was playing Robinson Crusoe in a ballet skirt and shako of snow-white goatskin, the rest of her costume, skin-white tights of silk.

Robinson Crusoe Up-to-Date

The man Friday was the wonderful Harry Becket, whose picture as one of its first officers now hangs in the Lambs Club, New York. Friday was in brown. He carried a large flappy valise and a dictionary, which, at every moment of linguistic doubt, he threw himself on his stomach and consulted violently. Each coveted stage prop was picked up, and with a repeated "put it in de bag" he dropped it into that unsettable receptacle. The climax came with the arrival of the rescue ship, a stately frigate quite satisfying in stage perspective as it rode into view on the third set water cut in profile. Crusoe was lyrically happy at the arrived relief; Friday studied the distant, full-rigged boat a moment and then, striding by easy hurdles over the interposing waves, said "Put it in de bag," and did so. Is there such wholesome stage fun anywhere?

It will be impressive and perhaps valuable to set the stage of that earlier amateur and professional environment. Let us rapid-living, swiftly going, flying people of to-day try to realize that then there was not in all the world a telephone or electric light or trolley car or automobile; not even a bicycle had yet been evolved or invented. There had been the velocipede, a tandem two-wheel device with a saddle on which one wearing side whiskers could sit in a high silk hat and other singular garments and propel himself by pushing along the ground with his feet and then lifting them for a glide of a rod or two; but nothing speedier or more automatic. There were no typewriters. The newest illumination was coal gas; the quickest local communication was a longhand letter sent by a boy. All watches wound with a key; the stem-winder was not yet offered or introduced. But goldsmiths were not idle; each proper shop tempted the ultrafashionable by a tray of gold toothpicks.

These fascinating implements, in a variety of decorations, some even jeweled, were composed of a thin cylinder of precious metal three-quarters the length of a modern cigarette and half the diameter, from which by turning the base of the tube one could cause to emerge a piston fitted with a thin spearhead of gold, designed to dislodge stubborn remnants of food from dental intervals. After such an interesting service the harpoon, on its disappearing gun carriage, moved into the cylinder again and the implement was replaced in the right-hand vest pocket. And for that meal, as they say in diplomacy, the incident was closed.

Occasionally a young man in some older and more established family inherited one of these toilet accessories.

At the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876 the Bell telephone was regarded as a toy. Visitors permitted to listen to the voice of a friend speaking from the next room examined the legs of the table to find the tube which they were sure Mr. Bell had concealed to convey the sound. The first arc light in St Louis was a few years later. This was a spitting and sparking and blinding globe suspended outside of a Budweiser beer bottler's on Sixth Street near Locust, and pedestrians were astonished at the magic silhouettes of themselves that it cast on the pavement. Street-car parties were organized like the rubberneck auto deputations of to-day to ride downtown and view this wonder. Incandescent lamps came later still.

All that was but five and forty years ago. Statesmen, ministers of the gospel, bankers and boys all wore boots, the leather legs of which reached halfway to the knees, either under or outside the trousers. Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes and Oom Paul were inaugurated in such gun cases. Before sending trousers home, the tailor or merchant of the ready-made faithfully obligated himself to press out the creases down the front now regarded as so desirable by the well-dressed. The well-to-do rivermen, the romantic survivals from the Jack Hamlin period of Bret Harte, had soft-bosom shirts with wide pleats fastened by gold or jeweled buttons held in a set by a threadlike chain of gold, festooning from stud to stud outside the shirt bosom. The average man, however, had his shirt buttoning down the back to permit an unbroken expanse of impenetrable front, garnished by one large diamond mounted on a substantial crown of gold, and anchored to this linoleum breastplate by a tight-wormed spiral of the same metal. Tom Nast's old cartoons of Bill Tweed show that Tammany chieftain wearing one of these sparklers. Hotel clerks and negro minstrels competed and specialized in this single shirt-stud adornment. That the fashion had some intellectual approval is indicated by a comment of Col. Robert Ingersoll when in 1880 our city went Republican while the state had gone Democratic.

He said, "St. Louis is a diamond stud on a dirty shirt."

Hours With the Spirits

Let me make now one inclusive declaration of independence in belief. I wish to write through these memoirs now and then of spiritism, clairvoyance, telepathy and other psychic phenomena; and in order to forestall any apprehension on the part of those at all gun-shy on these subjects, to say that I am not a spiritist, although possessed of a very avid curiosity on all that authoritatively relates to spiritism. I am not a hypnotist, but am intensely interested in the phenomena of hypnotism. I have no second-sight, no clairvoyance, no abnormal or supernormal powers of any nature; and yet I think that perhaps more than the average man I have been in contact with *soi-disant* possessors of such powers.

My father was one of the sanest and best-balanced men I ever saw. He had had many chances to observe the table tippings, rappings, levitations and the like of spiritists. He was reluctant to characterize all of it as fraud and equally unwilling to accept it as any demonstration from the so-called dead. The most experienced investigator of this class of phenomena that I personally know, outside of those actively interested in the work for psychical-research societies, is my present friend, Hamlin Garland. Mr. Garland conducted a series of investigations some years ago for Everybody's Magazine and wrote one book upon the subject, masquerading as a novel, under the title of The Tyranny of the Dark. Garland has seen and experimented with the so-called materializations of spiritism. If I remember rightly, he thinks the power may be but an undeveloped psychical attribute of the race; that the so-called materializations are psychically induced emanations from the operator's own body, and that it is all a part of what we might call unexplored biology.

Between the years of my father's cautious dictum and the equally conservative

(Continued on Page 44)

The Thick-Skinned Driver

You know him. You have suffered from his ways.

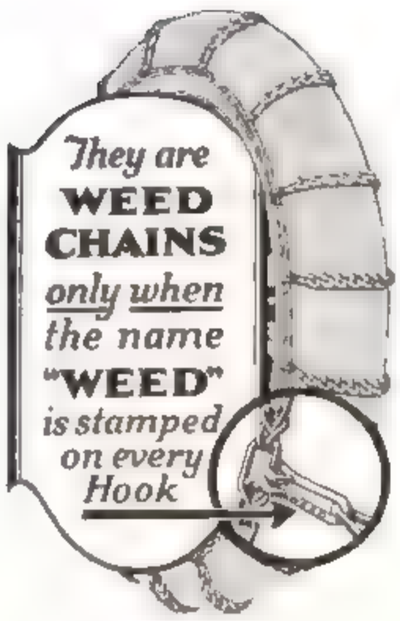
Your protests are like arrows against the armor of his thick, hippopotamus hide. Nothing but the steel-jacketed bullets of an indignant public opinion will make him realize that his *slip*-shod driving jeopardizes the life of everyone in his path.

The thick-skinned driver leaves Weed Tire Chains in the locker when careful drivers put them on their tires. The thick-skinned driver comes recklessly out of side streets; the thick-skinned driver cuts corners; the thick-skinned driver never inspects his brakes or steering gear; the thick-skinned driver does not signal before turning or stopping; the thick-skinned driver does not give a warning signal of his approach.

Let us get together. Let us mould the steel-jacketed bullets of public opinion that will pierce his thick skin; make him realize that he must consider the rights of motorists and pedestrians.

Maybe he has a conscience and the thick hide is thoughtlessness. Maybe he has only a sense of fear. The bullets can reach that too.

Show this to the thick-skinned driver. Let him choose his own class. And keep on the firing line till every human hippo who is muscle-bound above the ears, is driven from the road.



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(Continued from Page 42

conclusions of Mr. Garland I have read publications of the psychical-research societies of both England and America, talked extensively with the late Doctor Hyslop, and had been asked by him to write of some personal observations. That I never did so was due to a congenital disposition to procrastinate. My mother shared my father's agnostic attitude, although surrounded by an atmosphere of the belief. My dear old grandmother, of whom I have written somewhat playfully but with great reverence, had no doubts on the subject. As a young woman she had been rebuked for her opinions by her friend, Archbishop Purcell, who took the safe and wholesome attitude of the Catholic Church that the whole subject was an excellent thing for the simple layman to avoid. Personally, grandmother overrode this advice; she firmly believed that she was in communication with a spirit world. This was not an obtrusive or offensive or disquieting position with her, because she seldom talked of it. But there were occasions at home, some half dozen notable instances, when, with sickness somewhere in the brood of children and the puzzled doctors in conference disagreeing, the old lady had not hesitated to give a definitive diagnosis of the trouble and prescribe a remedy. This she did with all the solemnity of a traditional oracle, quietly seated in her chair, but with none of the described theatricality of the cult except that she closed her eyes.

On those remembered occasions there are no data for verifying her diagnoses; but her recommended remedies were completely curative, and although these were resorted to as a rule without my father's consent, and sometimes against his opposition, their unbroken record of successes gradually won his silence and apparently his respect. This therapeutic assumption of grandmother's was her only spiritistic claim. She had no visions or pretended auditions; she told no fortunes; she attended no church or circle of spiritists; nor had she with their professed believers any relations whatever of which I ever knew. Years after the last of A.W.'s letters she announced one day that he was dead. To use her own words, she "just received a feeling of it." We had then no acceptable way to verify her conviction. On my last visit to St. Louis during her life, when in her eighty-fourth year, she was but a shadow of the substantial and militant grandmother of the Civil War period. She held my hands as I bade her good-by for my return trip to New York. She talked of her approaching departure to another world with the serenity of Socrates.

A Needless Warning

I know how one's prudent friends advise against any discrediting admissions of this kind. Our greatest men are not free from fear of the ridicule it risks. Col. Henry Watterson once told me that, taking Joseph Jefferson to a dinner in Washington City which he was giving to John G. Carlisle, then Speaker of the House, and Chief Justice Fuller of the Supreme Court, and knowing as he did Jefferson's predilection for all things spiritistic, he had felt it wise to caution Joe against showing that side of his credulity in the company that evening. He had explained that Carlisle was a hard-headed lawyer, trained in the presentation of evidence and not given to any vagaries unsupported by material testimony; and Chief Justice Fuller, of the Supreme Court of the United States, was eminently of the type of mind that his position required, and that any spiritistic statements would probably be prejudicial.

The dinner had hardly started; the rain outside induced a serious atmosphere. Something was said that made an easy approach to the subject, when Carlisle himself introduced the question of spiritism, supporting it by a most extravagant story of his own experience. When Carlisle finished, Chief Justice Fuller followed with something from his recollections that topped the Carlisle story.

Colonel Watterson relates, "I then threw up my hands and said, 'Joe, the bars are down.'"

On the day that I was dictating my recollections of this story, in September, 1921, I had a telephone communication from a mutual friend telling me that Colonel Watterson was confined to his room with a slight attack of bronchitis in the Prince George Hotel in New York. I went to see him. Our friendship has existed since 1888. I am happy to say that I found Colonel Watterson's confinement to his room more cautionary than imperative. In our rambling talk I reverted to this story of Jefferson, and Colonel Watterson verified my recollections of it.

I told him that I was writing it in a contribution to a paper, and said, "Why wasn't that in your own fine book?"

He said, "There was so much to tell that most of that kind of stuff was crowded out; and besides, my dignity sat on my pen."

Perhaps by this implication, stimulating or restraining, according to one's interpretation, dignity should drag a little here. But I feel the need, which Colonel Watterson did not have, of laying a foundation for some fuller expressions on the subject later on, all of them relating to experiences that culminated as far as I believed the theater then permitted an intelligent summary in my play of The Witching Hour. Besides, a very wise counselor once said, "We should be generous even of our dignity." And so, with what I hope was a cautious approach to the subject, and this explanation serving as a rear guard, I leave my psychical preparations temporarily between them.

My interest and practice in drawing were advanced by some experience nearly every day. Almost mechanically I filled the margins of car reports and chance newspapers with pencil sketches. During some winter nights, as late as two or three in the morning, huddled in the switch shanty in the railroad yard, waiting for the double-decked hog trains that were arriving at half-hour intervals, we used to get fun out of chalk or charcoal caricatures of some member of the crew, drawn on the walls of the dismantled box car that served as our refuge. Now and then a switchman of undeveloped taste would intrust to me a photograph to be enlarged in crayon.

Early Love of Pictures

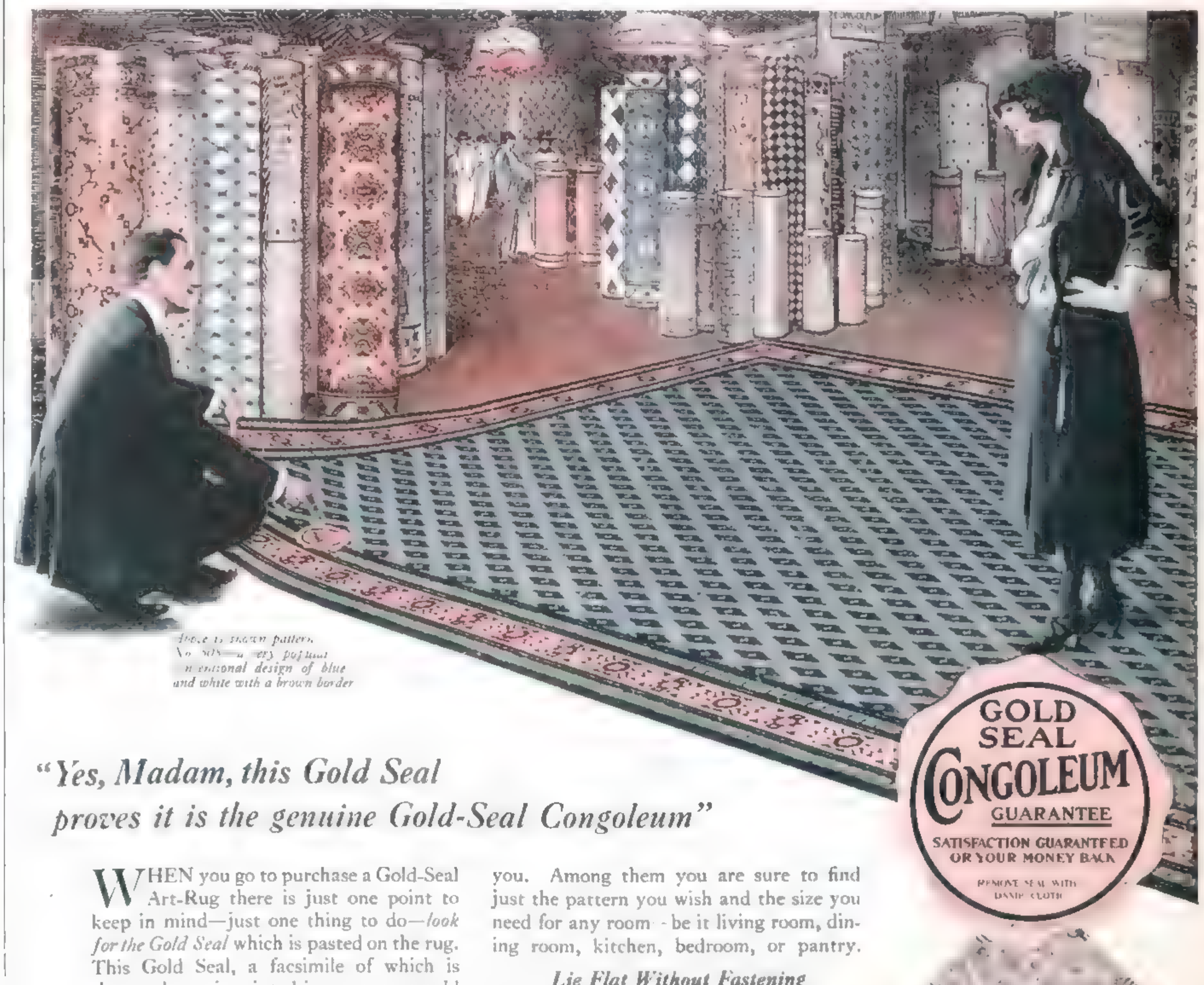
It may be because we young men were so much in the midst of it that I got the idea that there was a considerable art interest in St. Louis at that period. Pictures of three painters whose reputations led and which in later years I had a chance to see again bear out the estimate in which they then were held. James M. Tracy, a painter of landscapes and animals, came afterwards to New York and made a considerable stir with his pictures of hunting dogs in the field. There was a time when the important magazines were glad to reproduce these canvases. J. R. Meeker, a man of heroic mold physically, had made a study of Southern landscape with its hazy atmosphere, hanging moss and brooding cranes. Few men before or since have been so able to get the spirit of the hazy regions of Pontchartrain. W. S. Marple handled landscape bits with the affection and delicacy if not the superlative skill that mark the gentlewomen that our present Thomas Dewing paints. About these three men were a score of lesser popularity, with here and there in the number men of equal craftsmanship. Carl Gutherz was a Munich graduate, as was also Paul Harney.

At the Washington University there was a completely equipped and well-organized art school, founded by that administrator of international fame, Prof. Halsey C. Ives, who later directed the art exhibit of the World's Fair in Chicago. In one of the university departments was the usual life class, and for the benefit of young men who were obliged to work in the day some of the sessions were held at night. In North St. Louis a little nucleus met in the rooms of the brothers, George and Edward Snell. A third companion there was the late Sylvester Rawling, who subsequently became an important member of the editorial staff of the New York World and an authority upon music.

Four or five of us used to come together once or twice a week immediately after supper at George Snell's rooms and start for our walk of two miles to the Washington University for the night class, and when that was over foot it home. We came back through the streets of sleeping and shuttered houses toward midnight, laughing and singing, as we knew from the stories of our elders the students laughed and sang in the Latin Quarter.

Gutherz, one of the teachers in the life class, was a master draftsman. Howard Kretchmar, the sculptor, lectured on the skeleton and the muscular structures and made them vastly interesting. I recall the astonishment with which I learned that a

(Continued on Page 47)



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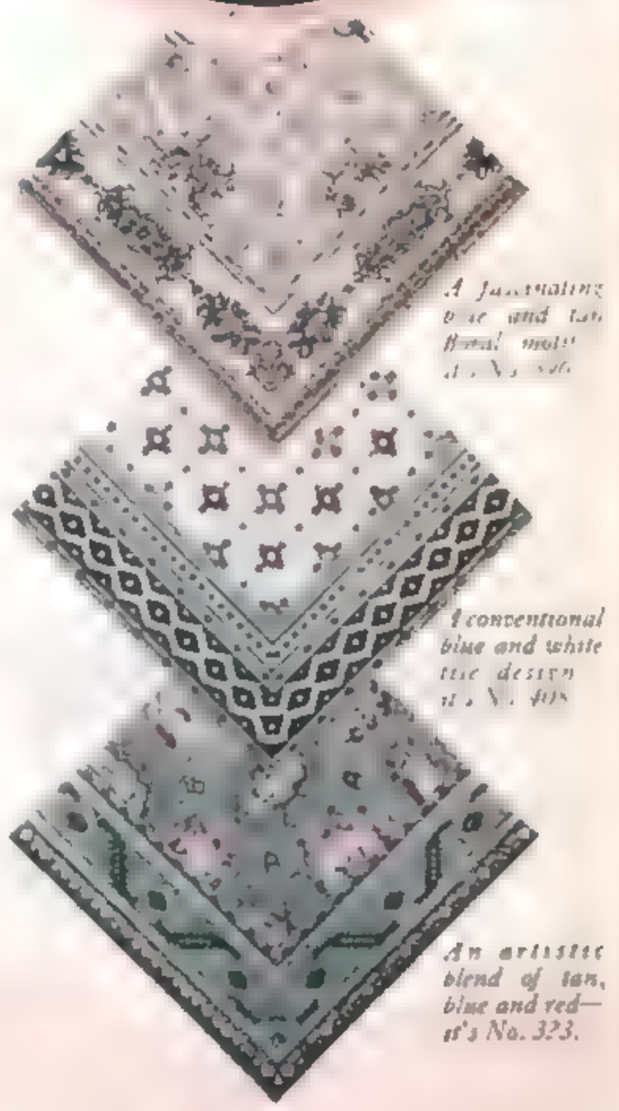

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(Continued from Page 44)

piece of sculpture in the making was built up and not chiseled out of some solid mass. This fact, so familiar to us older ones, now comes as a helpful surprise to most beginners in art. I recently saw a friend's wife who has considerable talent for modeling struggling to obtain a form by cutting clay from a sufficiently inclusive mass. She is a lady of thirty-two and fair general information, yet she came with astonishment to know that the sculptor in making a draped figure sets up first the frame that somewhat simulates the skeleton, and adds a sufficient outline to approximate a nude before he puts over the final drapery.

Sketch Club Doings

About that time, encouraged by the three old artists first mentioned, we organized a sketch club in St. Louis with some thirty active members. I have been in many organizations since then, from labor unions to academies; but none for sheer good fun, for emulation, for real progress, for general education, and for generosity has equaled that old St. Louis Sketch Club. We met twice a month, each member bringing in a sketch upon a subject announced at the preceding meeting. The host of the night obligated himself to furnish some sandwiches and a keg of beer, and became the owner of the sketches.

The principal art firm of the city gave us a rear gallery in which to have our fortnightly gathering, where the sketches were tacked up on the wall or placed upon proper pedestals, seriously discussed by all, constructively criticized by the men competent to judge them, and always applauded when at all deserving. When we had talked ourselves out about the exhibition, sandwiches were opened up, the beer keg was tapped. Kretchmar, Meeker or some other positive personality presided, with the beer mallet as a gavel, and there was such impromptu entertainment as the vivacious spirits of our little artistic membership could give. The next day our commercial house had the place cleaned up; the art men on the local newspapers came in and wrote helpfully of the exhibition and for a week following it was open to the public.

The entertaining character of our meetings gradually drew privileged citizens, and after a while it was our custom to have as special guests, who came in after the play was over, visiting actors of distinction. I made at such meetings my first acquaintance with Robson, Crane, Raymond, Wyndham, Florence and other men. On her first visit to St. Louis, when she brought with her her own art works, her little canvases and bronzes, the reception to Sarah Bernhardt was under our auspices, and her works were exhibited in connection with our own. We had a special meeting in the afternoon for the divine Sarah. She stood in the salon of our little club to receive three or four hundred honored with invitations. I remember her little flat but jaunty and beplumed hat of that period, set high on her shapely head, and her tight-fitting gown of purple velvet, more like a riding habit than any other style that would in a word describe it.

Local interest in this little organization grew. Philanthropic and discriminating men picked from our membership the boys they thought capable of a career. George Snell went as the protégé of a syndicate to Paris. A year or two later Ruckstull followed. About the same time Will H. Howe, the eminent cattle painter, who now lives at Bronxville, where he may show his three medals that make him *hors concours* in the National Salon of France, and who wears in his lapel the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor, was another.

George Snell and Rawlings both are gone; a younger brother, Henry Bayley Snell, with medals from Philadelphia and Paris, the Buffalo and St. Louis expositions, and from Panama, is now president of the New York Water Color Club. One distinguished patron of art and an honorary member of this sketch club was Mr. John P. Colby, father of Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State during the last year of the Wilson Administration. When our little gang in St. Louis said good-by to George Snell the night before he started for Paris, with a real sense of loss and more emotion in the Godspeed than one finds anywhere outside of a college commencement break-up, the parting ceremony was at John Colby's beautiful home, with the future cabinet officer and his younger sister tucked safely away in their beds.

These gentlemen who financed the Paris studies of some of these boys made me a similar offer, but affairs at home were not in a condition that permitted my leaving. I had had some training for the disappointment three years before, when, after a competitive examination, and by the help of the local Methodist minister, who upon grandmother's appeal tutored and brushed me up for the contest, I had won an appointment to West Point. This had been declined for the same domestic reasons. I write of both seeming deprivations to record an unmanly self-pity, although I hope I didn't openly confess it at the time.

Railroaders' Pluck

There were no appointed Spartan preceptors in the railroad yard to teach us to be calm above the aggression of our hidden foxes, but there were stoical traditions. In those days we used to injure in some degree or other an average of a man a month, and it was the sporty thing, with a foot that had just been mashed in a frog or a hand that had been caught between the bumpers, to sit tight, and while admitting it was tough luck to smile as gamely as one could. A sturdy freight conductor, Alex Beecher, with both legs run over and crushed at a siding some fifty miles out, had rallied his demoralized crew, made tourniquets of a couple of belts to stop the hemorrhage, cut out all but his engine and caboose, telegraphed for a clear track, sent a call to the St. Louis surgeons, and when he pulled into the terminal to meet the ambulance was sitting stoutly upright in his rude bunk calculating his run. Heroic examples of that kind shamed the spirit that could repine even to oneself over a disappointed dream. But art and Paris could not have had for me the varied experience that a catch-as-catch-can grapple with the world enforced for the work I was ultimately so glad to do.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of ten articles by Mr. Thomas. The next will appear in an early issue

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Moonlight on Lake of the Four Cantons, Switzerland

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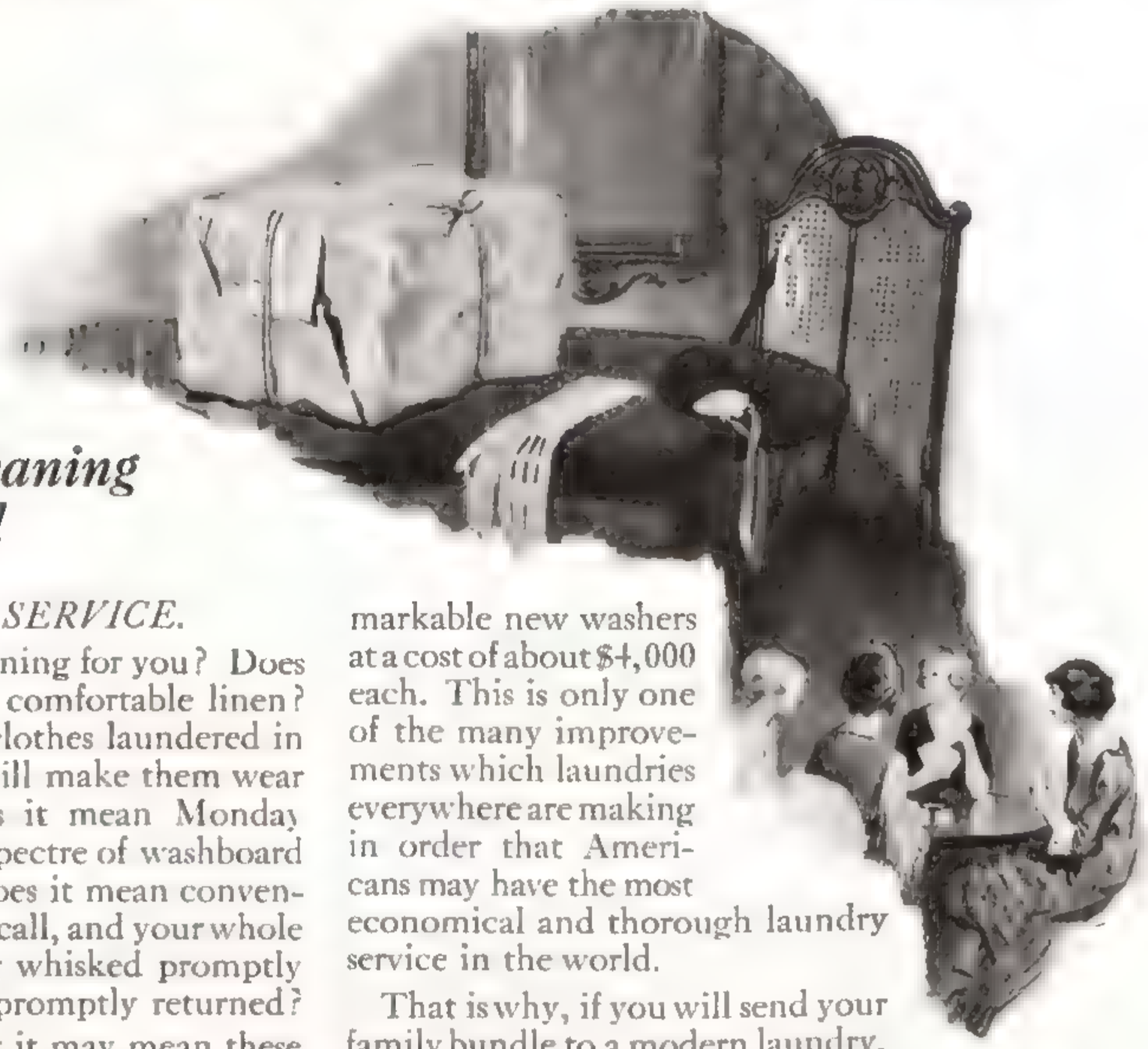

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Sense and Nonsense

Couldn't Last Long

A BIGAMIST near Kalamazoo recently married a woman, and one of the witnesses afterwards admitted to the officiating clergyman that he had known all the time of the bridegroom's legal inability to wed.

"But if you knew," cried the clergyman indignantly, "why didn't you tell me?"

"Well, parson, it was like this," said the witness. "One of the parties was eighty-three and the other eighty-seven. Says I to myself, 'Oh, gosh' It can't last long. Let 'em marry, and durn the law!'"

An Interview in Reverse

PHILIP H. PATCHIN, now a business man in San Francisco, used to be a newspaper correspondent in Washington. Also, he was at one time in charge of the press section of the State Department, and was in Paris with Secretary Lansing at the peace conference in that capacity. So the State Department sent for him to come to Washington to take charge of the publicity for the limitations conference, and he came.

One of the American delegates to the limitations conference is Elihu Root, who was Secretary of State during Patchin's active newspaper days in Washington and who never was prolific as a news source, to say the least about it. One day the correspondents who were at the White House saw Mr. Root come out of the door of the State, War and Navy Building that faces the White House, and walking with him was Patchin.

Patchin was talking earnestly, volubly, and Mr. Root walked across the street apparently unaware that Patchin was there. Patchin detained him in the middle of the pavement, and went into high with his conversation.

Mr. Root gazed calmly over his head, and gave no sign. Presently they reached the White House offices and Root, after a few words, vanished.

Thereupon Eddie Coyle separated himself from the watching correspondents, came out and said to Patchin: "Phil, did he get anything out of you?"

On the Job

ONE of the first of the Japanese journalists to arrive in Washington for the limitations conference hurried over to the State Department and was taken to the office of Henry Suydam, whose business it is to receive visiting journalists.

The Japanese journalist bowed elaborately. Mr. Suydam bowed with equal elaborateness. The others present were impressed and interested.

"How do," said the Japanese journalist. "Very pleased to meet you—yes. I Japanese journalist. I write for big Japanese paper. I think United States very fine country—yes. I think President Harding very fine man yes. I think Mr. Hughes very fine man—yes. I think conference very good thing—yes. I write very fine piece for my paper—yes. What about Yap?"

The Court's Rebuke

THE late Chief Justice White was presiding, years ago, over a civil case in which one of the important witnesses was a horse doctor named Jennings. The doctor was a small man with a weak little voice, and the counsel on both sides, as well as the court and jury, had great difficulty in hearing his testimony.

During cross-examination the counsel for the plaintiff became exasperated and began to prod and harry the little man.

"Doctor Jennings," he shouted, "if we ever are going to get anywhere with this case you must speak up so the court can hear you. Please speak up loud and strong, sir."

The small-sized veterinary tried, but it was evidently no use. Whether from embarrassment or inability, the sound would not come.

"Well, Your Honor," began the counsel indignantly, when Judge White stopped him with a gesture. Leaning over the bench, he said in his kindly tone:

"Mr. Attorney, you must be patient with the doctor. He cannot help it. Years spent in the sick room have apparently made speaking low a second nature with him."

MEN OF AFFAIRS

Continued from Page 21

"I've said," he answered brokenly: "I've said."

A turmoil of thoughts raced through her mind and she spoke them aloud.

"Anthony away getting the concession. You here taking his place. It was clever clever. Damn them for letting you do it! And you've done it so wonderfully—you've borne all this when at a single word you might ——"

"Talking nonsense," he moaned desperately.

"And you don't know what the secret is No one but Anthony does. That's true, isn't it?"

"I do know. I do know won't say."

"You can't know. That's true, isn't it? Answer me—answer!"

And quite suddenly Richard Frencham Altar's world went all black and his knees gave way beneath him. He fell with his head in his hands, crying and gasping like a broken-hearted child. And Auriole came to him and put her arms around him and kissed his neck, his hair and his poor thin hands.

"And I've helped in the torture," she sobbed. "Broken you down Oh, what a beast—what a beast I am!"

"Very tired," said Richard. "Want to go to sleep."

"There's no sleep for you in this house except ——"

The door opened and Ezra Hipps walked in.

"Sorry to interrupt," he said, "but how's things?"

"I was just coming," said Auriole with a quick pretense at light-heartedness. "I've something important to say."

Hipps shook Richard by the shoulder.

"How's that memory?" he inquired.

Once again the last reserves were pushed into the line.

"Bad," said Richard. "Damn bad."

"Then I guess that ends the play," said the American.

"I want you," said Auriole, "please."

They went out of the room together.

XXXI

WHEN Auriole slipped quietly into the room five minutes later she found Richard asleep on the camp bed with Blayney's kit bag tucked under his head.

Belowstairs there existed a state of turmoil. She had exploded her bombshell as to Richard's false identity, secure in the belief that it would result in his immediate liberation.

"But hell! What are you thinking of?" Hipps had roared. "D'you imagine we can pass him out after what's happened? So long as the feller's above ground we ain't safe."

"You can't mean ——" she had cried.

"We're busy. Keep out of the path, kid."

She had left them rattling instructions through the telephone to a person called Phillips. The need of the moment from their point of view was to waylay the returning Barraclough.

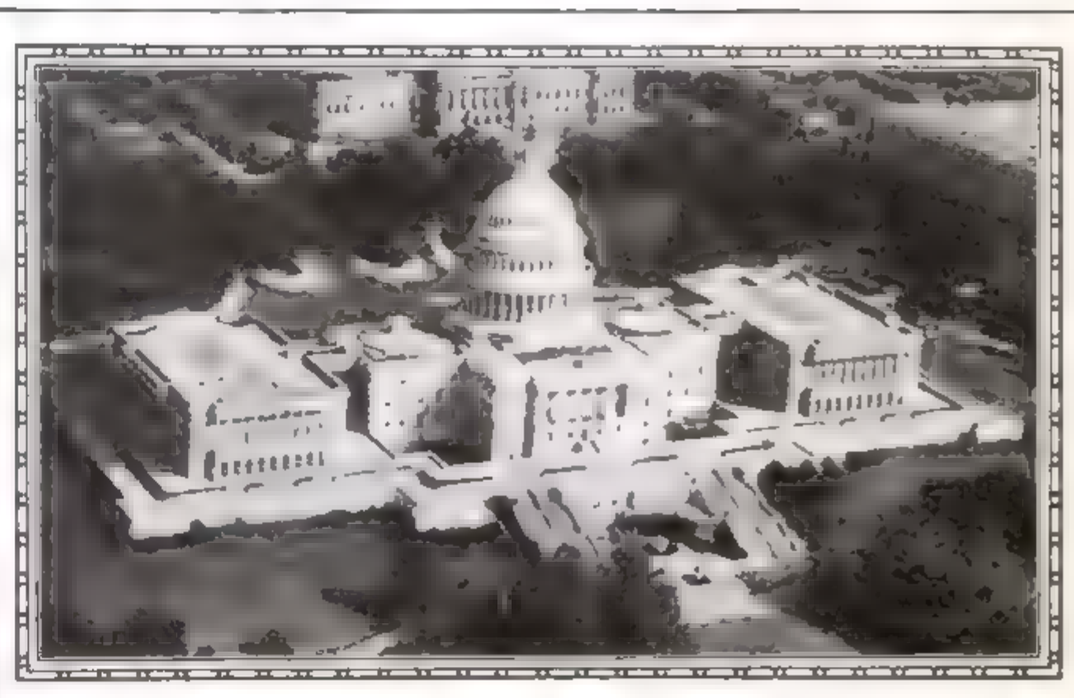
Van Diest was shouting for his car, and from the jargon of voices Auriole learned their intention of making an immediate descent upon the rival camp to demand terms. In the midst of the chaos Auriole slipped away, snatched up a bottle of champagne and some biscuits from the dining table and ran up the stairs to Richard's room.

Parker, who was at the door, shot the bolt after she entered, and in so doing destroyed a foolish hope that she might succeed in getting Richard out of the house while the excitement relaxed observation. Her two-seater car was under the trees at the end of the road, and if they could reach it ——

She seized Richard's arm and with her other hand stifled the cry he gave.

"Hush, hush, for pity's sake!" she implored. "Here's some champagne drink it. No, no, it isn't poison—drink drink"

(Continued on Page 51)



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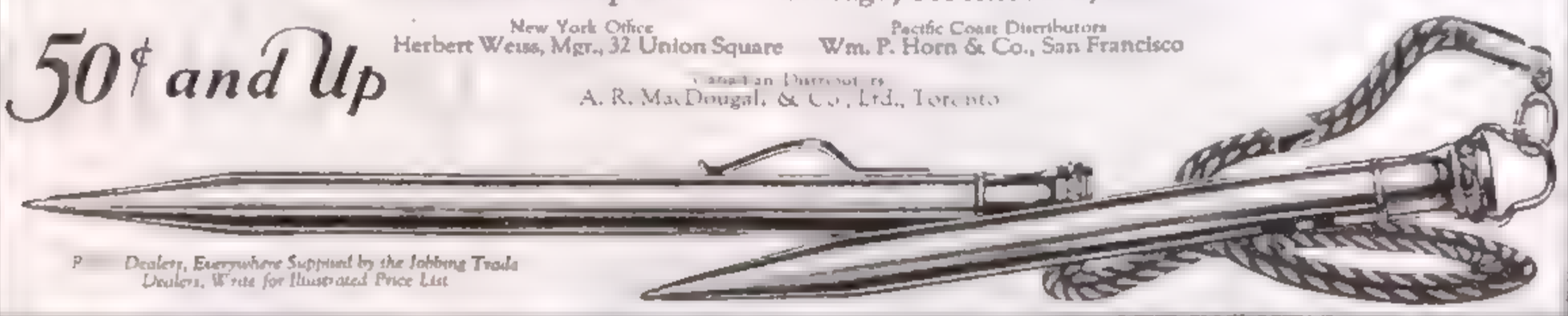

(Continued from Page 49)

And she filled a glass that stood upon the table. "Eat these biscuits, too, and listen to me."

Of course he did not understand. He drank the champagne and ate the biscuits wolfishly while she talked. It was clear something had happened—some unlooked-for reversal of feeling—but beside the food and drink nothing seemed to matter. The good wine felt like new lifeblood flowing through his veins.

"They're downstairs now," she said, "making up their minds."

He found intelligence enough to ask: "They know I'm not Barraclough?"

"I told them, yes."

"You shouldn't," he said simply.

"I thought they'd let you go."

"Well?" He refilled his glass.

"They said it wouldn't be possible now. That's why I've got to get you away—somehow—somehow."

She was moving desperately up and down the room as though by very desire she would find or create an opening in the walls.

"Get me away?" he said stupidly. "Why do you want to get me away?"

"Because you're a different man, a splendid man. And they're beasts and brutes."

It was all very confusing, very unbelievable. Richard had a faint impression that it was happening to someone else or in a dream. Why was this wonderful creature worrying about him? The wine was mounting to his head.

"A splendid man," he repeated senselessly. "And you want to get me away. Tha's kind—kind."

"I've a car outside if we could only reach it"

That was a droll thing to say, but it sounded real. He answered as though someone had actually spoken of a car outside and a chance of reaching it.

"Not a hope."

The bottle was empty now, which was a good thing.

"There must be. The windows!" .

He shook his head as she ran toward them. If the beautiful lady wanted to play the escape game he might as well take an intelligent interest and play it sensibly.

"No good," said he. "Soon as you lift the shutter bar an alarm starts ringing and they all rush in."

"S'pose we did that," said Auriole with a sudden idea. "Worked in the dark, started the bell, and when they came in, made a dash for it."

Sensible talk, he must reply sensibly.

"No good. One of 'em always stands in the door."

"Then somehow we must get them away from the door into your bedroom."

That was logical, interesting too.

"Of course we must get them away from the door. Tha's the idea. Tha's the idea," he said.

"Can't you think of a way?" she begged.

It wasn't fair to ask questions. The game was of her invention, not his. Still, in common politeness one must take a hand, show a willingness. It would be awful if she lost patience with him and left him to his loneliness.

He answered that unspoken fear simply as a child.

"But you won't leave me alone again, will you?"

"Can't you realize I'm on your side," she said, shaking him by the arm.

"My side, yes," he repeated. "I'm glad you're on my side. We're friends, aren't we?"

To this pleasant reflection he sat down on the hard chair and smiled happily. "Friends" is a lovely word to play with when one has been overlong neglected. He wished she would sit, too, and make a pillow for his head; but instead she was flitting from place to place, acting in the oddest way. From the camp bed she had dragged Blayney's kit bag and was buttoning it into an old dressing gown provided for his use.

"I must have a head," she was saying, which sounded idiotic to Richard, who saw that her own was beautiful.

He pointed to a bronze bust of Van Diest which had been placed on the mantelpiece a few days before, presumably to act as a reminder of the influence dominating the apartment.

"Try that one," he suggested, laughing inanely.

But Auriole did not laugh. She gave a glad cry and called on him to help. Together they carried the bust and soon had tied it securely inside the dressing gown.

"It's to put in your bed," Auriole said. "We'll take out the electric bulbs, then start the bells going. When they come in and you don't answer they'll go into the bedroom. They'll find this and think it's you"

"Think this is me!" said Richard. "That's funny." He broke into a storm of laughter, which ended as abruptly as it began, ended from a sudden realization that all this folly and mummery were a real and solid effort to compass his escape. "Wait a bit," he said, rubbing his brow fiercely. "It's coming back. I see the idea. Bless you for trying. We'll have a shot."

He dragged the dummy into the inner room by the waist cord of the dressing gown, which was tied about its neck. The brain fog was gone. He was surprisingly clear-headed now, and an unnatural vitality buoyed him up. The bedroom door swung to behind him and he heard Auriole cry:

"I'm doing the lights, be quick!"

And at that moment he had a notion and acted upon it quickly. An old gas bracket over the door helped the operation. When he had finished he kicked over a chair and reëntered the now pitch-dark room.

"I've got hold of the shutter bar," he heard her cry.

"Let her go," he answered.

And down in the hall below they heard the big alarm bell clang out the warning.

Clinging to each other's hands they waited, their backs flattened against the wall. And presently it came—the sound of men's footsteps dashing up the stairs. The door burst open and a number of dark shapes poured into the room.

Framed in the open doorway, a black silhouette against the light from the well of the staircase, stood Blayney, a pistol in his hand.

There was a veritable hubbub of voices: "What's the matter with the lights?" "Where are the switches?" That sucker is trying to put one over on us!" "The bedroom shutters—he's trying to escape." "For Lord's sake, where's the door?"

Someone found the knob in the darkness and the bedroom door was flung open. There was a scream from Laurence; then Hippa' voice, bellowing "Great God! He's hanged himself!"

Swinging from the lintel, shadowy against the gray light beyond, was, apparently, the figure of Richard Frencham Altar dangling on a rope.

Even the perfectly trained Blayney deserted his post to leap forward and see; and in that instant of neglect Richard and Auriole darted from the room and slammed and bolted the door.

Nor could Richard resist the temptation of lifting an exultant cry of "Good night, gentlemen!" ere he was seized by Auriole and hurried down the stairs.

As they passed through the front garden and ran stumbling toward the waiting car they could hear above them the sound of curses and hammer blows echoing through the house.

XXXII

HILBERT TORRINGTON was first to arrive. His big car deposited him at Crest Chambers at 10:45, a quarter of an hour before the time promised for Barraclough's arrival. The ever-attentive Doran took his hat and coat, turned on the table lamp and provided him with a pack of patience cards.

"You look hopeful, sir," he remarked.

"I always expect the best till I have knowledge of the worst," came the smiling rejoiner. "I trust you have quite recovered from the effects of the anæsthetic?"

"Thank you, sir. But my recovery'll date from the hour the captain gets back"

Doran liked to refer to his master by the military rank he had borne during the war.

"To be sure," said Mr. Torrington. "That will be a welcome event to all of us."

Next came Cranbourne, very anxious and ever pulling out his watch, tugging at his lower lip or pacing up and down.

"Why not take a chair?" suggested Mr. Torrington.

"Can't! I feel things, y'know."

"All my life I've been feeling things without showing it," came the reflective observation. "If only I had that two of diamonds! It's sure to be the last card."

"How you can sit there playing cards!"

"I'm too old to walk about."

Cranbourne stopped and looked at him.

"Mr. Torrington," he said, "has it occurred to you that in undertaking this thing we have been guilty of grave wrongdoing? To line our own pockets while we stayed safe at home, men have gone out at the risk of their lives. We may talk of adventure—the romance of business—we may call our job by a dozen pretty names, but it analyzes out at something fairly damnable when we apply the supreme test."

Mr. Torrington nodded.

"And yet what is the alternative?" he asked. "Life is only a matter of diamond cut diamond."

"It's a scavenger's job," said Cranbourne. "And you can't get away from that."

"Without conflict there would be no progress"

Cranbourne shook his head angrily.

"What right have we to control other men's destinies?" he said. "Where is the justice that puts such men as ourselves in command?"

"Opportunity does that, not justice," said Mr. Torrington slowly. "My first employment was cleaning windows. I saw a man, who was so engaged, fall from a fourth-floor sill into the street. I picked him up, dead, carried him into the building and I asked for his job. A nasty story, isn't it?"

Cranbourne snorted.

"It covers us all," he said. "We spend our lives robbing flowers from cemeteries, keeping our souls in our trousers pockets along with the other small change. Hello!"

Doran opened the door and announced Nugent Cassis. That meant that all over the town clocks would be striking eleven.

"Any news?" he rapped out.

"None."

"But there wouldn't be," said Cranbourne. "He promised to send a message when he was nearing home. It's time he was here."

The little man was plainly agitated.

Hilbert Torrington smiled at him over the carefully arranged playing cards.

"They tell me, Cassis, your wife has been indisposed. I trust she is better."

"I really don't know," came the irritable response. "You can hardly expect ——"

"These trifles so easily escape us," murmured the old man.

Nugent Cassis scowled and turned to Cranbourne.

"How's that other fellow getting on? What's his name—Altar?"

"He's holding out."

"At Laurence's house?"

"I believe so."

"You've heard from the woman lately?"

"Not lately."

"I've a doubt about that woman. She's been seen a good bit with the American. Nothing would surprise me less than to hear she'd given us away."

"That's hardly likely, Cassis, since she believes it is Barraclough they've got hold of."

"Women are very tricky. I don't trust 'em! Suppose they've made it uncomfortable for Frencham Altar, what? Well, it was only to be expected."

The callous practicality of tone fired Cranbourne to answer.

"Expected, yes. But one of these days, if there's any justice knocking about this old world of ours, we shall have to pay."

"Five thousand was the price," retorted Cassis.

It is probable there might have been a row had not Mr. Torrington intervened with the suggestion that Frencham Altar's check should be signed while they were waiting. Cassis obstructed the idea. He thought to-morrow would be quite soon enough. He scouted Mr. Torrington's statement that on the morrow they would have to see about Frencham Altar's release. He said that this was a matter dependent on Barraclough's return.

"Our contract with Altar terminated at eleven to-night," insisted Mr. Torrington. "Kindly sign this check beneath my signature."

And very grumblingly Cassis obliged.

"We have staked a lot of money on this affair," he said.

"Yes, and not a little reputation," replied the old man.

"Don't follow your reasoning."

"I'm getting old, Cassis, reaching the age when the hereafter becomes the near-after."

"Then you should retire from business before you waste any more money," said Cassis with surprising venom.

But Mr. Torrington did not resent the remark, since he knew how nerves affect certain dispositions.

(Continued on Page 54)

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The Pageant of Time

By Krónos

BACKWARD, turn backward, O Time! Bring the Keepers of Minutes before us
—Passing in endless review, like a backward-spun film of the ages;
Guardians of Life's priceless hours, by their Maker entrusted to mortals—
All who have served thee most faithfully, back unto aeons forgotten!

Time waves a beckoning hand, with Life standing eager beside him.
Time turns the centuries back, like the hands of a watch in the winding
Lo! What a myriad throng from the mists of the morning emerging—
See all the Keepers of Time, filing past in the march of the ages!

Far, far away in the land of the dinosaur, dragon and mammoth,
Back in that dim, distant dawn when creation steamed hot from the making,
See how the Cave-Man looks up from the rope over which he is musing,
Slow-burning marker of Time—in an age when Time groped for expression.

Babylon's ancient high priest, the wise and resourceful Berosus,
Points with the pride of a king to the shaft of the first brazen Sun-Dial.
Hark! In the Dance of the Hours, behold golden Greece in her glory,
Thrilled by the music and moonlight that flood the dim shrine of the Hour-Glass.

Borne high aloft by a slave, the ponderous gong of old Egypt
Throbs to the Water-Clock's warning that wing-footed daylight is passing
Alfred the Great brings his Time-Candle, notched to betray how the minutes—
Counted by him in his wisdom as mortals' most priceless possession—

Ever and ever fled on. And near him the Barefooted Friar
Henlein, the fugitive craftsman whose Watch brought him pardon and honor.
Mark, too, the Nuremberg Egg, whose single hand, silently pointing,
Warned the Franconian lovers of gates grimly closing at midnight.

Boldly the swart buccaneer limps alongside his gleaming Sun-Cannon.
Hand in hand facing the future, Galileo and Marina Gamba
—With soft footfall, measured and slow, like the swing of the great lamp at Pisa—
March through the sorrows of life, linked by love even Time cannot alter.

Heedless of honor and fame, the squealing and struggling porker,
Shrilly lamenting the bristles that furnished Time's earliest Hairsprings,
Draws not so much as a glance from the dark eyes of Nicolas Faccio,
Rapt, like the maid at his side, in the variant beauties of Jewels.

Caron de Beaumarchais bends his gaze to fair Pompadour's Ring-Watch
- Keyless, yet key to the power which he sought in the gay court of Louis.

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Charlotte of England, her queenly hand swinging her watch on its pendant,
Offers a sovereign's thanks for the gift of the Lever Escapement.

Sliver the Midshipmite carries before him, on cushion of satin,
Harrison's wondrous Chronometer, source of a new navigation.
Sternly the Clockmakers' Company head unto death is condemning
Watches "deceitful": the smith's mighty sledge shall reduce them to powder.

Head bent and chin upon breast, the fearless and restless Napoleon
Swings in the stride that rewinds his treasured Pedometer Timepiece.

Near him the Alpine inspector, his tongue ever busy with watches,
Chafes as his wayward thoughts stray to the mountaineer's rosy-cheeked daughter.

Here on our own native shores, the courtly and far-visioned Raymond
Gives to his own generation America's *Standardized* Timepiece.

Youth and Old Age of Today, their exquisite Elgins displaying,
Marvel at Time's paradoxical flight—ever swift, ever dragging.
Proudly the Spirit of Progress, her eager face brightly illumined
By visions of Elgins to come, hastens on to the Dawn of Tomorrow.

THUS before old Father Time trails the slow, endless pageant of ages.
All that is best in its toil and its genius he thankfully gives us
Now in the Watch of Today—in Elgin, the Timepiece of *all* Time.

What of the Watch of the Future? Though its *form* is yet shrouded in shadows,
Of its *source* Father Time has no doubt. *He knows it will still be—an Elgin!*

EDITORIAL NOTE: This illustration—which reviews in panorama form the Elgin art panels of the past twenty-four months—is a miniature reproduction of DeLay's mural painting, "The Pageant of Time." It appears in full colors in the forthcoming de Luxe edition of Elgin's classic volume now on the press, "Through the Ages With Father Time."

Further announcement will be made when the finished book is ready for the art-loving public.

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Stick to Cinco it's safe

(Continued from Page 51)

The arrival of Lord Almont Frayne, resplendent from the opera, relieved the situation of tension. It would have taken a very practiced eye to detect anxiety under the mask of bored and elegant indifference he had assumed. He apologized for being late, but had been buttonholed by a fellow in the foyer who wanted to talk polo. Very disappointing evening altogether. The prima donna had sung flat and an understudy was on for tenor's part. It was only as an afterthought he mentioned the object of their meeting, and he touched upon it in the lightest vein.

"Nothing doing?"

"Nothing."

"Ah, well, it's early yet. Hot, ain't it? Mind if I get myself a peg?" He was crossing to the decanter when he stopped, drew an envelope from his pocket, and placed it on the table before Mr. Torrington.

"What do you make of that?" he asked. "Came early this morning, no postmark nothing—just slipped through the box."

Hilbert Torrington took from the envelope a single flower pressed almost flat. It was a dog rose.

"Odd," he muttered; "distinctly odd." He weighed the flower in his hand and sniffed the envelope critically. It had no scent. "You have no one, Almont—I mean, there isn't anyone who'd be likely to—well, you're a young man."

"Oh, Lord! No, nothing of that kind."

And Almont's inflection suggested that the very idea of such a thing caused him pain.

Hilbert Torrington pursed his lips and stared at the ceiling.

"What does a dog rose suggest to you, Cassis?"

"A silly interruption," replied that gentleman sourly.

"Yes, yes, but was there not—dear me, it's so long ago I've almost forgotten—was there not some floral lingua franca—— Ah! The language of flowers.

Cassis snorted, but Cranbourne was at the bookshelves in an instant.

"It's printed at the back of dictionaries," he said. "Here's one!" He took out a volume and turned over the pages as he spoke. "This is it. 'Rose—love. Yellow rose—jealousy. White rose—I am worthy of you. Dog rose—hope.'"

"Hope," repeated Mr. Torrington.

Lord Almont struck the table and sprang to his feet.

"Barraclough's going to win through," he cried.

In the midst of a babel of tongues the telephone rang imperatively. Mr. Torrington picked up the receiver.

"Yes, yes," he said. "Who? . . . You are speaking for Mr. Van Diest?"

The three other men came instantly to attention and exchanged glances. There was a pause.

Then Mr. Torrington said: "Indeed! Oh, very well—delightful." And he replaced the receiver.

"What's happened?" Almont demanded.

"I don't entirely know. But it appears that Van Diest and his amiable colleague, Hipps, are shortly paying us a visit—here."

There was a moment of consternation.

"But, good Lord!" exclaimed Cranbourne. "That may mean anything."

Nugent Cassis threw up his hands desperately. Every vestige of his quiet business habit had vanished, and instead he was a nerve-racked, exasperated man who paced up and down jerking out half sentences, reproaches and forecasts of failure:

"It's that fellow Frencham Altar given us away. Damn stupid introducing the type—man on a bench. Means ruin to the lot of us. Coming here, are they? Refuse to see them. I knew there'd be a breakdown somewhere—felt it in my joints. If everything had gone according to schedule Barraclough would have been back by now. Punctual man— reliable ——"

"Big stakes involve big risks," said Mr. Torrington sweetly.

"And haven't we taken them?" Cassis barked. "Good heavens alive! Why—What's that?"

There was a murmur of voices in the hall, the room door was thrown open, and Isabel Irish came in breathlessly. She threw a quick glance round the circle of faces as though seeking someone.

"Where is he? Where's Tony? It's after eleven—half past. Why isn't he here?"

Mr. Torrington rose and offered a chair, which she refused with a gesture.

"We are waiting, my dear."

"But why isn't he here?" she repeated.

"How can we possibly say?" ejaculated Cassis testily. "In a venture of this kind ——"

She caught up the word "venture" and threw it back at him.

"No message, nothing?"

Cranbourne was about to answer, but Torrington interrupted him to tell her of the dog rose Lord Almont had received.

"That was from him—that was from Tony!" she cried. "I gave him a spray of them on the night he started."

"That's encouraging," said Lord Almont.

But Cassis was not in a mood to be encouraged. "It may mean much or little," he snorted. "Still, there is nothing to prevent our hoping."

Of all worldly trials waiting is the severest and tatters the nerves quicker than any other. Isabel Irish did not like Nugent Cassis—he belonged to the money people, who had no real existence in her reckoning—but ordinarily speaking she would never have lashed out at him with such vehemence. The fire in her voice and eyes entirely robbed the little man of power to retort. Nor was the tirade she uttered leveled at him alone; everyone present came in for a share. One small girl with a shock of curly hair whipping with scorpions the heads of a mighty financial concern.

"Hoping he'll get through with the cash," she said, "so that you can have money and more money and then more money. That's all he counts for to you—a machine to fill your pockets. Doesn't matter if he gets broken throwing out the coins; wouldn't matter if he never came back at all so long as the concession came safely to hand. Oh, it makes me sick!—it makes me sick!" Her voice broke, but she forced the tears back by sheer strength of will. "He may be dead, anything may have happened to him—and you could have prevented it all, sent an army to protect him. But no, that wouldn't do—too conspicuous—other people might find out—profits might have to be divided—so all you can do is to sit in a circle waiting—waiting—like a dog with a biscuit on its nose for the words 'Paid for, paid for.'"

And having emptied out her soul's measure of resentment she threw herself on the sofa and sobbed and sobbed with her curly head in Mr. Torrington's lap.

No one spoke, not even when Doran came in and whispered that Van Diest and Hipps had arrived and demanded audience. It was Cranbourne who came forward and, picking her up in his arms like an injured child, carried her into the other room and laid her on Barraclough's bed.

"We haven't lost yet, my dear," he said, and stroked her forehead.

He left her crying gently on the pillow, her little pink cheeks all shiny with tears.

Mr. Torrington waited for Cranbourne to return before giving Doran instructions to show in the gentlemen. To Cassis' unspoken protest he replied: "They evidently have some information which we lack. It would be wise to find out what it is."

Ezra P. Hipps was first to enter. He came in like a triumphant army occupying captured territory. Close upon his heels was Hugo van Diest, smiling ingratiatingly and bowing to the company. Hilbert Torrington rose and returned the curtsy.

"An unexpected pleasure, gentlemen. And what precisely do you want?"

"I guess it's a talk to the man who shoots the bull in the ring," Hipps replied, and added: "That substitute trick has exploded, and the chap who pulled it has made a get-away."

Mr. Torrington and Cranbourne exchanged glances.

"Am I to understand that Mr. Frencham Altar has found your hospitality too oppressive?" he asked.

"Put it how you like, but that's a side show," came the answer. "We're here on business."

Nugent Cassis had recovered some of his self-possession and remarked crisply: "We are very busy, Mr. Hipps."

"And since the light came into the temple, Nugent Cassis, we've been busy ourselves. Struck me one or two little matters need adjusting."

"Your treatment of the substitute, for example," said Cranbourne.

"Not unlikely, but that job'll keep, and it's in hand already under Laurence."

"Dear me, we are being very frank, are we not?" murmured Mr. Torrington.

(Continued on Page 57)

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Cribbage at a Glance

PLAYERS—2, 3 or 4 players (2 against 2). Best two-hand.

OBJECT OF GAME—To gain 121 points by scoring combinations, runs, pairs, 15's, flushes, one for his nob and 31's. See "Points Scored During Play" and "Counting Hands and Crib."

DEAL—Cut for first deal. Dealer gives a withdrawing card at a time, face down, 5 cards to each player, 1 at a time. Medial player points for opponent immediately. Each discards 2 cards face down to table for the crib. If he forgets, doesn't matter as long as not counted until after card is played out. Every time dealer deals a deck that is played out, turn bottom pack and place it on top of remaining pack. This is called "starter." If at any time dealer scores two points thus, he scores.

THE PLAY—Pone plays a card and dealer has hand face up on table. Each of him plays one card at a time, or pegs value of cards, counts and plays are announced as tens, and all other cards according to the number of spots. During the play the sum of the cards, and the one already played. The player can't alternate and player has to play his separate card to the value of 31 and to the sum of those already played. The sum must not exceed 31. If when a player's turn comes, he says he can't when will play within the sum of 31, he announces a "go." The other player continues to play until he reaches 31, or can play no further. Then each player turns the cards he has played face up on the table and the last player takes the unplayed cards and counts them (see below) and cards are used for crib.

POINTS SCORED DURING PLAY—The player who announces a number that adds to 31 during play, scores 2 points. If he plays the last card before 31, he scores 1 point. The last card played counts 1 point also. If, however, it scores 3 points. There is no count for last card if it makes 31.

[illegible] to the fours sequences may be formed by opponents the second card played, second and third cards played (whether [illegible] card played) or all three cards played. [illegible]

Fifteen 2—Any combination of [illegible] which makes the number exactly 15 in the cards played exactly 15. He should announce "fifteen two" and [illegible] points.

Pair 2—Any two cards played by player of card which pairs with the card last played. If the latter of two cards of [illegible] pair.

Three 6—After a pair has been made, 6 points are scored by player of third of same denomination that matches. [illegible] 10s and 10s are 3 pairs because Q1 and Q8 and Q1 and QS are 3 pairs and Q8 and QS, another pair. [illegible]

Four 12—After three of a kind have been played, 12 points are scored by player of fourth card of same denomination as triplets, provided last card is not the [illegible].

Sequence—Any 3 or more cards in numerical sequence are counted the player of the last card counts 1 point for each card in the sequence, [illegible] they are not played in numerical rotation. [illegible] 2 and 3 points just as if they had been played. Player plays 7 and 8 card in sequence, counts 4 points. An intervening card [illegible] makes the sequence. All sequences must come within a total of 31, nor can they be continued after a "go" is announced.

COUNTING HANDS AND CRIB—After the cards are played out, each player takes his own hand and counts all points [illegible] with the starter [illegible]. After counting his hand deals next hand and starter. [illegible] points, triplets 6 points, 15's [illegible], runs of 3, 4 and 5 cards and [illegible], 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5 points.

Fifteen Runs—[illegible] with 2 cards to make 15 count 2 points for each of the 3 and [illegible] 2 points. Count each pair 2 points.

Triplet Runs—[illegible] with 3 cards in sequence with a pair to one of the 3 card runs, counts 8 points. Triplet runs, three 3 card runs (9 points), and triplets of pairs, or 15 points.

Quadruplet Runs—[illegible] a card in sequence with both counting four 3 card runs, 12 points, and 2 pairs (4 points), 16 points.

Flushes—Are formed by cards totaling 15 exactly. They count 2 points [illegible] 4 cards of same suit in hand in addition [illegible] 4 cards of same suit as starter.

Nobs and Flush—4 points if one card in hand only (not crib) matches.

Nobs Card Flush—4 cards in hand or crib of same suit as starter, 5 points. If [illegible] starter is the same suit.

STARTER—Is used only in counting the hands and crib.

MARKING SCORE—Pegs are used as the [illegible] are made on a cribbage board. Scores [illegible] 1 point. Players start from same end [illegible] parallel with each other down the outside edge and [illegible] first or game hole. The player reaching [illegible] wins. Two pegs are furnished each player. He [illegible] to mark his count so that the forward peg shows [illegible] and the space between the two pegs [illegible].

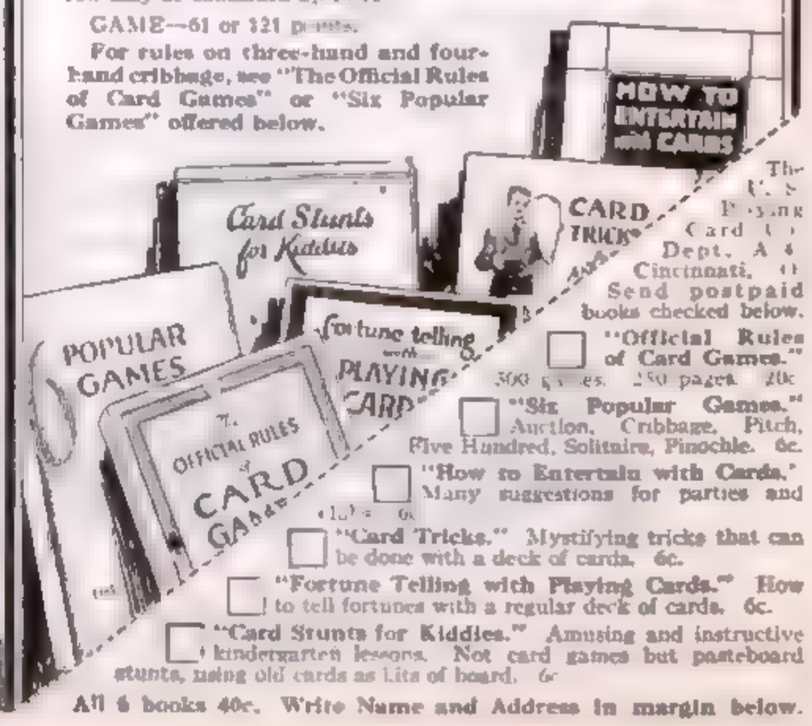
[illegible] each player may use a piece of paper marked [illegible] 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10

[illegible] 1 2 3 4 5 6

Two [illegible] markers, one on the first row and one on the unit row. If 121 points are played to a game, the lower row may be continued up to 12.

GAME—61 or 121 points.

For rules on three-hand and four-hand cribbage, see "The Official Rules of Card Games" or "Six Popular Games" offered below.



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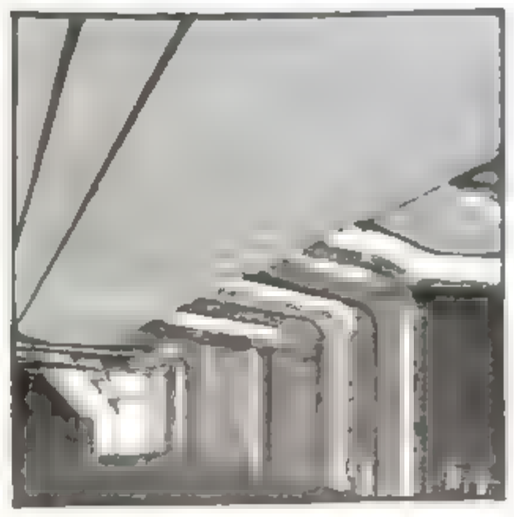

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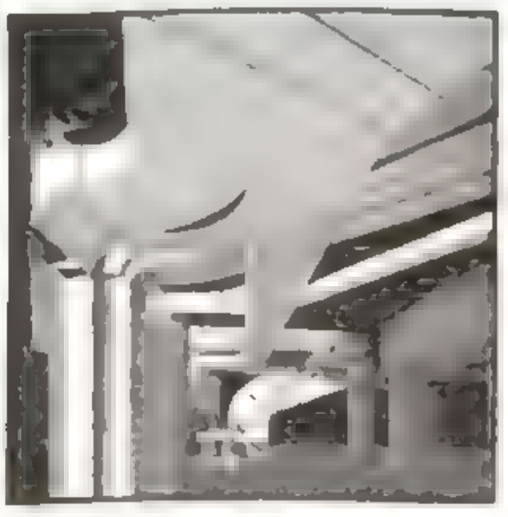

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(Continued from Page 54.

"Gentlemen, it's come to our ears that a certain Mr. Barraclough is taking grave risks to-night to get home."

Cranbourne flashed an eye at the bedroom door. "Go on!" he said. "Talk straight, man."

Hilbert Torrington held up a hand.

"One minute," he suggested. "I imagine Mr. Hipps is reluctant to speak out before so many witnesses. It would be better, perhaps, if Mr. Van Diest and myself discussed this matter in private. Is everyone agreeable?"

There was some small demur, but it was finally agreed upon. The others went out into the hall, leaving Mr. Torrington and Van Diest alone.

They were both very smiling and scrupulously polite, but the air of the room seemed to crackle with stored electricity. The Dutchman was given a chair by the writing table, and cigarettes were placed at his elbow. Indeed, every social amenity was observed before Hilbert Torrington fired the first round.

"Let us assume, Van Diest, that we are neither of us honorable men."

Van Diest took quite a long time lighting a cigarette before replying. "You don't mind if I smoke?"

"It's an admirable sedative for conscience and nerves alike. Wouldn't you prefer a cigar of Barraclough's?"

"Ach! It wass of this young man I wass about to speak."

"I had almost guessed it," said Mr. Torrington, and picking up the patience cards began to lay them out in little packs.

"It is said he iss on the road to-night—wass seen by a man who hass done some works for me."

"Indeed! That must have surprised you very much, after cherishing the belief that he was snugly accommodated at Laurence's house."

Van Diest acknowledged this thrust gracefully.

"A clever idea, thiss substitute—a nice fellow too—vonderful determination."

"H'm! Careless of you to lose him."

"Mislay, my friend. I do not know thiss verb 'to lose.'"

"So you come to me for instruction? Ah, well, it's never too late to learn."

For the first time Van Diest scowled, but quickly controlled his features and waved a hand over the cards.

"You tell your fortune, eh?"

"Dear me, no! I can wait for that to develop. A mere game of patience."

"There are times, Mr. Torrington, when action is of more value than patience."

"I treasure your opinion," came the smiling rejoinder. "What was it you were saying? A man of yours saw Barraclough? Was that all he did?"

"Not a very smart man, that."

"But you've others—smarter?"

"Mus' not let ourselves be beat, y'know."

"So galling, isn't it?"

"I haf no experience," retorted Van Diest, and rising crossed to a canary cage in the window, where, to Mr. Torrington's silent indignation, he spent quite a long while whistling and saying "Sweet! Sweet!" to the little inmate.

"But what if you are beaten already, Van Diest? Anthony Barraclough is on his way home, presumably with the concession in his pocket."

"But he hass not yet arrifed, eh? Dicky, eh? Oh, this poor little one, he will miss his master. So the poor—the poor—— Sweet! Sweet!"

Mr. Torrington frowned and placing a piece of sugar from the saucer of his coffee-cup in a spoon held it out at arm's length.

"Present this sugar to your feathered friend with my compliments," said he. "And ask him to excuse you for a moment."

Hugo van Diest returned to the table wreathed in smiles.

"So you wish to talk. Proceed."

"If Barraclough has the concession what have you to gain?" The banter had died out of the old man's voice.

"There wass millions of concessions never taken up. S'pose thiss one is lost, eh? Who will be the wiser?"

"I see. Dog in the manger?"

"We lock the stable door before the horse arrife, that is all."

"And how far have you decided to go—all the way?"

Van Diest appeared to deliberate before answering.

"Accidents, you know, they will happen. These boys wass ver' reckless. With all these motors and trains life is risky; the streets, too, are dangerous. You never know with these boys." He stopped as Hilbert Torrington drew the telephone toward him. "What are you going to do?"

"Ring up the police, my friend. You will be charged with conspiracy and intent to murder."

Van Diest's little eyes glittered threateningly. "By the time the police arrife it will be too late," said he. "Put down that telephone. I wass not so easily frightened." His voice pitched up and seemed suddenly to catch fire. He rose to his feet and beat the table with both hands. "You fool, thiss wass business, business, business, the meaning, the motive of my whole life, and if you think I give way at the threat of a rope you don't know Hugo van Diest. My heart, my whole soul, I haf invest in this enterprise, and I don't leave it. I don't move one inch till I haf what I want."

"Money?" thundered Mr. Torrington.

"Pounds, my friend, shillings and pence."

"And men's lives." There was a fine scorn in the old man's tone. "Money! I hate the name of it. It turns the honor and cleanliness of men into trashy circles of metal. To business, then. What chance has Barraclough of winning through?"

"Very small."

"Go on!"

"If you want that thiss radium company shall be floated you would haf the better chance if ——"

"Well?"

"You gif to us one-third interest."

"And that represents his chances?"

Van Diest nodded unpleasantly.

"But you will understand, of course, that there iss not a lot of time to lose."

"In a word, you are prepared to call off your dogs for a matter of millions?"

"So!"

The bedroom door was flung open and Isabel burst excitedly into the room.

"There are some horrible men watching the back of the flats!" she cried. "Are they ours?"

"Perhaps you would like to answer this young lady?" asked Mr. Torrington.

But Van Diest only shrugged his shoulders. Isabel ran to the window.

"And there—down there"—she pointed to the street below—"there are more. What does it mean?"

The sound of her cries brought the others hurrying into the room.

"What is it now?" demanded Cassis.

But Hilbert Torrington was at the telephone. What he actually said sounded incomprehensible, but what it actually meant to the man who received it was an order to dispatch a dozen men immediately to the doors of the flats and distribute a sprinkling over the neighboring streets. There might be a fight; there probably would. If Barraclough were seen a bodyguard was to be formed at once.

Isabel was repeating her question at the window. "Those men! Who are they? What does it mean?"

It was Cranbourne who had the honesty to reply:

"Danger!"

xxxiii

FLORA'S handling of the old car was beyond praise—accurate, well judged and with just enough dash of risk at crossroads or in traffic to steal an extra mile or two on the average speed per hour. The night had chilled, and Anthony Barraclough, wrapped in his mother's cloak, watched the girl beside him with a queer mixture of admiration and impatience—admiration for her faultless nerve and impatience that the car, for all its ancient virtue, in no sense could be termed a speed-monger. Flora's attitude amused him, too, it was so tremendously intense, so devoted to duty and withal so exactingly efficient. There is no particular reason why it should be so, but it always tickles the male sense of humor to watch a woman do a man's job as capably as a man himself could do it. Her conduct when they punctured on the long stretch between Wimborne and Ringwood had been exemplary. She jacked up, changed wheels and was away again in the shortest possible time. True, a little over a quarter of an hour was lost, but the locking ring had rusted in its thread, as sometimes happens, and it was heavy work for a girl to shift it unaided. She had forbidden Barraclough to help and had made him picket a hundred yards down the road in case the pursuers should come up unexpectedly.

After that all had gone well, except for a plug sooting on number-three cylinder and

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a halt for petrol about fifty miles outside London. A full moon had risen with sundown, which lit the countryside brightly and made the run almost as easy as by day.

Only once did Barraclough see the pursuing car, two spots of light visible from the top of the rise threading through the valley five miles to the rear. Of course it might have been any other car, but a kind of second sense convinced him that this was not the case. He did not confide to Flora what he had seen, but the tapping of his foot on the floor board gave her the information as surely as any spoken word.

She startled him not a little by rapping out the inquiry, "How much lead have we got?"

"Five miles."

"We shall do it. They won't average more than twenty-eight, and we're good for that. Where are we now?"

"Hog's Back."

"What's time?"

"'Bout ten to eleven."

"H'm! Think they'll shove any obstacles in the way?"

"Depends," said Anthony. "If they sent a message through it's pretty certain we may run into a hold-up."

"Going to chance it?"

"No. We'll slip off the main road at Cobham and trickle in through the byes."

"Righto! Tell me when."

For some miles they drove in silence, and once again, between Ripley and Guildford, had a glimpse of the following lights. With a considerable shock Barraclough realized that the distance separating the two cars had greatly diminished.

But hereabouts an unexpected piece of luck favored them. At a point where the road narrowed between hedges a farm gate was thrown open and a flock of sheep was driven out into the highway. Flora contrived to dash past before the leaders of the flock came through the gate. Another second and she would have been too late. Glancing back, Anthony observed that the entire road was solid with sheep, a compact mass that moved neither forward nor backward.

"Our friends'll lose five minutes penetrating that," he announced gleefully.

It did not occur to him until later that every one of those woolly ewes was an unknowing servant of Hugo van Diest, and that their presence in the road was the direct result of a wire dispatched to a quiet little man named Phillips, who had been given the task of making the way into London difficult. Mr. Phillips had not had very much time, but he had done his best. A series of telegraph poles had been cut down outside Staines, Slough and at various points along the Portsmouth road. A huge furniture van with its wheels off obstructed the narrows at Brentford, and in one or two places wires had been drawn across the King's highway.

It was the side turning at Cobham that saved them running into one of these obstacles by a narrow margin of scarcely a hundred yards. Also, it was the side turning, bumpy, narrow and twisted, that proved their undoing.

An upward climb, a perilously fast descent, a corner taken a trifle too fine, a sharp flint, a burst front tire, and at a point where two roads crossed the veteran car almost somersaulted into a ditch, wrecked beyond hope of repair. They were doing forty when it happened, and it was a miracle they escaped with their lives. Flora was first to scramble over the tilted side and survey the ruins of their hopes. Anthony, still wrapped in his mother's cloak, followed and shook his head over the extent of the damage.

"You hurt?" he asked.

"No. Are you?"

"I'm all right. What happened?"

"Front tire. Wheel fairly kicked out of my hand."

"It's bad luck," said Anthony.

"Brutal." She bent over and switched off her lights. "What are we going to do?"

He looked at a signpost, knocked crooked by the car when it plunged off the metal into the ditch.

"This road leads from Oxshott—London that way. With any luck we might get a lift."

"Late for anything to be about." She looked back along the way they had come. The road could be seen threading its way among pines for a couple of miles or more. "We shall know they're coming five minutes before they can get here. Still, I suppose you won't wait for them."

"No fear. Couldn't put up much of a fight with this hand."

"Pigs!" said Flora. "I'd like to kill them."

"Both sides are pretty lethal. Wouldn't fancy my chances if ——"

"You think they'd ——"

"Course they would. Why in blazes doesn't something roll up! Bet your life if they can't get the concession for themselves they'll take precious good care no one else shall profit by it." He paced up and down looking this way and that. "It was like my infernal conceit bringing the thing through myself. Anyone but an idiot would have registered it from Cherbourg. Almost wish we'd stuck to the main road. There'd have been some traffic there. Damn all motorists who're in bed to-night."

Very faintly through the thin night air came the throb of an engine.

Flora clutched his arm.

"D'you hear?"

"They're coming!"

"That's not their car," she said. "It's coming from over there." And she pointed toward Oxshott.

"You're right," said Anthony. "Got your gun? Give it to me."

"What for?"

"Because that car is going to stop whether it wants to or not."

Flora clapped her hands ecstatically.

"Oh, let me hold 'em up!" she pleaded.

"No fear. You've risked enough already. Run round the bend and meet 'em. If they won't pull up for you they will for me."

He took the pistol from Flora and planted himself squarely in the middle of the road.

"Off you go." And she went.

Through the darkness ahead came patterns of light making black lace of the twigs and branches. He heard Flora cry "Stop—stop!" and the squawk of a horn. But still the car came on. It swung round the curve and made directly for him, flooding him in light from the heads.

It wanted some nerve to stand there, but nerve was a quality possessed by Anthony Barraclough. He never moved an inch and in his left hand held the pistol leveled at the approaching car.

"I'll fire," he cried.

He saw the driver snatch at his brakes; the steel studs tore up the surface of the road as the car, a small two-seater, came to a standstill within a foot of where he stood.

Then happened an amazing thing. A woman sprang out and ran toward him, crying, "Anthony—you!"

His eyes were dazzled by the headlights, but his memory for voices was not dulled. He leaped back a clear five feet and presented the pistol full in her face.

"I know you," he said. "You're Auriole Craven. But if you or any of that damn crowd try to stop me ——"

"No, no, no!" she cried. "I'm with you—not against. What on earth are you doing here?"

"Doing? I'd almost done it. Smashed up in the final sprint. I want a seat in your car. Must get to London to-night."

"To London? No. It wouldn't be safe—it wouldn't be fair."

"Fair! You don't understand—don't realize—there are millions of pounds at stake."

"I don't care if there are hundreds of millions," she retorted. "The car is only a two-seater, and slow at that. There are three of us already and ——"

He interrupted her impatiently with an order to chuck out her passenger. Minor considerations had no weight with him—everything, everybody must be sacrificed to the need of the moment.

"Minor considerations?" said Auriole bitterly. "You speak as if you'd carried the game alone as far as it has gone. But it was my passenger—the man you want to chuck out—who made it possible. The man who was tortured while you were free to ——"

She did not finish the sentence, for even as she spoke Richard Frencham Altar stepped shakily from the car and came toward them. The extraordinary resemblance between the two men wrung a cry of amazement from Flora.

"Barraclough?" said Richard, rocking on his heels. "Pretty extraordinary, meeting like this on the finishing straight. How goes?"

"Good God, man!" said Anthony. "They put you through it."

"That's all right," said Richard. "Never mind paying a price if you win the game."

"Get back into the car," Auriole pleaded. "You'll be caught again."

But he put her aside.

"Wait a bit—wait a bit. Looks as if my job isn't finished yet. What's the trouble here?" And he nodded at the wrecked car.

It was Flora who poured out the story of the chase and ultimate smash, and at the very moment of explanation the lights of Harrison Smith's car flashed for a moment upon the sky line, to reappear a second later creeping down the avenue of trees on the hillside.

"Look, look!" she cried.

To Anthony Barraclough it was a novel experience to act on another man's orders. In that instant of gathering danger Richard Frencham Altar became captain of the situation. He literally flung Anthony into the car and refused to listen to Auriole's protests.

"We're players of a game, aren't we?" he said. "And we're going to play it to a finish. I think, too, it 'ud do me good to have one clean smack at 'em before I'm through."

He hardly knew how it came about that he and Auriole kissed each other; somehow they found time for that, and as the car moved away she leaned out to say, "You dear, brave, wonderful sportsman."

Then he and Flora were alone in the road watching the red rear lamp disappear into the night.

"You've got some pluck," said Flora as she helped him into the cloak that Anthony had thrown aside. "Going to wait and hold 'em up?"

"May as well. That little two-seater would never have carried four. Got a gun, by any chance?"

"No; he had mine. Didn't he give it to you?"

"He did not, so that's that. You better make for those trees."

"If you think I'm going to desert ——" began Flora stoutly.

"You're going to obey orders, my dear. Go on—push off!"

There was a quality in his voice that compelled obedience.

"Oh, I hate you!" said Flora. "Please, please let me stay!"

But he was inexorable.

"They'll be here in a minute. Go!" he ordered.

And to hide her tears of rage and mortification Flora went.

Richard glanced over her shoulder at the oncoming lights.

"Pity about that pistol," he muttered.

On the road at his feet lay a lady's hand bag with silk cords. It was part of the equipment furnished by Mrs. Barraclough. Richard stooped and picked it up. There was a barrel of tar and a sand heap by the signboard, and it struck him that both might be useful. With all the speed he could command he rolled the tar barrel up the road and left it blocking the way. Then he returned to the sand heap and filled the hand bag very full and tightened the strings. It felt quite businesslike as he spun it in the air.

The noise of the oncoming car was now plainly detectable, but with it was another sound, a sound that caused him to throw up his head and listen. From the Oxshott road it came—the tump-tump-tump of a single-cylinder motorcycle engine. He knew that music very well, had heard it a score of times during his three weeks' imprisonment. The particular ring of the exhaust could not be mistaken.

"That's Laurence's bike for a thousand pounds!" he exclaimed, and quickly pulled the hood of the cloak over his head.

To guess at the relative distances, the motorcycle should arrive half a minute before the car, and banking on the chance, Richard sat down on the heap of sand and waited.

It was Laurence, right enough—in evening dress and hatless, just as he had sprung to the pursuit after at last they succeeded in breaking down the door.

He saw the wrecked motor and what was apparently an old woman huddled at the roadside. He pulled up within a couple of yards and shouted at her:

"Hi! You, madam! Seen a car with a man and a girl in it go by?"

But he received no answer, even when he shouted the question a second time. The old lady seemed painfully deaf, and employing the most regrettable language, Oliver Laurence descended from his mount, leaned it against the fence and came nearer to yell his inquiry into her ear. He did not have time to recover from his surprise when the voice of Richard Frencham Altar replied "Yes, I have." The sandbag descended on the top of his head, directed by a full-arm swing. A dazzling procession of stars floated before his eyes as though he were plunged into the very heart of the Milky Way—flashed and faded into velvet-black insensibility.

From behind, heralded by a beam of light and the squawk of a horn, came a crash as Smith's car hit the tar barrel, end on. Its front axle went back ten inches and the rear wheels rose upward. Two shadowy forms, that were groundlings at another time, took wings and flew in a neat parabola over the windscreen, striking the metal surface of the road with a single thud. They made no effort to rise, but lay in awkward sprawling attitudes, as though in the midst of violent activity they had fallen asleep.

Richard Frencham Altar stood alone, blinking rather stupidly at the havoc he had wrought. It was such a relief when Flora stole out of the shadow of the trees and came toward him.

"What a shemozzle, isn't it?" he said dazedly. "I think we'd better get out of this, don't you?"

He wheeled the motor bicycle into the center of the road and bade her jump up behind.

Folks who were returning home late that night were astonished to see a hatless man with a white unshaved face tearing through the side streets of the southwest district of London on a motorcycle with a pretty but very disheveled maiden clinging to the flapper bracket and deliriously shouting, apparently for no better reason than joy of speed.

An old gentleman who signed himself "Common Sense" wrote to the papers about it next day and expressed his disgust in no measured terms.

XXXIV

"GENTLEMEN," said Mr. Torrington, "we have an important decision to make. Barraclough is on his way home, presumably with the concession in his pocket. Our opponents have made certain dispositions to prevent his safe arrival; those dispositions they are prepared to remove in consideration of a third interest."

Cassis snorted violently. Actual propinquity with danger, the clash of mind against mind had in a large measure restored his self-possession.

"Preposterous!" he ejaculated.

Hilbert Torrington continued: "It rests with us to decide whether or not we will accept their terms or take a chance."

"Don't forget the chance is Barraclough's," cried Cranbourne; then swinging round on Hippa he demanded, "What are the odds against him?"

"Steep," was the laconical rejoinder.

Cranbourne hesitated a bare second.

"Accept their terms," said he.

"In favor?"

"Of course in favor."

Nugent Cassis shook him by the sleeve.

"I am heartily opposed to their acceptance. It is absurd to suppose that Barraclough is unequal to the task we have set him."

"Against?" queried Mr. Torrington.

"Emphatically against."

When it came to Almont's turn to vote, his distress of mind was pathetic. He stood alternately on one leg and the other. He spoke of jolly old public-school traditions. He doubted if the dear old sportsman could endure the idea of being protected at such a cost.

"No, damn it all!" he concluded. "Why should we split the prize?"

"We can't juggle with men's lives," urged Cranbourne.

"It's insanity to wilt at the last moment," said Cassis.

Up went Lord Almont's hand.

"I vote against," he said.

Rather piteously Cranbourne appealed to his chief. As chairman of the board Hilbert Torrington's vote counted as two.

"It rests with you, sir," he said.

The old man nodded, and a queer smile played round the corners of his mouth—the smile of a pranky schoolboy.

"But surely," he said, "no one will doubt the course I shall take. One must always stand by one's colors. I accept the hazard. Against." He moved a pace or two forward and bowed to Van Diest. "Good evening, gentlemen."

(Continued on Page 62)

A barbarian husband

discovered, ages ago, how to start a fire. And at once commanded his wife to keep this home fire burning. From that day to this, thru many centuries of barbarism and civilization, woman has always been the fire-watcher. Even today in kitchens the world over, except where there is a "Lorain", woman watches the fire—lest it burn the food she is cooking for her husband and family.

Knows Her Cooking Will Be a Success

But how different in every kitchen where there is a "Lorain". There the housewife puts food into the oven and needs never look at it again until it is delightfully done and ready to serve. No fire-watching, no oven-slavery, no guessing, no worrying, no "unlucky days", no cooking failures. For "Lorain" controls all oven heats and controls them exactly; and whether the oven contains bread or cake—or even an entire meal of vegetables, meat and dessert, at one time—the housewife knows beforehand just when it will be done, and that it will be done perfectly. She never has to look.

Makes Good Cooks Better, All Cooks Happier

Some women like to cook, but to some cooking is drudgery. "Lorain" makes cooking delightful and sure, banishes all thought of drudgery, gives the family better food at less trouble to cook it, and makes good cooks better and all cooks happier.

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A Sweeping Success

RUGGED, long-wearing Aztec fibre keeps the new Fuller Broom *new*. For indoors or out-of-doors, it is a sweeping success. Well balanced, flexible, light in weight, with labor-saving features written all over it.

This broom gets hard-to-get-out dust and dirt from any surface—and without injury to the finest woven rugs. It will give you at least three times the service of an old-style broom.

Because it represents the first progressive step in broom construction for generations, we proudly brand it with the name "Fuller".

There's a Fuller Man in your vicinity who will call soon and show you this broom. Like all the forty-five Fuller Brushes, *it is not sold in stores.* This is your gain, for you may inspect it, handle it and have its economies and labor-saving features explained in your home!

The Fuller Man always wears the Fuller trade-mark button—your means of identifying him. The brushes—or brooms—he shows you always bear the Fuller Red Tip Tag and have the Fuller trade mark stamped on the handle. These assure you genuine Fuller quality.

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BRUSHES
—CELLAR TO ATTIC

Genuine Fuller Brushes carry this tag in addition to the trade mark. Look for both!

Fuller

He turned his face away

A BIG important order was at stake. The competition was close but the salesman thought he had the deal pretty well cinched. It looked easy.

In warming up to his closing argument he talked fast and edged a little closer to his prospect. *Then something happened.* The purchasing agent's expression changed. He turned his face away—and his attention, too! The interview terminated rather abruptly. The order went to a rival firm.

* * *

For months this salesman pondered the problem. He couldn't figure what had happened. Finally one day it dawned upon him. His wife was the one who helped him solve the mystery. No one else had the courage to be frank with him.

Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) had ruined the sale.

Halitosis, that invisible thing that retards many and many a man in business. Of course, halitosis may not be a pleasant thing to contemplate. Even your best friends will rarely tell you if you suffer this way. Yet that is the very reason why you should give it just enough thought every day to avoid it. Especially when the precaution is so simple and easy.

Doctors will tell you that nine out of ten persons suffer either now and then or chronically from halitosis (unpleasant breath). It may come from smoking, drinking, eating. It may be due to a disordered stomach, bad teeth, catarrh, lungs or some other organic disorder. If it is due to these latter causes, better see your doctor or dentist. Often, though, it is only a temporary thing and can be easily controlled by using Listerine regularly as a gargle and mouth wash.

By so doing you relieve your mind of worry and save your friends the embarrassment of an annoying condition that is too delicate for them to mention to you. (Yet they may avoid you for it.)

For over forty years Listerine has been known and recognized as the safe household antiseptic. 'Most every refined person has it in his bathroom.

But more than this, Listerine has wonderful properties as a combatant of halitosis. You will quickly discover its efficacy in this way and you'll enjoy the fresh clean taste it leaves about your mouth and teeth.

If you are not familiar with Listerine and its many uses just send us your name and address and fifteen cents and we shall be glad to forward you a generous sample of Listerine together with a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste sufficient for 10 days' brushings.

Address Lambert Pharmacal Company, 2151 Locust Street, Saint Louis, Missouri.

For HALITOSIS *use* LISTERINE

(Continued from Page 58

Until this moment no one had been conscious of Isabel's presence in the room. She had been a silent, agonized spectator, controlled by the belief that the value of persons would eventually be proved higher than the value of things. But the cold-blooded refusal to protect her lover at the price of a few paltry millions appalled her beyond bearing. She ceased to be a pretty child with a shock of curly hair, and was transformed into a veritable fury.

"You beasts, you brutes, you torturers" she cried. "You'd let them kill him without lifting a hand! You—you, oh!"

Van Diest and the American moved toward the door, but she barred the way.

"Pick up that telephone. You shall have your pr——"

"I can't think you command it," said Hipps.

"Can't you? Then listen. If you stop them—call off the men that are after him—you shall be told the map reference of the place where he found the radium."

There was a startled murmur from the company.

"He may have failed to get the concession. If that were so you'd have an equal chance. Will you call them off if I give you that?"

"But you can't, my dear," said Torrington gently.

"And even if you could you mustn't," snapped Cassis.

"Mustn't!" There was something magnificent in her scorn. "Why, I'd wreck the whole crowd of you for one sight of him. Here you." And she swung round on Ezra Hipps. "Write this down."

"Bluff," said he.

"D'you think I'd let the man I love carry a secret I didn't share? Write this down."

It was Van Diest who stepped forward with "I take her word. Go on."

"Brewster's Series Nineteen," cried Isabel. "Map Twenty-four."

Instantly a condition of chaos ruled. Cassis cried to her to stop for heaven's sake. Someone else exclaimed "That's European. It covers the northern area of ——" and "Go on! Go on!" Hipps was shouting.

To concentrate in the midst of such a din was almost impossible. She covered her ears, closed her eyes, to force memory of the words and the numerals that were to follow.

"Square F. North Twenty-seven. West Thirty-three."

"She's there!" cried Hipps, and whipped out a pistol to cover Cassis, who was making for the telephone.

"No, you don't! Stand away!" He picked up the instrument and gave a number. "That Phillips? Clear all roads."

It was all that Isabel wanted to hear, just those three words which meant one man's safety at the possible price of a mighty fortune. It meant nothing to her that the American was calling for "My man with a suitcase at Charing Cross straightaway. I hit this trail myself." She was not even conscious of a medley of voices in the street below—a series of cries and shouts—the blast of a police whistle.

All this was without meaning. Consciousness was slipping away and had almost deserted her when the door was flung open and Anthony Barraclough burst into the room. He stood an instant, chest out and with eyes feverishly bright.

"Sorry I'm late, gentlemen, but I've done the trick. This packet——" He rocked a little. "Gad, I believe I'm going to faint." He tottered forward into Isabel's arms and said, "It's you! How ripping!" That was all.

Cassis pushed forward with the words "Has he got it? Has he got it?"

"This is what you want, I suppose," said Isabel, and taking the letter case from his pocket threw it on the table. "He's fainted. Help me get him to his bed."

Doran and she half carried and half dragged him from the room.

No one was aware of Auriole, who had entered just behind and stood now with her back to the wall, biting her lip. After all, when a game is won, pawns are relatively of little importance, except to themselves.

"Signed? Registered?" said Van Diest.

Nugent Cassis held the crackling document before his eyes, a concession to millions, and he answered between his teeth, "Signed and registered."

"So," said Van Diest with unexpected control, "we lose—finish." But his hands trembled as he turned away.

Ezra P. Hipps did not desert his post at the telephone until he heard those words. Then he snapped viciously: "Say, cancel those orders, Phillips. Wash out the lot."

It was too ridiculous at such a moment to contemplate the price of victory, but that is precisely what Auriole did.

"And you've never asked never given a thought to the real man—the man who made it possible—who stayed out there on the road while ——" She bit back her tears and turned savagely on Hipps and Van Diest. "Oh!" she cried, "if anything has happened to him!"

But nothing had—if you discount a little discomfort, bravely borne. He walked into the room even as she spoke. Dirty, he was, disheveled and hollow-eyed, a very travesty of his former self. But there was a something in his bearing that fires of adversity had failed to rob of its temper. He entered with a swing, a certain jauntiness—a dash of *nonchaloir*—pushing his way through the group of astonished financiers in the doorway and marching up to Van Diest and the American with a very fine air of you-be-damned about the carriage of his head.

"Get out!" he said uncompromisingly. "And to-morrow morning I'm coming down to Charing Cross to see you off by the Continental."

They both addressed him simultaneously, and in very different tones from the ones he had grown accustomed to during the past three weeks. The word "check" figured largely in their proposals.

Richard Frencham Altar cut them short with "Check from you? No, thanks. I'll take the smallest coin in each of your countries to wear on my watch chain. It'll remind me of my dealings with two millionaires. That train goes at ten to-morrow morning."

Ezra P. Hipps happened to see the light in Auriole's eyes as he and Van Diest moved toward the door. It was quite unmistakable and, from his point of view, conclusive. He said nothing, however, and they passed out in silence.

It is probable that Hilbert Torrington also read a meaning in the girl's eyes, for he was very active in marshaling his forces for departure.

"I think, gentlemen," he said, "we might meet to-morrow to discuss our obligation to Mr. Frencham Altar—an obligation by no means covered by the small arrangements we made with him." He grasped Richard warmly by the hand and there was moisture at the corners of his eyes. "What a splendid boy you are," he said. "Lord, but youth and adventure is a wonderful partnership! It's been a great game—hasn't it? A real tough fight. Great fun. Good night."

Even Cassis had something nice to say before they took their leave and left the man and the girl together.

Then Richard looked at Auriole and grinned, perhaps because her expression was so desperately serious. "Couldn't you smile at a chap?" he asked.

She wrapped her cloak around her.

"You don't understand," she said. "Everything seems good to you at the moment—even me."

He shook his head whimsically.

"Don't say me that piece," he begged. "It sounds horrid. Where are you going?"

"I don't belong here," she answered.

"For that matter, neither do I, but I dare say I could extend my lease for another half hour, even though it did expire at eleven o'clock."

She came down and faced him.

"Listen," she said. "I don't want to be a nuisance to you and I won't be."

"You will be if you keep on going to that door."

"I don't even know your name, but if you look at me like that, with laughter in your eyes if you play the fool at such a time as this—how can I possibly keep my resolve?"

"What resolve?"

"To go away and never come back."

"Come here," said Richard Frencham Altar. "Come here at once."

"Oh, please," she pleaded. "Honestly, my dear, I'm not up to much and I know you are going to think I am. Oh, what are you going to do?"

This because his arms had gone around her and he had raised her chin to the level of his own.

"I'm going to start on the greatest adventure of all," he answered.

(THE END)

Oldsmobile

24th YEAR

The Twenty-Fourth Year Oldsmobile

For nearly a quarter of a century Oldsmobile has occupied a commanding position in public esteem. A pioneer in developing the industry that has altered so completely man's mode of travel, Oldsmobile has consistently increased its original prestige with each succeeding year.

But proud as its makers may be of past achievement, they take still greater pride in their present accomplishment—Oldsmobile for 1922.

Among the models which have won such universally high regard is the Oldsmobile Four Coupé. Here is in every sense a car de luxe—a model possessing those basic characteristics and ultra refinements typical only of the most costly cars—and yet so moderately priced as to call forth expressions of genuine amazement from casual observer and discriminating purchaser alike.

Trim, graceful and beautiful in line and finish—luxurious in upholstery and appointment—it still preserves that atmosphere of rich simplicity that is the invariable accompaniment of good taste and refinement. Although extraordinarily roomy for four occupants, the arrangement of seating space invites a sense of hospitable companionship.

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THE PRESIDENT'S FOREST

(Continued from Page 7)

such that actual railroad investigation of quasi or semi-official sort was made. That is to say, the story of this inaccessible but exceedingly interesting wilderness broke this fall. It chanced that I was in that country, with the director of national parks, at the time that passenger agents of the Denver and Rio Grande-Western and the Union Pacific railroads were below the head of steel and wondering where the head of steel eventually would lie.

The President's Forest is as good a name as any to give that Kaibab North Rim country. We have at present no working law and no precedent for the establishment or for the administration of such a perpetually intact national reserve. When Congress shall approach this matter—far stranger things have happened—it should be with no restraining partisanship, no bureau preferences and no prejudgment of any sort. The President's Forest, with its splendid wild life, should be put in precisely those hands best fitted to keep it as a wilderness, and not run it either as a woodlot or as a hurdy-gurdy country fair. This is a time and place for all party lines and all departmental and all bureau lines to be forgotten. Here is one place where we all ought to be patriotic Americans, high above all jealousy, open-eyed, open-hearted and open-handed. I am not willing to believe that any American public man will oppose the setting aside in perpetuity of this American Holy of Holies, under some form of administration that shall keep it holy. Soon it will be too late. The story has broken now. The eagles are gathering. We have not much time left. There never will be any time but now. This is the opportunity, forever unmatched.

Perhaps the simplest and most informing way to present the facts regarding this unknown land is to use the rather banal chronological fashion, telling a day-to-day story of actual happenings on an actual journey of investigation such as that just completed. In the story of personal experiences the impersonal truth sometimes best can be set out.

The approach to the Grand Cañon hitherto has been from the south, via a branch line built north from the Santa Fe Railway's transcontinental line. El Tovar, on the southern brink, familiar to thousands, practically has been the terminus of the branch line, and for most of us that means the Grand Cañon.

The Northern Approach

On the northern side the great city of Salt Lake must be regarded as the going-in point for the cañon. That, however, by no means signifies any railway touch with the cañon. A motor journey of about two hundred miles is necessary to reach the North Rim either from Lund, the nearest Union Pacific station, or from Marysvale, the branch terminus of the Denver and Rio Grande-Western. There is not much natural competition for cañon passenger traffic between the two railways, for almost invariably parties going in at Marysvale will go out at Lund, and vice versa.

On motor travel for two hundred miles we may as well count for a long time to come. There is a likelihood that the Union Pacific sometime, possibly soon, may build a branch south from Lund for about twenty miles or so, to a mineral deposit, but it would be a long jump thence to the North Rim, and over a country which is not new but old, and which perhaps is going just as fast as it is coming: although of course new industries and new discoveries do have a way of following the rails. Possibly the Denver and Rio Grande-Western may build on south to Panguitch. Of course, I do not speak for any railroad or any other interest, but to amateur observation it looks like a couple of new tires for safety first and two hundred miles of gas each way for the man who is to reach the cañon via Salt Lake City and the branches south, at any time now within industrial sight.

For my own part, I hope the northern approach will never be much easier than it is now. We need that fence on the north of the cañon. There lies the one American *terra incognita*. The fact that it is remote and unknown gives it its charm. It is a privilege, not a duty, to see it. Enough people will see it, anyhow—all who ought to see it, to wit: all who value it as a rare personal privilege. The difficulty of access gives it value. And eventually we must choose between the wilderness and luxury with convenience. When we develop a wilderness it ceases to be a wilderness.

The city of Salt Lake is a great and interesting one, albeit known no more than superficially by the average tourist. Not even so much as that can be said for all that vast, confused, topsy-turvy, painted country which lies for hundreds of miles, still practically unknown, in Southern Utah and Northern Arizona.

The proper way to approach that land of marvels is first to read the stories of the early transcontinental trails, especially the history of the great trek in 1847 and 1848 of the Latter Day Saints, who founded the Deseret Colony, now Salt Lake City.

There was ox-team expansion from Deseret. The natural routes for most of it held to the old Spanish paths and fur-trade routes, using the Sevier and Virgin river valleys. The railroads always looked into these old water routes. Our flight south by rail from Salt Lake to Marysvale, for instance, and the motor road thence to Panguitch and many miles below Panguitch, is up the valley of the Sevier River—not down it, but up, because, following the topsy-turvy habit of all that country, the Sevier River runs north, the wrong way.

The tidy little town of Marysvale, as far as we go by rail south of Salt Lake, is in this curious Sevier Valley which leads uphill into Southern Utah. You reach Marysvale after hours along the narrowed and now discolored little river between brown hills and flaming red scrub oaks and aspens of an unbelievably gay and brilliant yellow. Obviously, whether you have or have not read your history and your geology, you see that Marysvale, at the head of steel, is the dream door to yesterday.

Happy Panguitch

Yet the desert is edging in again. We are now in the great sheep belt of the United States. The acrid smell hangs over the trampled road to the shipping pens. Bands of sheep are seen grazing, and we meet a dozen sheep wagons on the road each day. Artists love sheep, but I am no artist. I regard him as a bird of ill omen. I would never build a railroad into a sheep country—he is linked with too many disappearing civilizations, such as those of Spain and Greece and Asia Minor. Certainly he is letting in the desert again for these two hundred miles. The hills are being swept bare. Sometime they will be absolutely bare. Then where will the sheep go? I don't know. Then on what will the inhabitants live? Answer: On tourists. The tourist is the bulwark of our Far West.

Perhaps one day the rails may advance southward, up the Sevier Valley and through Circle Valley Cañon, fifty-three miles from Marysvale to the older town of Panguitch. The country in its half century of use has reached pretty well its natural limit, and must discover something else. But, decked in its splendid autumn colors of blazing red and gay jaunty yellows, this certainly is one splendid natural approach to a scenic land.

Panguitch lies at 6666 feet elevation, is about sixty-six years old and has 1666 inhabitants. Unagitated and content, it rests in a country which looks just like New Mexico or Old Mexico. The old town itself might be any Kansas county seat, with its long main street shaded by rows of planted trees.

Panguitch has a daily newspaper, or one which would be a daily if it did not take a week or so to get it out. Editor Peters, of the Garfield County News, naturally was glad to see a party made up of the director of the national parks, the traffic manager of the D. & R. G. W. Railroad, the official photographer of the road, a faunal naturalist who was with Roosevelt in Africa and has been about everywhere else in the world. Editor Peters forevisioned construction gangs coming in at the head of the street. He gave us the keys of the city.

Editor Peters is an old circus man, and he has seen life and the world. He used to double in brass for Barnum & Bailey, but he wandered down in here, for reasons that some of us other earlier wanderers once could have understood. Like some others of us, he concluded to do the worst—and the best—thing in the world, namely, to start a paper. Having secured an outfit and a building he firmly drove into the wall a large nail, and thereon hung his alto horn.

"Once or twice some of the old circus men have heard where I am, and wan lered down in here to find me. 'Don't your feet ever itch?' they ask me. 'Oh, yes,' I tell them; 'sometimes my feet do get the old itch and I want to be moving on; but then I just take a look at the old alto horn, and quiet down. It represents a life's savings on the road—forty years, and all my pile.'

"But here I'm doing well and getting ahead," says Peters, of Panguitch. "Sure, I married a good woman and I've settled down. She sticks the type and I write the editorials. Come in—come in and see my place!"

We did so, all of a brilliant gentle October day. And because I began life as an editor on a Washington hand press in the topsy-turvy arid land far south of Panguitch and farther than Panguitch from any head of steel, I don't mind saying that in my belief Editor Peters, of the Garfield County News, is much closer to the Fortunate Isles than many of my friends who went to live in that actual desert on Manhattan Island. All our writers from towns which the big top used to make—have they really got much on Peters, of Panguitch, and his alto horn on the nail, and his wife placidly sticking the type? I don't believe they have; and I have tried both those deserts, New Mexico and New York.

Yet now came Hon. Stevemather—Anglice, Mr. Stephen T. Mather, director of national parks himself once a reporter on the New York Sun, and inquired what was the funny little iron dingus with a notch in the end. He didn't know a real shooting stick on a real imposing stone! The education of Editor Peters is more basic. He says he is getting ahead, now that he has hung up his alto horn. The saxophone does not sound in Panguitch. The Latter Day Saints always open their dances with prayer. I like to think that of Panguitch, lying contented under the blue sky. I shall like to fancy Editor Peters, some day when the galleys are up and the shooting stick has done its work, taking down his alto horn and breathing into it once more, after the opening prayer, gently, for sake of Lang Syne in the Fortunate Isles.

This way went wheeled traffic in 1848, 1849, 1850 and later. Old ladies still live in these parts who recall barefoot childhood days of trekking to the south in the early colonization times. Eight or ten miles a day, then. Now, passing through a beautiful and varied landscape, we do our fifteen or twenty miles an hour comfortably enough, en route to Bryce Cañon, twenty-five miles of a side trip to the southeast.

Bryce Cañon

It is only within the last ten years or so that anyone has heard of Bryce Cañon, so our traffic manager tells us, although his railroad has always eaten scenery as a steady diet. Yet it is one of the beauty spots of America and one of the true wonders of the world. In the opinion of many able men a tidy little Utah state park would be best for Bryce Cañon.

The vestibule to this new temple of marvels is called the Red Cañon. Now you see where erosion has buried the fallen years at the feet of the hills. You would stop the car a score of times to still the clamors of your camera. But good Cardinal Beam, the professional picture maker, has been here before. "Wait!" he says. "Bryce is not far. This is nothing."

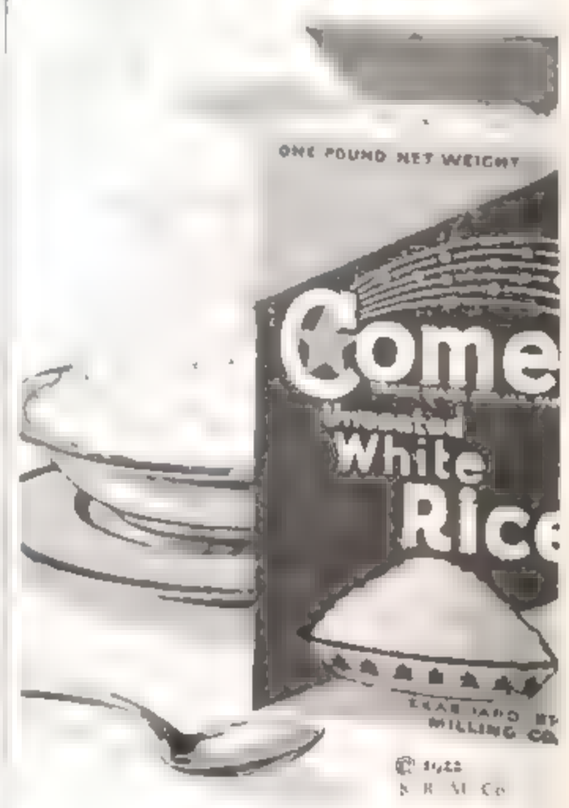
A cold crawls up your spine, to your shoulder blades, when you do come to the rim of Bryce Cañon. You turn away, troubled, because it is asked of you to give to others some idea of this country, and you now know you never can. Well, there is the Grand Cañon, everybody knows that. Bryce Cañon, so far as it goes, in vividness, in intimacy, has the Grand Cañon lashed to the foremast!

Bryce is a bonbon bowl full of vermilion and alabaster filigree candy to the very brim, red terra cotta, almost Pompeian in some places, capped very generally in others by dazzling white. There is some mysterious fire down below, lighting up all this red encillado, this drawn work of the goddesses done in red and white threads. There is a soft, veiled, trembling, radiating

(Continued on Page 69

Like Rice? Here is your dish

Comet Uncoated White Rice



YOU'LL never know how good rice can taste until you try Comet. And it's so nutritious for every member of your family—especially for the children. The little ones love heaping dishes of Comet Rice, for white rice makes pink cheeks.

The sealed, dust-proof package, pictured above, keeps it free from impurities from the time it is cleaned until it reaches your kitchen.

At all good grocers'—your grocer's. Look for the Comet on the yellow package with the red band.

COOK RICE RIGHT—*the Comet way*

HEAT 6 cups water, with pinch of salt, in large saucepan. When boiling violently, add slowly 1 cup Comet Rice. Continue boiling 20 minutes—or until grains are soft. Drain in colander, set on back of stove until grains fall apart. *Do not cover*—that makes rice heavy and soggy.

EAT BROWN RICE! Doctors recommend *whole* rice with the natural outside coating and vitamines retained. Highly nourishing. Try *Comet Natural Brown Rice.*

Seaboard Rice Milling Co.
Galveston and New York

Our Will

THE LIST on the opposite page means, when analyzed, a remarkable endorsement of Willard by the automobile industry. It means that Willard is successfully accomplishing the job which years ago it set out to do!

Of what does that "job" consist? In reality it is a *series* of tasks. In succession Willard has:

(a) Developed a long-lasting, low-cost storage battery;

(b) Established a great country-wide service organization to prolong the lives of *all* batteries;

(c) Produced, through continuous research, one improvement after another, culminating in:

(d) Willard Threaded Rubber Insulation, which lasts as long as the plates and prevents re-insulation expense.

As each of these self-appointed tasks has in turn been accomplished, the approval of the automobile industry has been unmistakably expressed—by making Willard Batteries standard equipment on a great and continually increasing number of the better cars and trucks.

A vote of confidence such as this might be misplaced—once. But consistent endorsement from the beginning of the industry until now can mean only one thing—a proven superiority which you as an individual car owner can not safely ignore when the time comes for *you* to buy a new battery!

In our minds the job has but begun. Willard service is constantly being developed—Willard research is going forward—Willard developments are continually being made—to give you, the user, the most miles of uninterrupted battery service per dollar of battery cost.

WILLARD STORAGE BATTERY COMPANY, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Made in Canada by the Willard Storage Battery Company of Canada, Limited, Toronto, Ontario

Job

Every one of the 191 car manufacturers using Willard Batteries as original equipment has now standardized on Willard THREADED RUBBER Batteries, paying *more* for them in order to give car owners the greatest possible measure of uninterrupted service per dollar!

Acason
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All-American
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American
American Beauty
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American LaFrance of Canada
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Apex
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Atco
Atterbury
Austin
Avery
Bell
Belmont
Bessemer
Bethlehem
Betz
Biddle-Crane
Bollstrom
Buffalo
Canadian Briscoe
Cannon Ball
Capitol
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Collier
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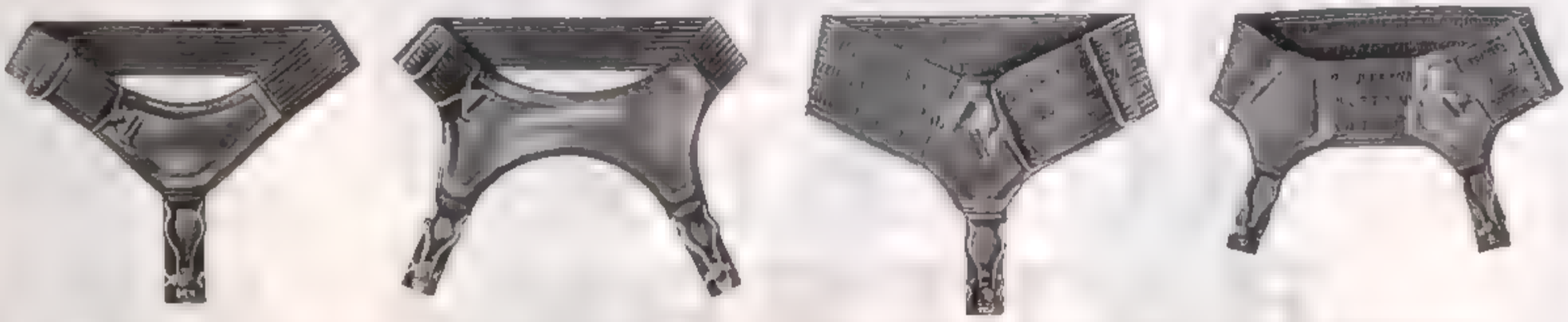

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NO METAL CAN TOUCH YOU

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(Continued from Page 65)

light which leaves the vision intimate and personal—the French word *intime* is best.

Only part of the great sunk amphitheater—it is something like eight hundred feet deep and lies very close up in its supernatural stained fretwork—was lighted in this mysterious way which seemed to make it radiate and glow of its own incandescence. Of course it varied with the sun. We stood like children, watching the clouds. "Wait! Wait now—here she comes!" The fleecy cloud would pass and the sunshine come. The light would crawl over the edge, reach out and down—and then all that unbelievable drop curtain of red lace would become again incandescent, radiant, throwing out light, red-hot backs of fluted columns getting afire from somewhere, the edges of screened images also taking fire from below and behind.

I am credibly informed that the sun rose on the following morning—I am rarely so suspicious about the sun or so eager to pry into its personal habits as to intrude when it is just getting up—and that the weird lighting went on from the other side of the amphitheater in the same way. But, by the way, if you wish to get an accurate idea of the mysterious luminosity, take a look at the autumn sun some evening, just as it drops, large and red, below the rim of the horizon, under some dark bank of cloud. There you have the same red glow which these pierced rock turrets show, and a sunset is easier to negotiate than a sunrise.

Our several parties united at the little town of Tropic, a couple of miles out into the flat valley below the mouth of Bryce Cañon, which is about as far from the rim via the horse trail. We had fifteen miles or so back from Tropic to our corner below Panguitch, and seventy-two miles from there to Kanab. We still had a hard though uneven road. Many washouts had left traces. We passed through perhaps a hundred square miles of sheep country, a third of which now is worn out, exhausted forever, in the belief of one observer. Here and there pink castellations thrust up far away on the horizon, and the hills were grim. But there was almost a solid farming settlement, for we were still in the irrigated valley of the Sevier.

Toward dark we did ten miles of cañon, crossed a summit of eight thousand feet, and skimmed over an unnoticed creekhead, making off the other way, to the west and south. This is one of the sources of the Virgin River, part of the old Mormon Road, part of the old Spanish Trail, part of the Road of the Fathers, partly Kit Carson's path between the Rockies and the Sierras in the days when Hector was not yet a pup. We swung far south and then around a vast promontory which comes down from the Virgin River back in beyond—and at last caught the lights of Kanab, ancient settlement of the Deseret colonization days.

Sheeped Country

An astonishingly comfortable hotel, meals astonishingly good—and the amazing people who had found and clung to and beaten this once savage and forbidding region of rock and sand. Simple, kind, hospitable, wonderfully well-informed in national affairs, practicing the simple virtues of an America now forgotten—now we knew we indeed were on a wonder journey. The best and most marvelous thing of it all is the people. Their hands are hard, they have worked and not hired, lived in their own homes and not rented flats. They wear beards and have seven sons.

It was much warmer at Kanab than at Bryce, for it is five thousand feet lower. We were now in a great bent arm of the painted mountains, one hundred thirty-five miles south of the railway terminus and seventy-nine miles below Panguitch, which one day may be the terminus. That Kanab itself will be reached by the rails seems to me unlikely. It lies still eighty-two miles from the North Rim, and thirty-one miles from the north edge of the great Kaibab Plateau, which carries our sought-for forest. The town itself, lying straggling and comfortable among its cottonwoods, is fifty-one years old.

The town clerk and treasurer took us down a back street to the edge of Kanab Creek. It is cut down seventy-five feet deep, the channel is seventy-five yards across. He explained:

"When I was a boy there was a pole bridge just below here, just a few poles laid across. In places a girl could jump across. I have seen pictures of the old pole bridge. Willows grew all along here, and there was a pasture meadow where the sage is now. That was forty years ago."

"But what made it wash this way?" we asked him; and he told us.

"Sheep, I suppose. You have come through two hundred miles of sheeped country. You see, our hills back in are grazed clean, and there is nothing to hold the rain or keep back a cloudburst. It all rushes down as though down a slate roof, and floods the streams in a torrent. All the country is washed out on the streams. It is worse below here—either dry beds or else floods."

"What's the answer? Where are the sheep to go next? What will happen?"

"There is no place for all of them to go," he replied. "The country can't support as much stock now as it once did. I've seen five thousand cattle on the meadows around here. There may have been seventy-five thousand or more, that centered on this water. Now I don't suppose the whole country can count five thousand head on seventy-five miles square."

"It looks as though you were past the peak?"

"It does look that way. Still, something always happens."

We turned away from this seventy-five foot gash the sheep perhaps dug in forty years with their teeth, and wondered what it could be that was to happen.

A Virgin Pine Forest

At Kanab we were at the last Utah settlement, only three or four miles from the state line. Our next town, Fredonia, seven miles away, was in Arizona, and here we left the irrigated lands and swung out, over rather bad roads, into the nearest approach to a desert we yet had found. There were no farms now to pay for a road, and it was seventy-five miles in a straight flight to the North Rim, without a settlement between.

But what could be this curious low black line which reached entirely across the horizon twenty miles south of us? It seemed to rise above the level plain a hundred feet or so. In reality its summit, farther in, is six thousand feet above our altitude of three thousand two hundred feet at Kanab, and our ascent was steady for around sixty miles.

Yes. We had found our great forest at last! The black line was the north edge of the great Kaibab Plateau.

How did it come here? What made this tremendous lofty plain? What covered it with trees? Here we were in the desert. We saw cactus, lizards. Yet yonder was a solid forest of pine! It is one more marvel in Topsy-Turvy land. Things here have no precedents.

But this was the great forest which for years we had longed to see. Beyond it is the Grand Cañon. Yonder was our Mecca. We turned away our eyes now from the colored mesa rims and roseate crags which thrust up far behind us and to the left, and settled down to driving. Now, soon trees began to straggle out and down to meet us. This was greasewood—and here were junipers, and at last piñon trees. And then, suddenly advancing, standing high above the agonizing cedars, there appeared all at once trees, real trees, great, splendid trees! We were in the President's Forest!

They were at first yellow pines, long-leaf, stately, vigorous, scattered as though in a splendid park, beautifully designed. There seemed to be no undergrowth at all—at first we did not reflect that sheep and cattle had been here. The grass was very short. There were no flowers. There were few young trees; indeed, none, it may be said. But the primeval forest, arrogantly beautiful, was closing in around us. Splendid—splendid.

Have you ever seen a virgin pine forest? Where would you go to find one now? Here is the greatest remaining pine forest of the United States.

Some Douglas fir, a little spruce, once in a while a side cañon with unspeakably brilliant aspens—a yellow not approached even in Upper Minnesota in the hardwood belt in fall—but for the most part at first the giant yellow pines, two feet, thirty inches in diameter. And although at first we did not think of the overpasturing which was the cause of this clean, well-kept look, we may thank the sheep for adding to the tidy look of things. And in this part of the forest—although I would not say the

(Continued on Page 72

Be More Careful

of your teeth—combat the film

This offers a test of a new way of teeth cleaning which means much to you and yours.

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They mean such cleansing, such protection as authorities now desire. Get this 10-Day Tube and see how much they mean to you and yours. Cut out the coupon now.

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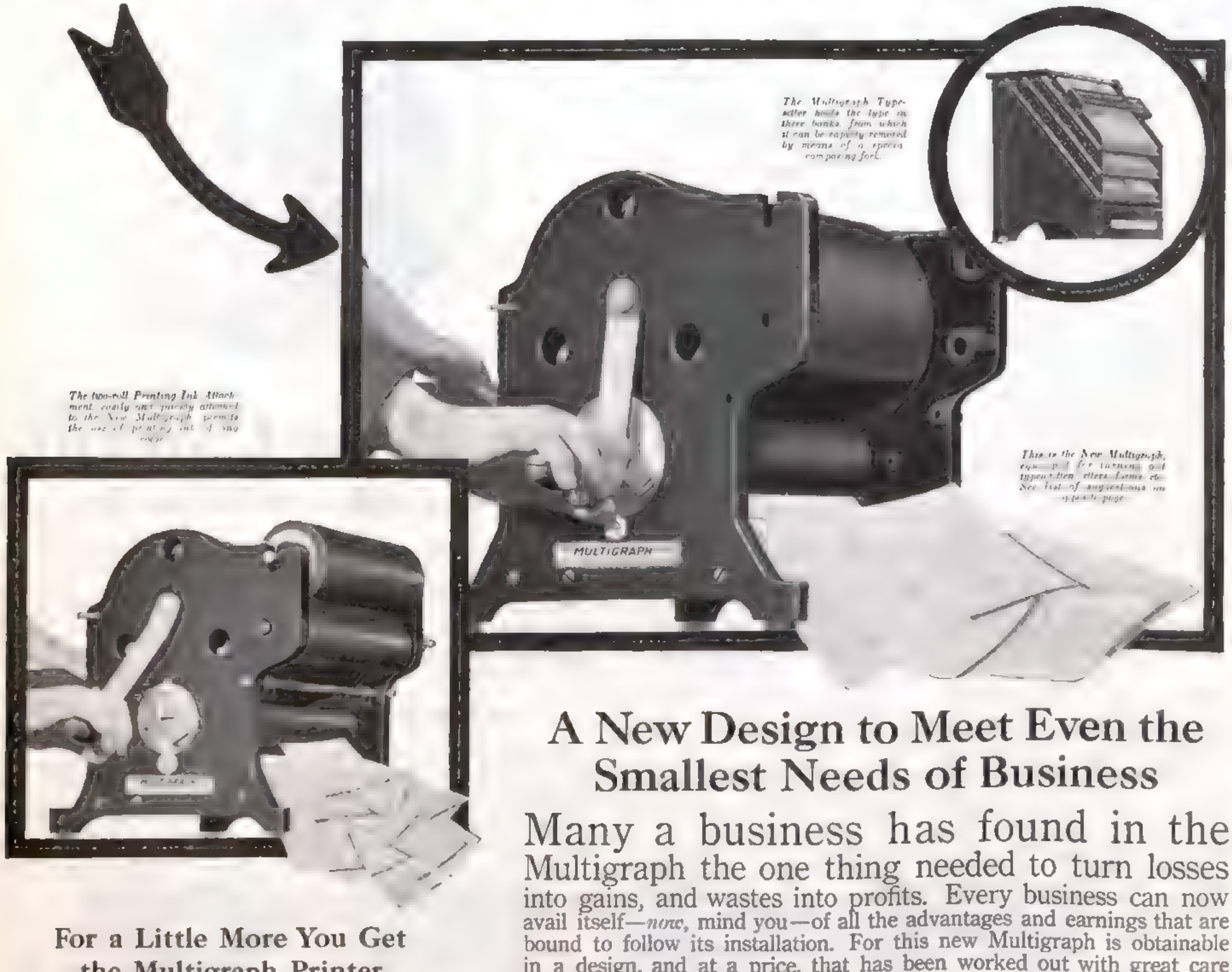
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A printing-ink attachment, specially designed to go with the New Multigraph, costs but $30.00 additional. You need not be a printer to use it; it is simple, non-technical, capable and reliable. It is not adapted to the big, fussy jobs; but it will do wonderfully satisfactory work, at much less than print-shop prices, on leaflets, folders, tags, price lists, envelopes, cards, enclosures, office forms, and the like. It is simple and easy to change the Multigraph from multiple typewriting to printing, or back again. One inking will run from ten to one hundred copies, depending upon the character of the form.

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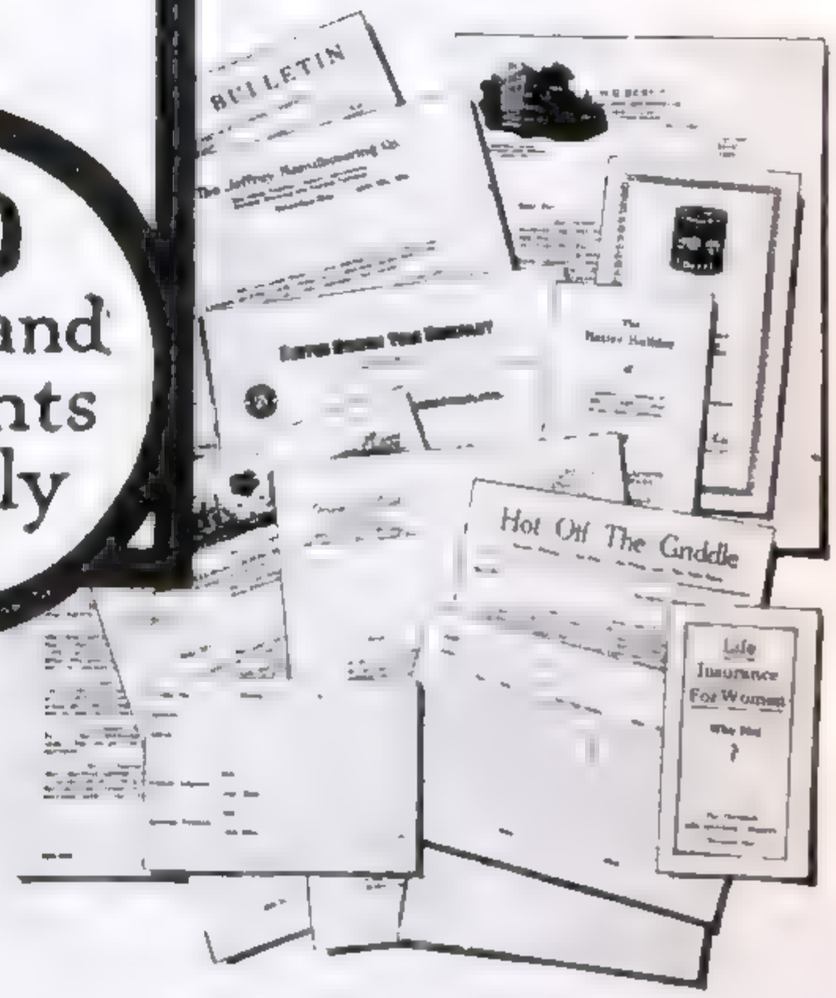

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No one has ever counted up all the different ways in which the Multigraph has brought actual profits to its owners. But out of the thousand and one ways in which it earns, there are surely a dozen in which it could earn for *you*. And out of as many ways in which it saves, there are surely as many more by which you could again profit. The Multigraph is a *constructive* force in business; it is not merely an economy, a *money-saver;* it is a *profit-producer,* also.

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Here are a few of the more usual businesses that can and do use the Multigraph. The fact is that most businesses can use the Multigraph with great profit.

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Banks
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Coal and Coke Dealers
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Dairies and Creameries
Drug Stores
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Ice Companies
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Packers
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Vehicle Dealers, etc., etc.

How Do They Use It?

Here are a few of the things the Multigraph is used for—but the list is long enough so that you are sure to find in it suggestions of what you could use it for yourself.

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Circulars
Enclosures in Packages
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Selection of this equipment for the largest office building in Toledo was based on the demonstrated economy and efficiency of Haughton geared elevators for passenger installations.

THE HAUGHTON ELEVATOR & MACHINE CO.

TOLEDO, OHIO

(Continued from Page 69)

sheep ate up the fallen trees—there was almost no down timber at all. There are no flowers in October, if ever, but aside from that as a forest I have never seen one so beautiful.

We rapidly were rising now, but our speedometer showed twenty, twenty-five, thirty, thirty-five miles an hour. We could have done fifty the hour if we had liked. We were on the best wild road in the world. The soil was dry, with enough fine gravel to give good tread. Mile after mile past many thoughtful fire warnings which told us we were in a forest reserve—we sped on. A great exhilaration came to us as we swept on up, in and into the high sweet air. The scent of the pines came to us. We saw balsam, spruce. The blaze of the aspens painted the hillside lazily, as the artist has liked. We were alone—the world was gone. It is to-day. But we were in the yesterday of our country.

Ours are not ox-drawn wheels. The gas engine is here. A new age of transportation is at hand. But this was America of old. We were here, all of us, in some professional capacity—to look into, perhaps to develop it; to examine, perhaps to exploit it. And it was the last real wilderness in the United States.

What should we do? Could we deliberately decree death and desolation for these silent, splendid cloistered glades? Should we bring sawmills here? Should we ruin this? Some of us went very silent. It was a question which went to one's conscience.

Printed statements that there were twenty thousand black-tail deer in this forest, and five thousand mountain lions, made Edmund Heller, our naturalist, laugh in amusement over the ignorance of those making them. But Hon. Stevemather also heatedly insisted that here we should see the Kaibab squirrel, the famous white-tailed squirrel found nowhere else. Forsooth, we made merry jests with the director over his pet squirrel.

I never expected to see a white-tailed squirrel any more than I expected to see a purple cow or a pink deer. As to the latter, I was superciliously sure, as an old deer hunter, that even if there were thousands of them we should not see any in the middle of the day, right along by a motor road.

"Oh, yes, we shall," said Harold Bowman, our driver who lived in Kanab but had met us at Marysvale. "We always see them. Sometimes a man will see two or three hundred deer in a day. Squirrels—not so many, but we're apt to see a few almost any time now."

White-Tailed Squirrels

Sure enough, we passed a placard on a tree: "Range of white-tailed squirrel." And sure enough again, the forest service made good on its sign in less than a quarter of a mile! Came a flash of white from under a fallen tree, and there crossed our road a smallish dark animal with a spectacular white banner over its back. It was the Kaibab whitetail, right enough—like a gray squirrel, I think, with tufted ears; not so large as a fox squirrel, rather the size of a small gray squirrel, I should think; but with a splendid white tail, snow-white and disproportionately large as it seemed to us.

Another was seen almost at the same time. We put one up a pine tree—they are a true pine squirrel and live on the cones or perhaps on piñon nuts—and examined it the best we could in its lofty station. Later we saw yet another, drifting ghostlike across the woods; and still another, making four in all that day.

In truth, we faunal naturalists had to resort to jests to cover our own discomfiture. For one, I supposed that, although their numbers had been enormously exaggerated, there must be some deer in the region, but I was openly skeptical of seeing any. "Oh, yes, we'll see some," repeated our guide quietly. And we did. To be exact, we saw that day along the road sixty-nine deer, in seven different bunches, twenty-one being the largest bunch. Many told us they had seen three hundred in one band on one of the meadows of an evening. A young man who came into our camp said he had seen one hundred on the V. T. park the evening previous. On our return journey we saw seventy-two, in widely scattered bunches. No doubt, in the two different days, we counted some of them a second time; but there is, without any doubt or question, a large body of mule deer in that forest. The forestry estimate of 1917 says ten to fifteen thousand deer. That is a lot of deer. Yet Uncle Jim Owens, the famous lion hunter, who has spent many years in this forest, told me he thought there might be twelve thousand deer now on the mountain—meaning in the Kaibab Forest, some fifty-five by twenty-five miles in extent. Another man, not of our party, counted twenty-five deer one morning. We saw them or heard of them all the time. President Roosevelt, who hunted here in 1913, speaks of the many deer and of their grand antlers. All these deer were astonishingly tame.

Of course, this being a forest preserve, permits have been issued for many years allowing cattle and sheep men to graze stock in the forest. This practice in some measure conflicts with the idea of a game refuge, and although the deer have increased they are now up to the very edge of the support for them, and the present use of this range means ruin for stock and game alike.

The cattle we saw were in very poor condition. We thought the deer also were in very low flesh, though now it was the time of blue coat. It is admitted—and any stockman tourist cannot fail to see it, anyhow—that this forest is very badly overpastured—so much so that the grazing permits have now no value, and it is a losing venture to range cattle there.

Mr. Marshall's Offer

We did not see any sheep, but I understand from unofficial sources that about six thousand head are now on the forest I think more toward the north end, where the forest floor is so bare. Uncle Jim Owens said there had been over twelve thousand head of cattle on the forest and he thought almost that many were there now. Supervisor Roak said five or six thousand. Others estimated about nine thousand. Mr. Marshall, president of the Grand Cañon Cattle Company, says he once had in fourteen to fifteen thousand head, but has only about four or five thousand head now, which cost him as much to run as three times that many would.

The range is, by all the local men who know of it, admitted to be so far exhausted that cattle now do not feed or breed well on it, as once they did. Of course a deer can and does get along with a fifth of the grass a cow must have, for a deer browses on buds also.

Mr. Marshall—who is a cattleman of other large holdings, living in Los Angeles—when the matter of making this forest a perpetual sanctuary was placed before him, expressed his full approbation and said he never would stand in the way of it.

"I'll take all my cattle out now," said he. "The only condition would be that no other permits should be issued for other cattle to go in if I took mine out."

It would not seem that any great difficulty would exist over the grazing problem. The truth seems to be—unwelcome as such a truth must be—that a great deal of Southern Utah and Northern Arizona has been grazed down nearly or quite beyond recovery.

"The mountain ought to have every head of stock taken off for at least four or five years, or it's gone," said one man. In my own conviction four or five hundred years would be much better.

The one great and outstanding point to be made and remembered is that nothing is gained and no problem is solved, either by cutting or by grazing down to its last inch any one of these public forests which the stockmen so eagerly covet. Leave the stockmen of to-day alone, give them what they ask, and you and they only get ruin for an answer. In this I make no criticism of the forest service, and certainly I carry no brief for the national-park service. A very long study of the American out-of-doors leaves me of the conviction that if we ever do preserve this, our last and noblest wilderness, we shall need to create some entirely new agency to administer it. For that reason I feel with all my heart—and in this I do speak for very many others, and am not opposed by the national-park service—that we ought to create the President's Forest, and put it for administration in hands agreed upon not after a bureau fight but after a departmental parley and joint decision. An easy thing to do, and a glorious one.

So at least we have trees in our forest, and strong fences for it, and thousands of

(Continued on Page 75)

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Oh Boy!
If pipes could talk,
good old Velvet
would fill 'em all
Velvet
the aged in the wood pipe tobacco
You know what that means
mild and mellow

(Continued from Page 72)

deer in it—deer which even now need more feed than they can get if the cows and sheep stay in. Also, we have lions for our park—not five thousand lions, if you please, gentlemen, and not five hundred; but a lot of lions.

As there has been much talk about the cougars of the Kaibab Plateau, and as such wild stories have gone out about them, I was at much pains to go into that question carefully. The best source of information is Uncle Jim Owens, the government hunter, who guided Colonel Roosevelt in 1913, and who spent ten years hunting lions on a salary. I sent out for Owens and arranged a meeting at Fredonia, where he remained overnight and had a long talk with me. He is seventy-two years of age, and was born in San Antonio, Texas, going on the cow range early. He was buffalo guardian in Yellowstone Park for two years, and came down in here with Buffalo Jones, who with another man had some buffalo. Owens has an interest in the remaining herd, and Mr. Marshall, of the Grand Cañon Cattle Company, also has a one-third interest in them. There ought to be about eighty-two head of the buffalo now, over in east of the forest. There are wild horses in the east also, fifteen hundred or more.

"When I came in here I went on as a government lion hunter," said Uncle Jim Owens. "I don't hunt much now. From 1906 to 1921 I killed about six hundred and three lions. I have it set down in a book. I killed eighty in one winter. I hunted about four days to the week. I have killed fifteen lions in one day—but that was in getting hold of a lot of little ones in the dens. I never poisoned any.

"I worked for the forest service nine years. I have, in all sorts of my hunting, killed over six hundred lions on the Buckskin Mountain. I have killed almost as many on Sevier Mountain, in Pine Valley, and so on—I think about eleven hundred fifty lions in eleven years. I would average a hundred in a year, all hunting counted in. For ten years I hunted on a salary. I was out as guide for one party of Boston men, six of them, for eleven months. We hunted as far south as the Mogollons and killed one hundred and twenty lions. Is it a record? I don't know."

The Colonel's Moderation

"I have once killed the lions all down on the mountain. In 1908 I hunted forty days and did not find a track, but they came back in again. My hunting range was about a hundred miles square.

"The mountain is the best game country left. The cows and sheep now are starving in there. The range situation is really serious. I have seen fourteen or fifteen thousand deer on the mountain—I think about thirteen thousand were there last fall.

"How many lions are there left now on the mountain? I should say not over one hundred now. Yes, we got them pretty well cleaned down.

"I've been out with a good many men, but Colonel Roosevelt was the best of them all. He only killed one lion; he didn't want to shoot at all. The boys killed three or four."

A simple, kindly, gentle old man, Uncle Jim. Slight and gray, he weighs only one hundred thirty-eight pounds. He has the thin features, the small blue eye, of the typical Southern plainsman. Everybody loves Uncle Jim. He spoke very quietly and directly.

Supervisor Roak says there are three hundred lions left. Ambrose Means, a professional, says there may be one hundred and fifty. Dunham, the professional who now is doing most of the killing, puts his estimate within these extremes. He has killed forty lions in a season himself. You will hear all sorts of stories about lions and about Uncle Jim's killings of them. For instance, the United States predatory-animal inspector, George E. Holman, of Salt Lake City, in a letter of September 29, 1921, gave certain estimates which may or may not be thought ex parte, but which discredit the big lion figures which have been current.

But Uncle Jim did not turn in all his lion hides. He sold a good many south, at Williams. He did not kill all his lions while hunting on a salary. His own testimony is positive and not negative.

But now, starting at deer and squirrels, our story unavoidably widely digressed while covering the game situation. The reader will suppose no time at all to have elapsed. The road continued marvelous. The forest remained magnificent. And so, at last, crossing a wholly imaginary line, we pulled in at the most northerly extension of the Grand Cañon Park, the North Rim park-ranger station. Here we met Head Ranger White Mountain Smith, whom I knew at Yellowstone Park. He lives at El Tovar, but had walked and ridden the thirty miles across the cañon to meet the party and look after the men who were to winter here and keep the five thousand lions from biting off the suspension bridge. Mr. Inglis, of El Tovar, was also over, on foot, and had been thirteen and a half hours on the trail.

A Good Tradition

This was at Uncle Jim Owens' old one-room cabin, where Theodore Roosevelt and his sons slept, as he tells in the leading chapter of his volume, A Booklover's Holidays in the Open—lucid and informing as that writer's outdoor books always were.

From the ranger cabin on to the Wylie camp, this year established as the only hostelry on the North Rim—at Bright Angel Point, it is—the distance is only two and a half miles. But as many things were to happen for us here on the great and little-known North Rim country, it might be well just to offer, out of honor to the first President of the United States who set foot on the President's Forest—I hope he may not be last by many, very many; hope it may become a national tradition that each President must visit this Forest of America—a few paragraphs that will tell how the country impressed one good observer:

> Across the lonely wastes the sun went down. The sharply channeled cliffs turned crimson in the dying light; all the heavens flamed ruby red, and faded to a hundred dim hues of opal, beryl and amber, pale turquoise and delicate emerald; and then night fell and darkness shrouded the desert.

Of his hunting we need say nothing. The vast panorama was his delight. He tells of the cañon toward Lee's Ferry:

> The trail edged in toward the high cliffs as they gradually drew toward the river. At last it followed along the base of the frowning rock masses. Far off on our right lay the Colorado; on its opposite side the broad valley was hemmed in by another line of cliffs, at whose foot we were to travel for two days after crossing the river.
>
> The landscape had become one of incredible wildness, of tremendous and desolate majesty. No one could paint or describe it save one of the great masters of imaginative art or literature—a Turner or Browning or Poe. The sullen rock walls towered hundreds of feet aloft, with something about their grim savagery that suggested both the terrible and the grotesque. All life was absent, both from them and from the fantastic barrenness of the bowlder-strewn land at their bases. The ground was burned out or washed bare. In one place a little stream trickled forth at the bottom of the ravine, but even here no grass grew—only little clusters of a coarse weed with flaring white flowers that looked as though it throve on poisoned soil. In the still heat "we saw the silences move by and beckon."
>
> As the afternoon wore on, storm boded in the south. The day grew somber; to the desolation of the blinding light succeeded the desolation of utter gloom. The echoes of the thunder rolled among the crags, and lightning jagged the darkness. The heavens burst, and the downpour drove in our faces; then through cloud rifts the sun's beams shone again and we looked on "the shining face of rain whose hair a great wind scattereth."

Here passed Theodore Roosevelt, book in hand more often than rifle. He camped along the rim. Some of our party were to sleep under the same cleft rock where he was encamped. It ill becomes one to write anything close on the words of the first President of this republic to see this forest; the first to preserve it and to value it.

It ought never to be called Roosevelt Forest or Roosevelt Park, nor named after any individual President. But it ought to be called the President's Forest. It ought to be made so and kept so—forever.

Presidents come and go. Directors and superintendents come and go. The Grand Cañon remains.

Together with this splendid wilderness to the north the Grand Cañon can be and it should be set apart forever, to remain unchanged and uncheapened in its august beauty forever—the most magnificent heirloom any nation ever gave to her children.

Editor's Note—This is the first of two articles by Mr. Hough. The concluding article will appear in an early issue.

"Between the dark and the daylight,
When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour."
Longfellow

The Children's Hour
is not complete without a

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PLAYER PIANO

This fine instrument appeals to the children because it is so easy to play

It appeals to everyone because of its beauty of tone and of design—its durable worth—and because it is priced within reach of every home

There are many things found only in the Story & Clark Player Pianos that make them superior. The Story & Clark Imperial Player Action—of which their Automatic Tracking and Transposing Device is a part—is conceded to be of the very finest grade manufactured

Write for booklet describing the designs and for the name of nearest dealer

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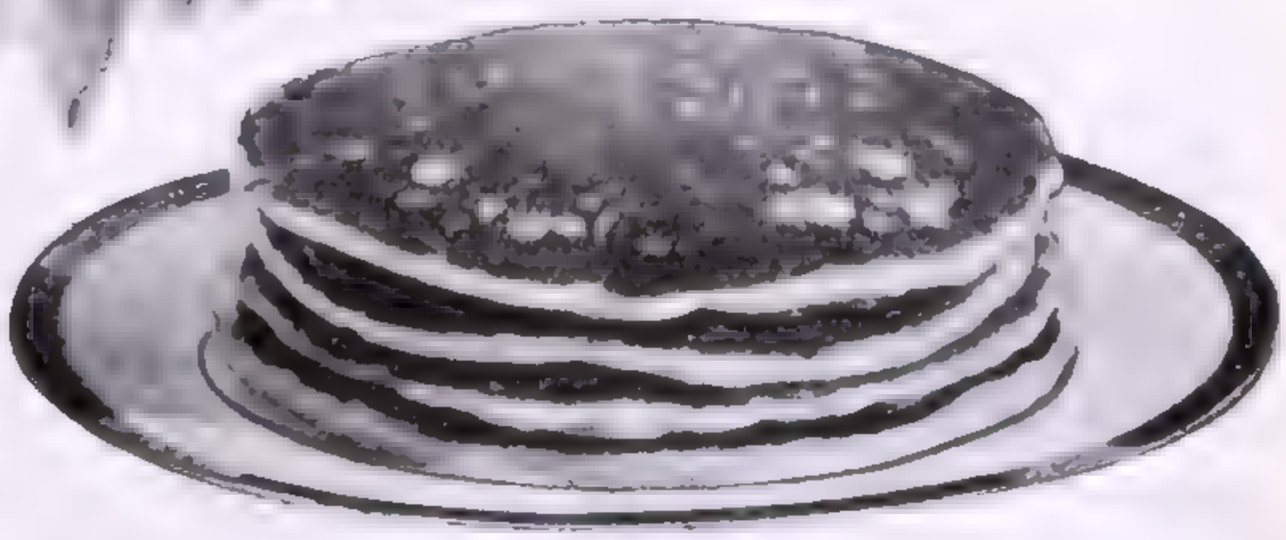

In the Aunt Jemima Test Kitchen

where pancakes are made every 5 minutes

—just to make sure that you will have perfect success every time you use ready-mixed Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour

Wonderful machines in the Aunt Jemima Mills mix with the choicest of cereals, finely ground, the powdered milk and other ingredients of Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour.

But the chutes that carry the flour from them do not go "bee line" to the packaging room; they lead through a corner of the Test Kitchen.

Here, every five minutes, a little of the flour is taken out and women whisk up fresh batter for the final griddle test. Aunt Jemima Pancake Flour must meet this final test of uniformity and quality—

—so that when you buy it in the famous red packages you are *sure* to have perfect pancakes every time.

You can't make a mistake, for all you have to do is mix in water, or sweet milk if you prefer, and pop your batter onto the griddle.

Simply this—for pancakes wonderfully light and tender, and surpassingly rich with the real old-time Southern flavor.

To save time and labor and money always get *Aunt Jemima* Pancake Flour. Your grocer has it or can easily get it for you. Also Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour (in the yellow package) which makes delicious buckwheat cakes *every time*.

Reg U S Pat Off

"I'se in town, Honey!"

Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

With any package of Aunt Jemima Pancake or Aunt Jemima Buckwheat Flour, you will receive instructions (printed on the top or on slip enclosed) telling just how to get the jolly Aunt Jemima Rag Dolls

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AUNT JEMIMA PANCAKE FLOUR

THOMAS ROBINSON SEES LIFE

(Continued from Page 9)

"I am a good actress," she said solemnly. "I really am. But they've forgotten me."

"Then we must make them remember you." He spoke as if they had formed a partnership. Miss Hack looked tremulously at him, and the tears which she had until now successfully kept back rose in her pale blue, tired eyes.

"Now let's think things out," Thomas Robinson began, very masterful and grown-uppish. "But first, do you want that twenty dollars of mine?"

She shook her head.

"Because you can have it, you know. Anyhow, we'll go out to-morrow and see what can be done about getting you a job."

"But you've nothing to do with the theater," half whimpered the lady.

"I have now," replied Thomas Robinson with great suavity. To tell the truth the thing was going to his head a little. "I consider it intolerable," he went on, "that an artist of your caliber should be kept off the American stage. It's simply not to be brooked."

She laughed a little and wiped her eyes.

"You haven't really got a plan, have you?" she asked.

"Nothing beyond thinking that it would perhaps be nice for you to be in that play Miss Loftus is to be in. You'd have a friend, you know."

"So would you," remarked Miss Hack, but not really acidly.

The following morning at noon a young gentleman upon whose person and costume incredible care had been expended appeared in the waiting room at Mr. Klaubert's office in West Forty-third Street accompanied by a lady in a black lace picture hat. The room was, as usual, partly filled with nondescripts patiently waiting. That appeared, indeed, to be their profession—to wait and ultimately be told to come back to-morrow and again hope to see the great man.

"Will you wait?" asked a young lady in charge languidly.

Thomas Robinson leaned confidentially towards her.

"No," he said in a low voice, "I don't believe I will. What I came about is very important, and it's got to be settled at once, because I'm lunching at the Ritz at one sharp. It's only my own feeling about it of course; but I think you ought to take in my name to him right away."

Miss Lenore Uppmanstein was about to reply with some acerbity, but the young gentleman adjusted a pearl in his cravat with such ease and smiled at her so pleasantly that she hesitated a moment.

"If I wasn't lunching and if the matter wasn't awfully important I'd like to wait," he said even more confidentially. "You know I would."

For an instant she lowered her eyes before his agreeable blue ones.

"Does Mr. Klaubert know you?" she faltered.

Her visitor's eyes opened in innocent surprise.

"That's his affair, not mine, isn't it? I should hope he did."

It may be guessed that young Mr. Robinson knew quite well how preposterously he was behaving. But it was sort of fun, like being in a magazine story that you made up as you went along.

"Mr. Klaubert is really engaged. He's dictating letters."

"Well, I don't want to dictate to him in any way. After all," he turned and remarked to Miss Hack, "we can perfectly well take the proposition somewhere else."

He observed his companion. Perhaps hard years had broken her spirit. But she had not played in comedy for nothing.

"After all," she replied, "it's his loss, isn't it, not ours?"

"I don't altogether agree with you," remarked Thomas Robinson. His tone was low, but not so that Miss Uppmanstein could not overhear. "We thought that he was the best man for us. I don't like—but of course we can't wait ——"

He took out the quite good flat gold cigarette case, an appointment quite worthy of a young prince.

"All right," said the guardian, yielding at last, "I'll go in and see him. Does he know what it's about?"

"Not in the least," answered Thomas Robinson with the greatest cheerfulness. "I hoped it would come to him as a delightful surprise."

"You're a good actor," murmured Miss Hack a moment later when they had been left comparatively alone. "I said so the first thing."

"I came in, Mr. Klaubert, to arrange about Miss Hack's appearance under your management—in The Night Owl, if that has a part that she would be willing to accept."

Mr. Klaubert stared at him from under beetle brows.

"Do you mind my smoking a cigarette, sir?" asked Thomas Robinson.

"You must smoke something stronger than cigarettes," was the retort. "Tell me, my boy, where do you get that came-in-to-arrange stuff?"

"I made it up myself," answered the boy, "just to get in to see you of course. Listen, Mr. Klaubert; I did it because Miss Hack is really one of the best actresses in America, and from everything I hear you are one of the best managers—and you ought to get together."

"You're a fresh kid all right," remarked Mr. Klaubert; yet a faint smile of amusement passed over his face.

Thomas Robinson's knees had really been knocking together. Now for a moment he ceased to fear that they were audible.

Beetlebrow looked at Celeste.

"Haven't I seen you before?" he demanded.

"Never—in here," she retorted, plucking up some courage from her companion's insensate folly, "but I've been in that outside waiting room of yours enough."

"Well, someone has to be there, I suppose," he answered. "I know it's tough. But I can't find places for everybody who wants to act. I've got one part of an old woman in this play and ——"

Thomas Robinson interrupted him.

"Miss Hack only wants one part." He smiled ingratiatingly.

"You're a modest, shrinking kind of a fellow, aren't you? What I was going to say was that I had already had twenty applications for the part."

"It's the same old story," and Miss Hack wilted into her earlier beaten state.

"He doesn't say he's engaged anyone yet, and you're the best of the lot, so the chances are he's going to engage you."

Thomas Robinson's knees began to weaken again, but he went bravely on.

"What have you done?" asked Mr. Klaubert of Miss Hack, paying no attention to her companion's interruption. And she told him.

"Help!" he cried at last. "Enough! Why don't you let it go at that," he continued with cruel cheerfulness, "instead of worrying me to add another rôle to your repertory?"

"I suppose I will," she half sighed. "Nobody wants anything but youth nowadays."

"Is it my fault?" snapped Klaubert. "It's the public's. There are plenty of parts for fresh kids like this."

"You haven't offered me one, I notice," observed Thomas Robinson, with a carefully calculated flippancy; carefully calculated, because under his gay exterior in his heart he felt chill defeat.

"Are you an actor?" The man behind the desk squared around as if attacking our young friend.

"No, I'm not," replied Thomas Robinson; and then in a sudden and unexpected flash of anger, "I don't believe I would want to belong to such a profession—where you get treated as badly as Miss Hack does."

And then he added, bowing ironically—indeed, his grown-uppishness surprised even himself—"Of course I should much prefer being a manager to being an actor."

You might expect Mr. Klaubert to have been annihilated by this. Instead he grinned rather appreciatively.

"Good stuff, that," he remarked. "I believe you could act. Think I'll try you. I've got the part of the flip kid with a serious moment in this show. Think I'll put you in. What d'you say?"

"Do you really mean it, sir?" The boy was, in spite of himself, trembling—trembling inside of course.

"Sure!"

"Is it in Miss Loftus' play?"

"You're her younger brother. Yes, I think you kiss her once—if that's what you mean."

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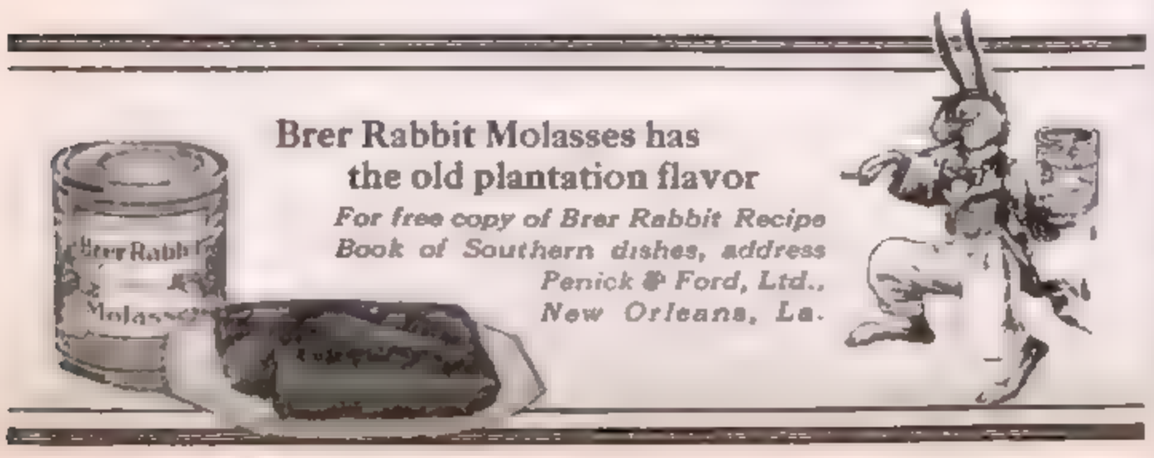

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Just how he was to manage to enter Harvard and simultaneously become an actor, just what his family would think, and so forth, Thomas Robinson did not stop to consider. If you go forth for an adventure you must be ready to go forth with it, as it were. Especially if in the process you are going to kiss an actress, which of course is a thing presumably requiring careful and constant rehearsal.

The glittering lure of the theater was again about to capture youth. And then suddenly Thomas Robinson saw the abyss of treachery upon the brink of which he stood. He pulled himself together. His head was held higher, his eyes seemed to deepen in color and to send forth the most agreeable flashes. We have before now been called upon to note the way in which generous emotions improve the appearance of the young.

"Mr. Klaubert," announced Mr. Robinson, "Miss Hack and I accept engagements together, not separately."

"I don't get it." The great manager had the air of being genuinely confused. "What is Hack to you?"

"A total stranger," answered Thomas Robinson. "It's only—don't you see?—that if she's unemployed she can't very well sleep on a bench in Bryant Park, while I could, I suppose. I should think, sir, you'd be ashamed of yourself to offer me, a rank amateur, a part while you refuse one to a lady who has so long and honorable a record."

Thomas Robinson paused in his tirade. Of course he was no longer the simple, ingenuous creature he was at, say, eighteen. The next speech, he would himself admit, was made entirely for effect.

"Of course," he finished with a suddenly languid and detached air, "I was considered an extremely good actor at the private theatricals at Southampton."

He then started to light a cigarette. It just had to be done, to make the picture of ease and worldliness perfect. The great thing about saying anything entirely for effect is that it should have an effect. It is pleasant for a sincere admirer of Thomas Robinson to record that everything worked this time.

"You sure do put it over!" acknowledged Mr. Klaubert. "I engage the pair of you."

The story, up to now, has been, it is hoped, rich in incident. Now it becomes introspective and analytical, like, shall we say, the works of the great Russian novelists. It probes—as the literary critics would say—the soul of Thomas Robinson.

Of course there is a wealth of material and incident one could write about. There are the rehearsals and all the odd types. There were the explanations given to his parents of his continuous metropolitan activities—really you might almost call them lies, since it was his idea to say nothing at all about the stage début towards the end of September of a hitherto unknown young actor named Robinson, whose immediate success would make the idea of his entering Harvard in October quite preposterous.

There is, too, the whole affair of rehearsing the kissing of Miss Lillie Loftus. How well it went at first and how badly it went later, after a handsome swine named James Tiffany, who played the part of her lover not wisely but too well, had probably induced Lillie—it had at one time got to that with Thomas Robinson—to tell the author that she thought the kiss with her brother in the play—might as well be cut out.

It is so absurd that any woman should not want to kiss Thomas Robinson, if by hook or crook she could get a chance to, that the only thing to do is to dismiss Miss Loftus from the story as quite unworthy of a place in it. And yet there had been one odd evening when, as the company were leaving Brian Hall, where they had been rehearsing, Lillie suddenly kissed Thomas and then as suddenly pushed him away, saying he was a silly, nice kid and no good to her, and that he'd better go home to bed. We understand the episode just about as little as did Thomas Robinson. But what it probably means is that when the lady who is destined to vamp you comes along you'll be vamped, and not before.

Unlike Miss Loftus, Miss Celeste Hack remains in our story. Is she not, perhaps, our story? She seemed to get along all right in the company, and sometimes she and Thomas Robinson went out for a snack together at the Royal Lunch Room near by. She continued to wear the most tawdry, preposterous clothes; she was mad especially about cheap fringe. So that it was really rather a proof of being a gentleman to be willing to go out with her.

We have not tried very hard to make Miss Hack an attractive figure, because she is not an especially attractive figure. That is one reason why it was said earlier that this story might perfectly be by one of the great Russians, because they probably would not hesitate, if they wanted to, to make a heroine of a poor old failure of a creature with wispy gray hair and a naughty taste in dress. She had been sent by Fate into Thomas Robinson's life, and as a duty he had accepted her. He meant always to be nice to her, and he certainly hoped that she would be good enough to hold this present job. Sam Rogers, the director, seemed to be nice enough with her, but as he watched the rehearsals Mr. Robinson sometimes wondered. Mr. Rogers didn't seem to pay her much attention, while on the contrary he simply overwhelmed the younger brother—in the play—of Miss Loftus with suggestions and lessons in the art of acting.

Thomas Robinson very naturally came to the conclusion that the part of the younger brother—he was called Thaddeus; a silly name by the way—that this part was really considerably more important than he had at first supposed. So it was simply the duty of a young and brilliant actor to make so much more of it. The author, by the way, seemed rather an ass. This need surprise no one; actors so often find they are. Thomas Robinson half caught something this person said to Rogers. It sounded like "amateurs," and finished with a statement that he had thought perhaps the management would furnish him actors!

In the opinion of one at least of the actors, the author was jolly lucky to have his play produced at all, and not such a very good play after all. For example, imagine what could have been made of the part of Thaddeus by a real author. It could have been made almost the most important in the piece. Thomas Robinson, though he had never happened to turn his attention to play writing, saw clearly how Thaddeus could be built up so that it would be something worth acting.

Rogers seemed to dislike the wretched author almost as much as young Mr. Robinson did, so our friend had very little concern with anyone so unimportant.

After the little unpleasantness about "amateurs" earlier recorded, the producer slapped Thaddeus on the shoulder and said, "I'll make an actor of you yet. Don't you worry," he added.

And Thomas Robinson did not worry, since he simply knew that he was going to be excellent. Everybody in the company was nice to him, it almost goes without saying. And an odd kind of modesty prevented his saying anything about his family's house in town or at West Dunes. He left the quite good flat gold cigarette case at home when he came to rehearsals. And the twenty dollars of which he had been possessed that evening at Moruccio's might well have been supposed to be exhausted by now. He might have been just any young aspirant for the stage.

But he was not quite that, he knew. This was a lark, no fight for existence. And he found that he was now taking interest in all of them who had to act, whether they liked it or not, just as he had in Miss Hack—just as he still did in Celeste.

Everything went well except his anxiety about her. She would wear such preposterous clothes. She looked so —— Perhaps she didn't act so badly, but he could not help feeling that perhaps lacking both looks and charm she would never satisfy the manager when he came to see in what condition the play was. This visit of Mr. Klaubert himself was spoken of with bated breath; it became a dreaded ordeal even to Thomas Robinson, who had once—before he knew—dealt so gayly and so competently with the gentleman. He dreaded it so for Celeste. For one moment he had dragged her from the edge of the gulf; it would be more than he could bear that she should again be in danger.

It has been admitted that she had neither beauty nor charm, none of the things that sweep you away. But there was a soft light in her eye as she looked at Thomas Robinson or adjusted his cravat—imagine anyone thinking she could tie a tie better than he could! Sometimes, however, his own beautiful mother had ventured upon this kind of thing; it hinted at some faint far resemblance in the feelings these two so

(Continued on Page 81)

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Raisin Pie

2 cups Sun-Maid Raisins
1½ cups boiling water
½ cup sugar
2 tablespoonfuls cornstarch
2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice
1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind
Juice of 1 orange
1 tablespoonful grated orange rind
1 cup chopped walnuts

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and cornstarch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired.

All measurements for this recipe are level.

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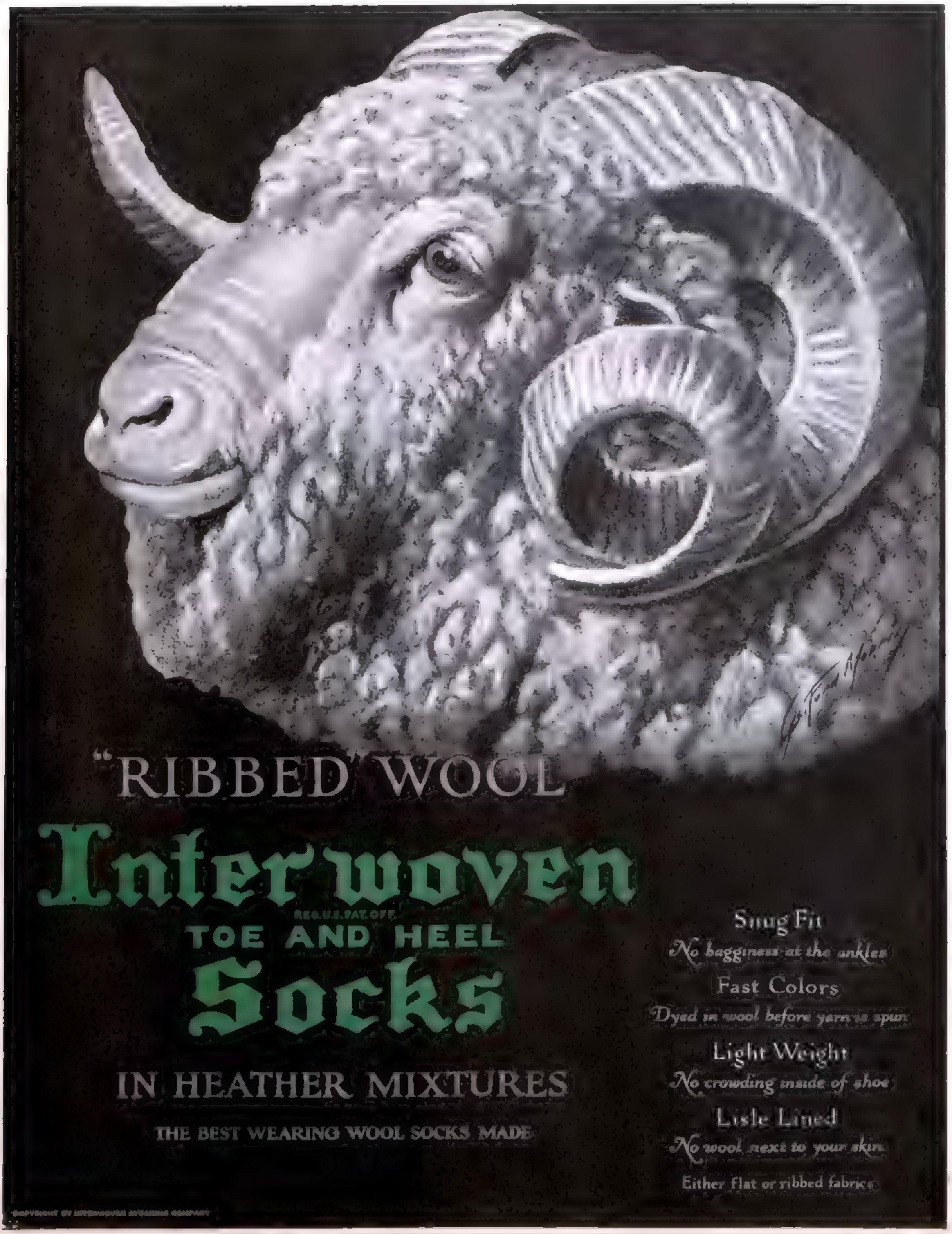
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(Continued from Page 78)

diverse ladies entertained for Thomas Robinson. But this only deepened the terrific feeling of anxiety and responsibility for her he felt. What, indeed, should he do with her if she failed?

Mr. Klaubert came on a Friday—not a lucky day anyhow. This was a sterner gentleman than had chaffed Thomas Robinson and old Celeste in his private office. More was at stake now. Rogers put them through the play, and the great man sat silently puffing a cigar. He cowed even the author, who merely fluttered nervously in his outskirts. Rehearsals suddenly became rather grim experiences. And during Miss Hack's scenes—she was Aunt Hester in the play—Thomas Robinson's heart almost stopped beating. He wanted so much for her to be good that he knew she was very bad. There is no reason why the reader should not be told that this is often the way things happen in life. They finished, and silence fell upon the half-lit theater.

"All right, Rogers," said Klaubert at last. "Just one or two things," he added. Then a perfectly astonishing thing happened. "I want to see Thaddeus a moment," he said, and that brilliant young actor left the stage for the orchestra pit with all the gayety and onrush characteristic of him. Perhaps he cast a slightly satirical eye at the author, who would now, he felt sure, be asked to build up the part of the younger brother adequately. Then suddenly a frightening thought came: What if they wanted to talk to him about old Celeste? Well, he could give her his salary; that would be something.

The great man pawed over a list—we may guess that it was to make sure of Mr. Robinson's name. Then he looked slowly at the fresh kid of ten days earlier.

"I'm awfully sorry, Robinson," he said slowly and not unkindly, "but you won't do."

Thomas Robinson did just as well as anyone could under the circumstances. He turned very pale and he stood very straight and he gulped something down that rose in his throat.

"You don't mean that Miss Hack and I won't do? You mean, don't you, that I won't do? I said we accepted engagements together, not separately. But it would be all right for her to stay even if I go."

Mr. Klaubert looked at the boy curiously.

"Oh, it is all right for her to stay. I'm glad you found her for us. We almost always need a reliable comedy old woman—at her salary. And I'm sorry about you. Rogers says he's done his best."

It is darkest before the dawn. Mr. Klaubert's next words let in a little light upon the gloom of Thomas Robinson's soul:

"You've got something classy about you; I don't know what it is. But you just won't even seem like that Iowa small-town kid—what's his name?—Thaddeus."

"Well," said Thomas Robinson, "I guess I can bear that."

Not so bad an exit line, after all!

He went slowly back to the stage to get his hat and cane. But Miss Hack came swiftly to his corner.

"Can you? Did he?" she asked. And as the boy nodded slowly, "I was afraid he would," she added.

"Was I bad?"

"I don't say that, but learning to act isn't so easy."

"No, of course." Thomas Robinson was again pale. "Mr. Klaubert thinks you've learned it. I guess he'll always have a place for you."

And at this old Celeste, who must of course have been happy to hear it, began to cry.

"It don't seem right," she murmured, and she fumbled in her net bag and got out the worn leather wallet he had seen once before.

"I got an advance from them at the office. Half of it's yours—and you can get something on that gold cigarette case. And if the play's a go I can help right along till you get something."

"Oh, no——" began the boy in protest.

"Oh, it's nothing! We've been pals. And," she finished proudly, "that's how the theater is."

That is how it is—a good deal as has been told in this story. There were of course some explanations about Harvard College and an absurd amount of blushes for a grown man to indulge in and such a parting from the company as does not often come to one canned. The rumor of it all arrived even at Mr. Klaubert's ears. The cynical thought may come that perhaps young Mr. Robinson, son of the pretty well known Mr. and Mrs. Edgar Robinson, might perhaps have been allowed to stay.

But is this story itself not publicity enough for The Night Owl? The first night a beautiful young man sat with his father and mother in the front row. And behind the scenes Miss Celeste Hack's dressing room was filled with flowers, as of course it must have been in those palmy early days—well, perhaps a little more filled.

In the first *entr'acte* Thomas Robinson in the lobby offered his father a cigarette from the case he had not had to get anything on and told that gentleman with considerable frankness something of this story.

"It's been a sort of a lesson to me," said he.

And the elder remarked, "I still learn lessons myself," and he looked rather kindly at his son; "sometimes from you, Tom."

ONLY A FEW OF US LEFT

(Continued from Page 5)

The enormity of the thought seemed to make him unnaturally solemn. It seemed as though he were conjuring up a picture of his disgrace. Jane's brown eyes had grown wide and incredulous.

"Do you mean you're going to make an idiot of yourself, just—just because ——"

Jimmy assumed a dignified calm and straightened himself with all the pride of a riding caste.

"I was afraid perhaps you wouldn't understand," he said quietly, and then his voice became briskly cheerful. "Cross your fingers," he cried. "We're off!"

"Don't!" cried Jane. "You mustn't."

But already his body was hurtling toward the water in a sharp parabola. She saw his head move slightly as his hands struck the surface. She saw him flash down toward the black shadows. She gripped the railing and felt that she was trembling, but in perhaps five seconds it was all over. His head emerged a few feet from where he struck, and his arm followed it in a slow overhand stroke.

And then, strangely enough, she found herself also standing on the railing.

"How's the water?" called Jane.

"Never better," Jimmy called back. "Only don't try it. I scraped my shoulder."

"Look out!" cried Jane.

"Don't!" shouted Jimmy; and then he added an admonition which sounded strangely to the ears of the assembled bathers. "Don't be a fool!"

For answer Jane sprang from the railing. Jimmy drew a strangled breath, and swam toward the spot where she landed.

"You're all right?" he called quickly as her head came up beside him.

"All the skin's off my knee!" gasped Jane.

Jimmy was looking at her strangely, looking at her almost in wonder.

"Would you mind telling me why you did it?" he asked. "I told you it wasn't safe."

"You didn't think I was going to stay there after you had done it?" asked Jane.

Jimmy looked at her again.

"Well," he said, "that's the craziest reason I ever heard. Do you mean to say ——"

"Perhaps," Jane interrupted, "we're both a little foolish."

Jimmy was still looking at her, no longer with surprise and pain, no longer even with wonder, but instead with the frank friendly gaze of an equal.

"It's nice there're still a few of us left," said Jimmy.

And the strange part of it was that Jane also found herself thinking it was rather nice. She wouldn't have half a minute ago, but lots of things had happened since then. For example, he no longer seemed to be a stranger. There was no longer anything puzzling about him. Now that it was over they seemed joined by a curious bond of sympathy. Was it because they had both leaped off the balcony? Or was it because they were both inherently alike? She didn't know; she didn't particularly care. She didn't even take the trouble to think very much about it.

(Continued on Page 85)

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Ajax
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All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Ambassador
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential

American La France
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Apex
Model E
Front Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Models D, G
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Apperson
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Pinion Shaft

Armleder
Model 20 1t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models H W 2½t, K W 3½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

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Model 20-R 1½t
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Steering Pivot
Transmission
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Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
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Model 7
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
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Models H 1½t, H 3½t, B 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Avery
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

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Front Wheels

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Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

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Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
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Front Wheels
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Pinion Shaft
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Brinton
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Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

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Steering Pivot
Transmission
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Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
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Model D-19
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
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Pinion Shaft
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Dart
Model M 2½t
Rear Wheels

Defiance
Model D 1½t
Rear Wheels
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Model 25
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Differential
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Differential

Fageol
Model 1½t
Transmission

Fifth Ave. Bus
Models A, L
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission

Ford
All Models
Front Wheels

Forster
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Fox
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Fulton
All Models
Front Wheels

Gardner
Model G
Front Wheels
Pinion Shaft

Garford
Model 150-A
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Model 25-B
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Models 15, 68-D, 70-H and -I
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Gary
Models F 1t, I 1½t, J 2½t, Motor Bus, Form Speed, K 3½t, M 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

G M C
Models K-41, K-71, K-101
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Giant
Models 15, 16 and 17
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Graham
Model 11
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Hahn
Models 1t, 1½t, 2t, 2½t, 3½t and 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Hall
Models 1½t, 2t, 3½t, 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Hal-Fur
Models B, C
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential
Model D
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Handley-Knight
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Hanson
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Hendrickson
Models O 1½t, N 2½t, M 3½t, A 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Holmes
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Hudson
Super-Six
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Huffman
Model 11
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Hupmobile
All Models
Front Wheels

Independent
All Models
Front Wheels

Indiana
All Models
Transmission

International
Model S ¾t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Models 11, 21, 31, 5t
Front Wheels
Transmission

Jackson
Models 21-4 and 6-38
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Differential

Jordan
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Jumbo
Models 25, 30
Front Wheels
Model 35
Transmission

Kalamazoo
Models G-1 and G-2
Front Wheels

Kelsey
All Models
Rear Wheels

Kelly-Springfield
Model K-31
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Models K-32, K-34
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Worm Shaft
Differential
Model K-35
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Models K-36, K-38
Front Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models K-40 K-45, K-50, K-60
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Differential
Sprocket Shaft

King-Zeitler
Models 1½t, 2t, and 2½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Kissel
Custom Built 6
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Freighter
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Kleiber
Models ¾t, 1t, 1½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models 2t, 2½t, 3½t, 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Koehler
Model D 1½t
Front Wheels
Model M 3½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Lafayette
Model 134
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Lansden
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Sprocket Shaft

Larrabee
Models K, L, C
Transmission
Model X-2
Transmission
Differential

Leach
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Liberty
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Lincoln
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Pinion Shaft
Differential

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

Differential
Model W 3½t
Transmission

Davis
Models 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Day-Elder
Model F 3½t, E 5t
Transmission

De Martini
All Models
Transmission

Dependable
Models C 1½t, E 2t
Front Wheels

Detroit Electric
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Diamond T
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Dodge Brothers
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Dorris
Model 6-80 Passenger
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Models K-4 2t, K-7 3½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Earl
All Models
Front Wheels

Elcar
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Differential

Federal
Models 11, 1½t, 2t, 5t
Front Wheels

—Where and Why

L M C
Model 2½t
Front Wheels

Locomobile
Models A, H
Front Wheels
Steering Pivot
Models B-2, BB-2
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot

Luedinghaus
Models H, 1½t, 2t, 3t
Front Wheels

Luverne
Model Express
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Maccar
Models G, H, H-2, M-2
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models L, L-2
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

MacDonald
Model A
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Differential
Model B
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Worm Shaft
Differential
Sprocket Shaft

Mack
Models 1½t, 2t, A-B Worm; 1½t, 2t, A-B chain; 3½t, A-B Dual, 3½t, 5t, 6t, 7½t, A-C chain
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Motor Shaft

Malbohm
Model B
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Marmon
All Models
Front Wheels
Steering Pivot

Master
Models A, AL, B, BL
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models HW, W, and WL
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Maxwell
Model B Tr
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft

McFarlan
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Menominee
Models D, H, HT
Front Wheels
Models G, J-3
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Worm Shaft
Differential

Metz
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Mitchell
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Moon
Models 6-43 and 6-63
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Moreland
Model 1½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Models 2½t, 3½t
Pinion Shaft
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Napoleon
Six Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Nash
Model 2t Quad
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Worm Shaft
Differential

National
Model BB
Transmission

Nelson & LeMoon
Models G, J, 3
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models G, 2½t, G-B, J, G-S
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Neten
Models 2t, 2½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

New York
Model 2t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Niles
Model 2t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Noma
Six Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Ogden
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Old Reliable
Model 1½t
Transmission
Rear Wheels

Oldsmobile
Passenger Car
Differential
Models 3½t and H Tr
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Oneida
Model E-9 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential
2t Electric
Front Wheels

Oshkosh
Six Models
Transmission

Overland
Model 4
Front Wheels
Differential

Packard
Single 6, Twin 6
Front Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Twin 6 Pass.
Front Wheels
Models 2t, 3t, 5t, 6t Tr
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Paige
Models 6-51 Pass.
Front Wheels
Differential
Model 6-66 Pass.
Differential
Model 54-20
Transmission
Model 54-18 3½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Model 52-19 Tract
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Pan American
Six Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Parker
Model E 11
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models F-20 2½t, J-20 3½t, and M-20 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Worm Shaft
Differential

Peerless
All Models
Front Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Piedmont
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Pierce-Arrow
Models 32, 33
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Models 2t and 5t Tr
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Premier
All Models
Rear Wheels
Front Wheels
Steering Pivot
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Premocar
Model 6-40
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Quaker City
Two-ton Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Rauch & Lang
Model Electric
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Republic
Model 75 3½t
Front Wheels
Models 10, 10 F, 11
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Models 15, 15 X 1½t, 19 2½t
Front Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Model 20 3½t
Pinion Shaft
Differential

R & V Knight
Model J
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Rowe
All Models
Transmission

Ruggles
All Models
Transmission

Sandow
Motor Tractor
Front Wheels

Sayers
Model 1
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Model S
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Saxon Duplex
Six Model
Front Wheels

Selden
Model A 1½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models 1, 2, A 3½t, A 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Seneca
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Service
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Signal
Models J, M and K
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models H, N
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Singer
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Standard Truck
Models 40 2½t, 60 3½t,
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Model K 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Stephens
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Sterling
Model 1
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models 2t, 2½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models 3½t, 5t Ch, 3½t Cb
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Stoughton
Six Model
Transmission
Pinion Shaft

Studebaker
Light Six
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Special Six
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Big Six
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Sullivan
Models E 2t, H 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Superior
Models H, 2t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Three Point
Model D 6t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Titan
Six Models
Front Wheels

Tower
Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Traffic
Model C
Front Wheels

Transport
Model 2t
Front Wheels

Traylor
Model E
Transmission

Twin City
Model 4-51
Front Wheels
Model 4-41
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

U S
Models N, NW
Front Wheels
Models R, S and T
Transmission

Velie
Models 58, 59
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Victor
Model 2t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Walker-Johnson
Model A 2t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Walker
Six Models
Front Wheels
Steering Pivot

Ward La France
Models C, 3½t, 5t, 6t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Ward Electric
Model H 5
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Westcott
Model C 38
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Model C-48
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential

White Hickory
Models I, H
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Worm Shaft
Differential
Model K
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Willys-Knight
Model 20
Front Wheels
Steering Pivot
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Wilson
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Winther
Model 49
Front Wheels
Transmission
Models 70, 109 and 140
Front Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Model 61 7½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Winton
Model 25
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Witt-Will
Models N 1t, N 1½t, P 2t, P 3½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Worm Shaft
Differential

Wolverine
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Yellow Cab
Taxicab
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Truck
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Worm Shaft
Differential

A motor vehicle can be no better than its *vital*—its inside—parts

Where you cannot see—*inside* the wheels, *inside* the transmission, *inside* the rear axle—the very vitals of your machine—you must be certain you have the best protection

The manufacturers' deliberate installation of Timken Tapered Roller Bearings, the dealers' eager acceptance of them, the owners' unprecedented satisfaction, show an universal pride in Timken Bearings because they

—carry all loads;
radial (up-down), thrust (side-end), resultant (combination)

—at all speeds;
often, in transmission and on pinions as high as 3,000 r p m

—in simple mountings;
with fewer parts, appreciably less weight, greater accessibility

—with rare attention;
your Path of Power is best protected against big repair bills

And ultimately are restored, by simple adjustment, after many thousands of miles* (when any type of bearing *must* be worn) to function as when new

THE TIMKEN ROLLER BEARING CO
CANTON, OHIO
Timken Tapered Roller Bearings for Passenger Cars, Trucks, Tractors, Trailers, Farm Implements, Machinery, and Industrial Appliances

*Not even a half-notch adjustment of the Timken Tapered Roller Bearings on the pinion shaft was possible in a recent test car after 83,000,000 revolutions

TIMKEN
Tapered
ROLLER BEARINGS

Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Ranger
Model C
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Worm Shaft
Differential

Rainier
Models R-21 3½t, 11, 2t, 5t
Front Wheels

Reliance
Six Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Worm Shaft
Differential

Reo
Passenger Car
Front Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Speed Wagon
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

Revere
Six Models
Transmission

Rickenbacker
Six Models
Transmission

Roamer
Six Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Pinion Shaft
Differential

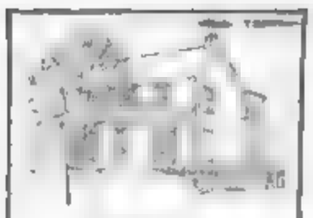
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Transmission
Pinion Shaft
Differential
Models G 1t, GG 1½t and J 2½t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels
Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential
Models M 3½t and P 5t
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Steering Pivot
Worm Shaft
Differential

Schacht
All Models
Front Wheels
Rear Wheels

Schwartz
Hackney Bus
Front Wheels

Seagrave
Six Models
Front Wheels



Prefers It to Other Heat

Our house is located in a very windy spot, exposed in every direction. Have had, however, no difficulty in keeping perfectly comfortable with our Round Oak Pipeless Furnace. Have had houses heated with steam, hot air and hot water, but we like this system best.—From letter No. 3517.

It Requires Little Attention

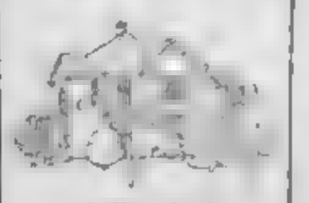
The Round Oak Pipeless Furnace heats my nine-room house completely in the coldest weather and requires very little attention. It is the most satisfactory heating arrangement I have ever had or seen and under no circumstances would I replace it with anything else.—From letter No. 2538.

No Dirt or Dust Upstairs

The Round Oak Pipeless Furnace heats our six rooms comfortably during very cold weather. Last season we burned 1½ cords of elm chunks and less than 4 tons of coal. There is no dirt and dust in the rooms and no heat in the cellar to interfere with fruits.—From letter No. 7514.

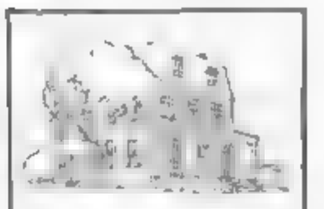
More Heat from Less Fuel

When I found out how much they wanted for a hot water heater I decided to try a Round Oak Pipeless Heating System. Two stoves had previously burned 8 tons of coal to keep only 3 rooms warm. Seven tons with the Round Oak kept the whole house warm all winter.—From letter No. 1511.



Cellar Cool for Storage

The Round Oak Pipeless has steam beaten by a long margin. We could never before get 2 rooms upstairs warm all night. Now we keep 3 up and 3 down stairs rooms comfortably warm—on half dry wood, the warmth does not interfere with anything in the cellar.—From letter No. 5506.



Heats All Rooms Evenly

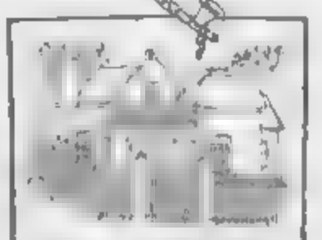
Our Round Oak Pipeless Furnace keeps 7 large rooms and bath of an even temperature, not varying more than 2 or 3 degrees at any time. On the second day of a recent spell of 8° below zero weather, we arose to find it just 70° in our living room.—From letter No. 515.

Comfort at Low Cost

I was skeptical about having a Round Oak Pipeless Heating System installed as it did not seem possible it would heat my house. It has, however, done all you claimed. Without storm windows on the second story, we kept comfortable all winter on six tons of coal.—From letter No. 9549.

Removes Dread of Winter

Our family always dreaded winter until we installed a Round Oak Pipeless Heating System. Before that it took four wood fires to heat four rooms. Now we evenly heat 13 rooms, making them warm and comfortable in the most severe weather. We burn large chunks of wood, mostly.—From letter No. 2510.



The Temperature Hardly Varies

We have 10 good sized rooms, 9-foot ceilings; would not trade my Round Oak Pipeless Furnace for a hot water or steam system. The temperature does not vary more than 2° down or 5° up stairs. I used less than 5 tons of coke last winter.—From letter No. 11585.

18° Below—House Comfortable

Our Round Oak Pipeless keeps every room up and down stairs warm and comfortable in weather from freezing to 18° below zero on little more fuel than we used in one stove in our sitting room, whereas now we have the whole house warmed.—From letter No. 6507.

End Discomfort—Act Now and Save!

Many weeks of shivering cold and chilly damp weather are still ahead. Spare your family from further discomfort and danger of illness, relieve yourself from the bother, worry and extravagance of wasteful heating—for a generation and more to come—by having a genuine Round Oak Pipeless Heating System immediately installed.

This can be done quickly, without muss, annoyance, or disconnecting your present heating until the Round Oak is ready to fire up with whatever fuel is in your cellar: coal, coke or wood. Circumstances, which your dealer will gladly explain, make the present a most favorable time to act. You owe it to your family at least to investigate.

Built of massively oversize parts, accurately fitted and bolted everlastingly leak-tight by a patented method, Round Oak Pipeless Heating Systems cost the least per year of satisfaction.

The adjoining excerpts from letters typically illustrate the enthusiasm of those thousands who rely upon this easily installed system.*

Consult your Round Oak dealer at once; get his liberal offer. Or write us for literature.

THE BECKWITH COMPANY, Dowagiac, Mich.

"Round Oak Folks" *Established 1871*

ROUND OAK
PIPELESS HEATING SYSTEM

Just one good store in a city or town handles genuine Round Oak products, all of which embody traditional Round Oak quality and patented exclusive features. Round Oak *Porcelain* Coal and Combination Ranges, Round Oak Boiler Iron Chief Range, Round Oak Three Fuel Range, Round Oak Ironbilt Cast Range; Original Round Oak Heating Stoves, Round Oak Pipeless Heating System, Round Oak Mowtair Heating System; Round Oak Ironbilt Furnace—for pipe installation. Write for literature on any of these products, whose satisfied purchasers now exceed two million and a quarter.

*Names and addresses of these and many other satisfied users, together with their letters in full, will be furnished upon request

(Continued from Page 81)

"Yes," Jimmy repeated with an added zest, "it's nice there're still a few of us left. Funny how much better you feel after you've done something like that, isn't it?"

"Isn't it?" agreed Jane.

Jimmy splashed his arm through the water and shook his head.

"Seems sort of too bad it's over, doesn't it?" he said. "That's the trouble with doing things. It's always too bad they're over."

She hadn't realized it was over before, but now as she looked toward the beach the mists of illusion began to recede. Again she began to see things as they really were, distinct in the glare of actuality, freed from adventure's kindly light. There were the bath houses in a prosaically even row, and the springboard, pitifully low and sagging, and there was Edmund approaching the water's edge.

Jimmy saw Edmund also. He had almost forgotten about Edmund, but now that he appeared again he loomed up as a formidable impediment. Already Jane's face bore a formal smile, as though she were about to take her leave, and Jimmy suddenly knew that he was facing a crisis not to be overcome by timidity or dull inertia.

"I've just thought of something," said Jimmy.

"There!" said Jane. "You do think sometimes."

"Hardly ever," said Jimmy. "Only when I'm forced to. I was just thinking—that you ought to learn something about horses. It's going to be a nice afternoon."

"But what has the afternoon to do with it?" Jane asked.

"Why, everything," said Jimmy. "Hadn't you heard? But I suppose you never would at this place. I'm going to ride Homicide this afternoon, and I don't see why ——"

He hesitated, but only momentarily, for by now Edmund was wading into the water. "I know it sounds a little fresh," he continued, "but as long as you jumped off that place you'll understand. I don't see why you don't come to the riding club for lunch."

"But I don't even know who you are!" cried Jane.

"Of course," said Jimmy. "That's the pleasant part of it. That's why it's worth doing."

"But Edmund ——" began Jane.

"That's another nice part about it," said Jimmy.

"But don't you think ——" began Jane.

"Hardly ever," said Jimmy. "That's another nice part about it. You probably had some other plans. Well, so had I. You probably never did such a thing in your life. Well, I never did either. In fact, I think it has every advantage, don't you?"

"No," said Jane, "I think it's perfectly idiotic."

"Good!" said Jimmy. "I'll meet you on the front veranda in half an hour."

III

JANE had met lots of young men that year and the year before. She had seen them in dinner coats, in dress suits, in white flannels, in bathing suits and in knickerbockers. She had seen them as brokers and bond salesmen, as lawyers and as æsthetes. They always got somewhere sooner or later. But she had never seen anyone like Jimmy. Jimmy didn't seem to be anywhere at all. He defied all classification.

Of course she wasn't going to lunch with him. She knew enough not to go to lunch with strange young men. The idea in itself was perfectly preposterous, smacking more of cheap fiction than of sanity. Perhaps that was why Jane was only five minutes late in meeting Jimmy on the front veranda. It was really all Edmund's fault that she went out there at all. There was no particular need for him to be so disagreeable about it.

As Jimmy saw her hurrying toward him he felt unusually triumphant. It was something the way he had felt when he had turned the six horses back to the Saumur drill ground with a clear field ahead; something the way he had felt that autumn when he had put Sweet William over the last stone wall. Only this time it was a slightly different feeling, which defied his attempts at analysis. He had wondered occasionally whether he would ever meet a girl like Jane. They were either afraid to do things or else they drank cocktails and wore riding boots and stamped on the floor, but Jane didn't wear riding boots. She had on one of those dresses with flowers all over it, fashioned from a material of which they made curtains two years ago, and her hat had flowers all over it, too; and though Jimmy had never approved of the prevailing fashion he admitted that it looked very well on Jane. Indeed he was surprised how well it looked.

"Oh, there you are," said Jane a little hastily. "I didn't think you'd be silly enough to wait. Edmund is in the big room. I just came away for a minute ——"

Jimmy smiled, but his expression had become rather wistful, and his eyes were wide with gentle surprise and reproach.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jimmy.

"I'm awfully sorry too," said Jane. It wasn't exactly what she had meant to say. In fact, she hardly knew why she said it. "I really wanted to go, and if Edmund hadn't been so absurd ——"

"If Edmund weren't here, would you still want to go?" he asked.

He was looking at her again with a pleasant camaraderie, and his smile no longer bore a trace of cynical regret.

"Would you?" Jimmy asked again.

"Yes," said Jane.

Jimmy nodded gravely.

"In that case," said Jimmy, "we might as well start."

"But Edmund ——" began Jane.

Jimmy smiled benignly.

"Edmund," said Jimmy, "is going to have a very interesting afternoon. I've arranged everything for Edmund."

Jane caught her breath. Already she seemed surrounded by impossibilities. Again values were strangely reversed and events were running in a new erratic career.

"Why, whatever do you mean?" she demanded.

"Nothing," said Jimmy, "except that in three minutes Edmund will be off to New York."

"Nonsense," said Jane. "He's down here for a week."

"In just a minute," said Jimmy, "Edmund will get a long-distance call telling him that rubber has jumped two cents a pound. That ought to make him go. Don't you think so?"

"But how do you know?" demanded Jane. "How can you know?"

"Because just as soon as I got out of the water," said Jimmy, "I arranged for him to get the call. I think Edmund will be glad to know about rubber, don't you? There! Listen!"

"Call for Mr. Edmund Jones," came a voice through the open window.

Jimmy's head was tilted a little to one side and he had thrust his hands deep into his pockets. Even when the voice had died away he still seemed to be listening to some other, more distant sound.

"I'm awfully sorry," he said after a moment's pause. "I didn't mean to be so melodramatic. I just happen to have seen Edmund's picture, and I remembered he was the general manager of the All-America Tire Company, and then I remembered about the rubber."

"But how did you know about it?" demanded Jane.

"I'll tell you on the way," said Jimmy. "Don't worry about Edmund. He'll get along all right."

He jumped down the steps and ran lightly to a broad-beamed olive-drab roadster. In another second the car had leaped forward and had spun around the drive.

"Come on!" cried Jimmy.

And Jane found herself in the seat beside him, and for some reason she was laughing. The day had ceased to be prosaic and Edmund already seemed like a distant shadow.

"Hold tight!" said Jimmy. "We're off!"

There was a grinding of gears and a spatter of gravel, and they were spinning toward the main road.

"Hold on at the curve!" cried Jimmy.

He settled himself more comfortably in his seat and stared thoughtfully through the windshield.

"You wanted to know about the rubber, didn't you?" he asked.

"Yes," said Jane. "But you're sure you're not going too fast?"

"Funny thing about the rubber," said Jimmy. "You see, I was at a directors' meeting the other day. They made me show up at it. Don't know why. Said I had to come, and I made a joke. Have you ever been to a directors' meeting?"

"No," said Jane.

"Well, don't," said Jimmy. "They're like an inquest."

Jimmy slowed down as they passed a state policeman, and waved his hat.

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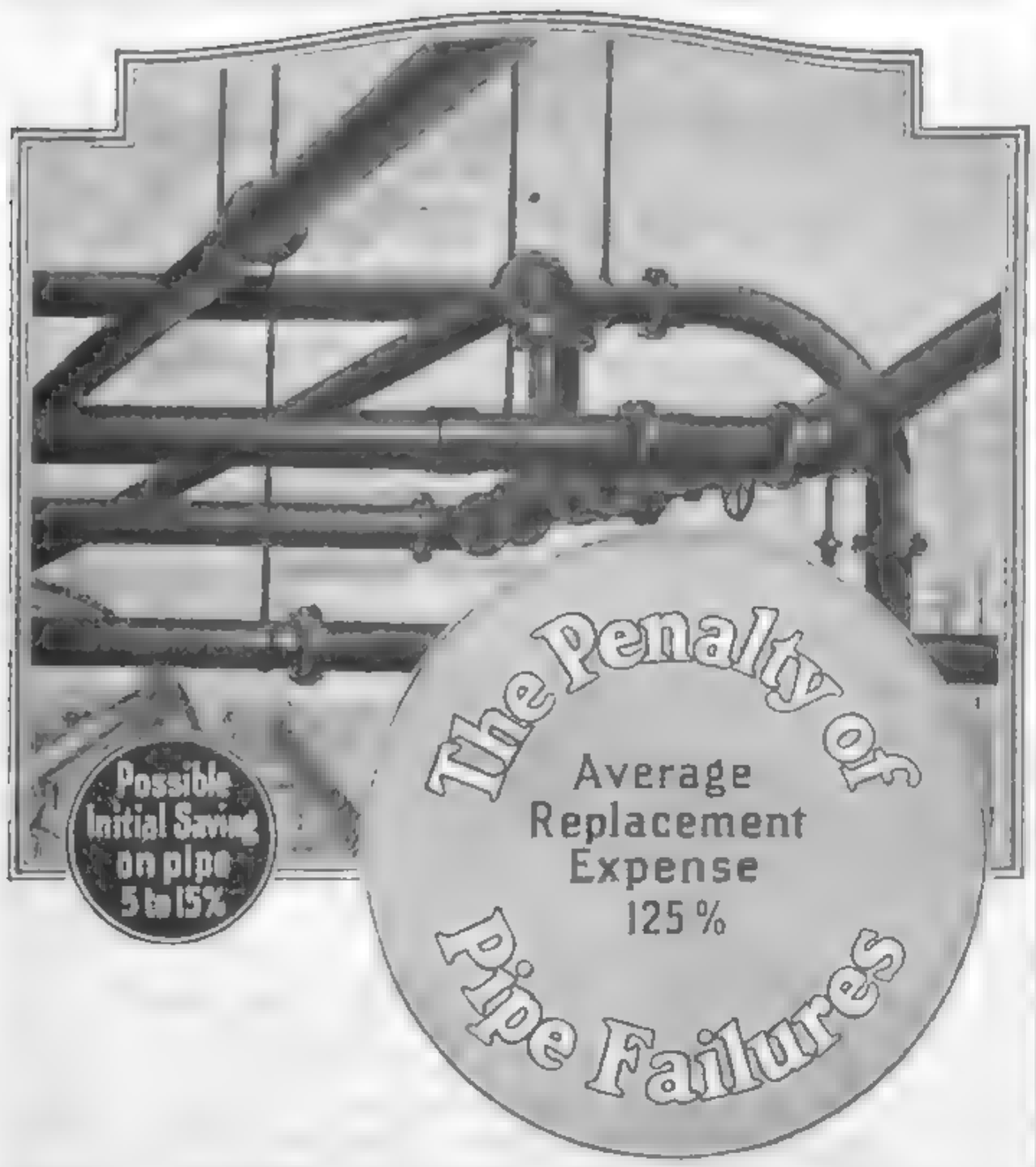

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"I thought I'd sort of liven things up," said Jimmy. "So I made a joke. They were talking about the price of raw rubber, and I said the price seemed awfully elastic."

"Oh!" said Jane.

"And somebody laughed," said Jimmy. "And the old boy who runs the thing got mad and asked me what I knew about it."

Who would have thought that he would be an authority on rubber? She had been wondering what Jimmy did, and now he had told her. He could put it off with what becoming modesty he pleased, but Jane knew better than to take it literally. Everybody who really did things was like that. They always joked about them, all except Edmund.

"As though I knew anything about rubber," laughed Jimmy.

"How silly to talk that way!" remonstrated Jane. "Of course you know about rubber."

"Rubber!" exclaimed Jimmy. "What should I know about rubber? But I wasn't going to tell old Mr. Hazelton I didn't," he added hastily. "Do you know what I did?"

"You quoted the market reports," Jane replied.

"No," said Jimmy. "I bet him the price of rubber was going up inside a week, and he bet me it wasn't. He said he didn't mind taking money from an idiot."

"But how did you know it was going up?" asked Jane curiously.

Jimmy's forehead wrinkled slightly.

"I didn't mean to bother you with all this stuff," he answered hurriedly. "I was just going to tell you how I knew that rubber went up. Just before I started out this morning old Mr. Hazelton called me up and told me I had won. He seemed quite excited about it. He wanted to know where I'd got my information, and I thought if he was excited maybe Edmund would be excited too."

"But aren't you excited?" asked Jane.

Jimmy favored her with a blank and startled glance.

"About rubber!" gasped Jimmy, and then he laughed again, as though the idea were very funny indeed.

Though he was being carried forward on rubber tires he failed to note the grave portent. He was pressing the accelerator with a foot that was shod with rubber, but what did it mean to him? The rubber market, freed from its sluggish inactivity, was gyrating erratically before the dazed eyes of investors that August afternoon, but what was it in his gay fortunes? How was Jimmy to know that the mills of the gods were already grinding, grinding with the speed and precision that come with an industrial age? How was he to know that rubber was already appearing on his bright horizon, soon to cast over him an impenetrable shadow? Even when Jane lapsed into a doubtful silence Jimmy did not suspect.

IV

THEY had turned off the main road to a narrower one, lined with a row of young maple trees. On either side were trim fields and hedges, bright in the sun. The houses were less and less frequent, but had grown larger and more imposing, set back among lawns and trees in the cool complacency of wealth. They had not left one of these so far behind when they turned in at a gate which you can open from horseback, and up a long avenue toward a group of low white buildings. Jimmy throttled down the car.

"Here we are," said Jimmy. "It isn't much to look at, but wait till you see the stables."

"Why, what's that noise?" asked Jane.

"Hounds," said Jimmy. "And there are the jumps, and there's the steeplechase course, going out that way. You can't get a better four miles north of Washington."

He stopped the car and helped her out, his eyes shining with conscious pride.

She had suspected that Jimmy was a great man, and now as they reached the brick terrace in front of the riding and driving club it took only a moment to convince her that Jimmy was as great a man as Edmund, when placed in his own surroundings. The values were a little different, but that was all. Perhaps twenty people were sitting on the terrace in little groups about small round tables, drinking from tall glasses a liquid the color of light amber, and there wasn't one who wasn't glad to see Jimmy, not one who didn't know him. They all called to him genially, and yet with a definite admiration and respect. Several old gentlemen with white hair and very red faces clapped him on the back. Jimmy received their salutations blandly, as though they were all his due; received them as though he expected nothing less. Even when a gray-haired, iron-visaged old lady, clad in a black riding habit with heavy boots and spurs, strode toward him and kissed him violently on both cheeks Jimmy was still composed.

"Feeling fit?" asked the old lady in a voice which rent the welkin.

"As a fiddle," said Jimmy. "Aunt Anna, I want you to meet Miss Matthew. She's come to see the riding."

Aunt Anna, tanned and weather-beaten, her face devoid of powder, looked Jane squarely in the eye and held out her hand.

"You're going to see sport," said Aunt Anna tersely. "Jimmy's going to show 'em. Jimmy, I told them to put on a martingale." She lowered her voice to a confidential whisper. "And when you get on, Jimmy, don't you give him his head for a minute, do you hear? Remember about your grandfather down in Baltimore."

"Oh, I'll be all right," said Jimmy. "He's just a little playful."

"He killed a man in Canada," said Aunt Anna. "We've got to have some of the family left."

Jane looked more carefully at the old lady. She was looking at Jimmy rather anxiously in spite of a certain bravado, but Jimmy seemed perfectly unconcerned. What were they talking about? she wondered. She had heard that people who liked horses were always queer, and had queer ways of saying things. Several young men in riding breeches had gathered about them with little notebooks. For a moment she thought they were literary, but they weren't.

"Have you seen Homicide, my dear?" asked Aunt Anna.

For a moment Jane couldn't think what to answer, and then she remembered. Homicide was a horse that Jimmy said he was going to ride. Had Aunt Anna been talking about Homicide?

"He's an ugly brute," said Aunt Anna.

"Two to one you don't get up!" said one of the young men to Jimmy.

Jimmy also drew a notebook from his pocket. Everyone was looking at him, and his face was wreathed in smiles, but Jane had begun to feel a little ill at ease. Everyone about her seemed a little tense and overgenial. Everyone seemed to be waiting for him to reply.

"Will two hundred be enough?" asked Jimmy, writing in his little book.

"He broke a boy's collar bone yesterday," said Aunt Anna in an undertone.

"Who?" asked Jane, suddenly startled.

"Why, Homicide, of course," said Aunt Anna.

"Two to one you're thrown inside five minutes," said another young man to Jimmy.

"I'll take that," said Aunt Anna. "Who wants even money he's up for twenty?"

Still smiling, Jimmy continued to make entries in his little book, and gradually a light dawned on her. They were betting that Jimmy couldn't ride Homicide.

"Jimmy's going to show 'em," said Aunt Anna. "You can't stop Jimmy."

And then Jane felt a little frightened, and even angry. He had no business to ask her to a place like this. She knew she shouldn't have come. Why, perhaps he was going to get killed. And then Jimmy turned toward her again; and oddly enough she wasn't angry any more. He was so lively and cheerful, so perfectly at home, that she even forgot to be surprised at his tranquillity.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Jimmy. "I didn't mean to bore you with all this. You'd almost think something was going to happen, wouldn't you? It's just a way they have here. Anything excites them, and Aunt Anna's always in a twitter. I suppose it's because I'm the last member of the family, that upsets her. Just because I've bought a four-year-old that's a little wild she thinks I can't ride him. Why, I'm going to ride him in the steeplechase this September. I've seen him jumping in the paddock, and with a little schooling he'll be like a lamb, and steady as a church. Sometimes I think I'm the only one around here who understands horses at all. Wait till you see him, and you'll see how silly they are. You'll like Homicide. Now let's have some lunch."

Yes, when she was with him it all seemed very natural and matter of course. He was

(Continued on Page 89)

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Cream three-quarters cup granulated sugar, one-half cup butter and one-quarter teaspoon salt together; add two well-beaten eggs and one-half can coconut. (If the blue can coconut is used, thoroughly press out the coconut milk before using.) Sift one and one-half cups flour with one and one-half teaspoons baking powder and add mixture. Dust bake board with flour, roll out quite thin (one-eighth inch)—cut with cruller cutter. Brush top with well beaten egg and sprinkle with balance of coconut. Bake in hot oven ten to twelve minutes

When using Baker's Canned-in-its-own-milk Coconut in the blue can, thoroughly press out the coconut milk. Add to this coconut milk sufficient fresh milk to make up the milk content in the following recipes:

Coconut Fudge

Put two cups sugar, one-half square chocolate, one cup coconut milk or milk and pinch of salt in pan; boil until a small quantity, when dropped in cold water, forms a soft ball. Just before taking from fire add one tablespoon butter and one teaspoon vanilla. Remove from fire and beat until creamy. Add one can BAKER'S Coconut—continue beating until thick, pour into buttered tin and cut into squares before it hardens.

Coconut Cream Pie
(Meringue)

Add beaten yolks of two eggs, one-half cup sugar, a pinch of salt and two level tablespoons cornstarch to one large cup of coconut milk or milk. Place over slow fire and stir until thick. Add about two-thirds cup of the coconut and one-half teaspoon vanilla. Pour into a baked crust and cover with stiffly beaten whites of two eggs to which two or three tablespoons of powdered or granulated sugar have been added. Sprinkle one-third cup of coconut on top and brown quickly in oven.

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Dry Shred Coconut in the blue cardboard container. Prepared especially for those who prefer the old fashioned sugar-cured kind.

(Continued from Page 86)

very nice that afternoon at luncheon, just as nice as she thought he would be. Little by little she began to understand about things as Jimmy talked. She began to realize again that she knew him very well indeed, that she knew him better than Edmund or anybody else. He told her how he had jumped the bridge at Spotted Creek, and she knew why he had done it. He told her about the stairs at the college dormitory, and about the horses at Saumur. He told her of a dozen bizarre and strange adventures, and she found herself thinking that it was only reasonable that he had gone through them. It was like diving off the balcony. She saw it now. He couldn't do anything else.

"I hope I'm not boring you," he said once rather wistfully. "I wouldn't go on like this if it hadn't been for the yacht club. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes," said Jane, "I know."

"I said there were only a few of us left," said Jimmy with a sigh of relief. "Only a very few," he added gently. "I guess there's something wrong with the world. It doesn't seem to be rolling around quite as fast as it used to."

He paused again, and looked around the room where they were sitting, with its stained rafters and pictures of men in red coats, jumping fences.

"Why, do you know," he continued finally, "almost everybody thinks I'm a harebrained fool!"

"How perfectly horrid of them!" Jane exclaimed before she knew exactly what she was saying.

Jimmy looked at her an instant before renewing his discourse, and suddenly clenched his fist convulsively.

"They don't seem to realize," he went on sadly, "that some of us just have to do these things. We can't help it. It's just born in us, that's all."

His face had flushed a little and his words grew more eloquent.

"They don't seem to realize what people like us have done. They forget who won all their wars for them. They forget we have ever done anything. Would they be here now if it hadn't been for someone like us? No, they wouldn't! D'you think any of them would have sailed over here in a little two-by-four fishing boat on a bet that the world was round, and even money that you might drop off the edge? No, they wouldn't! D'you think that anybody would be on the other side of the Appalachians making tin automobiles if it hadn't been for us? No, they wouldn't. They wouldn't have taken a chance. They wouldn't have left home."

He made an emphatic gesture and his voice became vibrant in defense of his caste.

"And now when there're only a few of us left," he continued, "and when there isn't anything for us to do except sell tires and show machinery, and when we want a little action—what do they do? They call us fools, and write sermons about taking chances. How do you get anywhere, I'd like to know, if you don't take a chance? What else is there worth while but taking a chance?"

She often thought of him afterwards as she saw him then, leaning across the little table, carried away on the wave of his own enthusiasm. As he spoke then, his words seemed so convincing, his tenuous feeble argument so irrefutable. He seemed to have grown younger in the last few minutes, and older too. He seemed to be the epitome of something she had read about, but which she had never seen. Her pulse quickened as she met his glance.

"Oh," said Jane, "I didn't know there was anyone like you any more."

"I said there were only a few of us left," replied Jimmy. "That's why I wasn't going to lose you when I found you. That's what I've been wanting to say all along. We're pretty rare birds now, and we ought to stick together."

"Do you really think I'm like that too?" Jane asked wonderingly.

"Jimmy!" said a voice beside them, and there was Aunt Anna, gaunt and grim, standing by the table.

"Time to be getting your boots on, Jimmy," she said. "You know we've never kept anyone waiting. Patrick says they're putting on the saddle."

"Aunt Anna will take you out," said Jimmy, rising hastily. "I'm awfully glad you'll be there."

"I sent some whisky to the locker room," said Aunt Anna. "You'd better take a peg."

"Thanks," said Jimmy, "I don't need it. Now don't get all wrought up. You may make me nervous."

"I'm not wrought up!" said Aunt Anna harshly.

"Oh, yes, you are," said Jimmy; "you're all of a twitter."

How Jimmy could tell that Aunt Anna was all of a twitter was more than Jane could imagine. When Jimmy left, Aunt Anna smoked a cigarette and began discussing the best methods of blistering. Jane didn't know what blistering was, but it seemed to interest Aunt Anna.

Fifteen minutes later Jane saw Jimmy again. By that time she also was feeling a little of a twitter. Everyone around her had grown more and more excited. All had left their tall glasses and were trooping down to the stables, talking volubly about curbs and martingales. Aunt Anna had been drawn into a heated argument with an old gentleman about how to stop a horse's rearing.

"Charles," said Aunt Anna, "you're crazy. Don't you remember how Reggie broke his leg? You're old enough to know better, Charles."

But Jane was listening with only half an ear. They had walked over a little knoll of lawn, and the Merrymead stables were in front of them, a little group of trim white buildings skirted by rows of poplars. In front of one of the larger stables were two tiers of benches set up behind a fence, facing on an area of tanbark. A minute later she was sitting on one of these benches beside Aunt Anna. Around her were a number of young men, still talking excitedly and writing in their little books.

"Is this where he rides?" asked Jane.

"Where he starts," said Aunt Anna. "He may ride anywhere. The committee will follow him. See them getting ready? Look!"

Jane heard the rumbling of a barn door and saw Jimmy step out of the stable. He was in boots and riding breeches now, like the other men, but he had removed his coat, and his sleeves were rolled up. It seemed to her that he looked very small, standing all alone in the tanbark. Everyone around her had stopped talking now and was looking at Jimmy, who finally looked up at the benches.

"Are you ready with the stop watch?" he asked.

"All ready," said a young man in riding breeches.

Jimmy turned to the stable.

"All right," said Jimmy. "Lead him out."

The stable door slid back for a second time, and the noise of its rollers was followed by a scuffling, plunging sound of hoofs on boards. Then Jane saw two grooms, walking very gingerly, leading out a chestnut horse with a carefully roached mane. The chestnut horse was walking very carefully, too, with a curious springy motion, as though he disliked the touch of the bark. His nostrils were wide open and his tail was switching back and forth. Jimmy was standing in front of him now, looking at him carefully, motionless and thoughtful.

They thought as he stood there that he was debating how to begin. They ought to have known Jimmy better than that. They ought to have guessed that he was pausing from sheer enjoyment. His pulse was beating in high elation. His mouth felt a little dry, but he didn't mind. For a second his knees felt a little unsteady, as they always did before he started, but it only gave the thing an added zest.

Smiling pleasantly and advancing with a slow noiseless tread he stepped toward Homicide's forehead and touched him gently on the neck. Homicide trembled and his muscles flexed, but otherwise he stood quite still.

"He seems a little nervous," remarked Jimmy.

Jane heard Aunt Anna whistle softly between her teeth, and saw her lean toward a man on the bench in front of them.

"Tell the doctor to get ready," said Aunt Anna. "Anything may happen when a horse acts that way."

Jimmy was moving his left hand slowly along Homicide's shiny neck until it came to rest on his withers, and he spoke again to the grooms in a level voice, quite devoid of emotion.

"Hold hard," said Jimmy. "I wouldn't wonder if he jumped when I got up."

That was the last thing that Jimmy said until it was all over. With a lithe, dexterous motion he had swung himself into the

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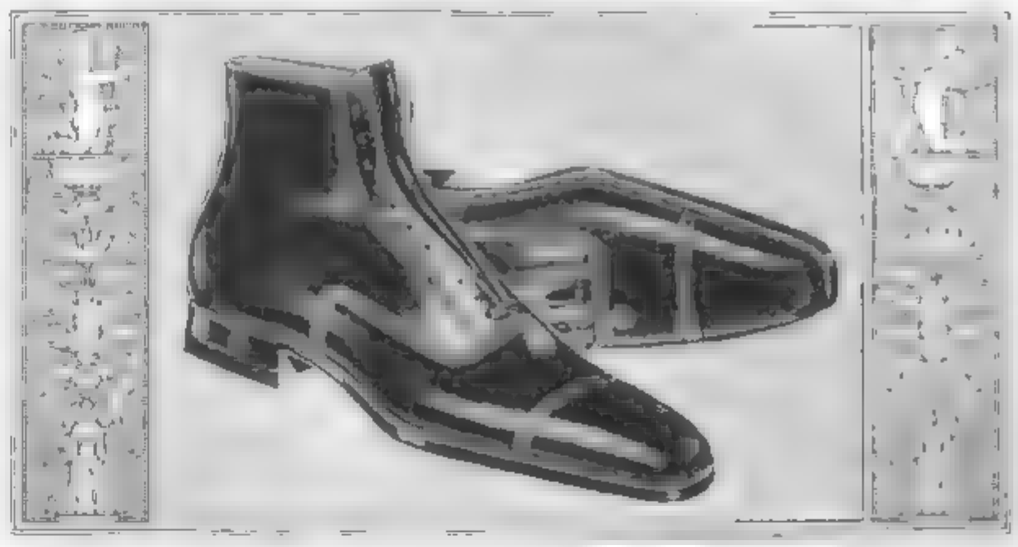

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THEY say a man of forty is set in his habits. If true, isn't it reasonable to assume that forty years of making fine hosiery for men precludes our making it otherwise?
SHAW STOCKING CO
Lowell, Mass.

saddle and was gathering the reins. He had mounted quickly, so quickly that no one had expected it, not even Homicide For an instant longer the man and the horse and the grooms remained motionless, and then Homicide became galvanized into ferocious action. Before anyone was aware of his intentions he reared and struck with his forefeet, and shook his head free of the hands on his bridle. He rose up on his hind legs until his body almost reached the perpendicular

"Slide off, Jimmy!" someone called. "He's going over!"

But Jimmy, looking very small on Homicide's broad back, leaned farther forward, while Homicide still moved upward

"Why the devil doesn't he pull him?" snapped Aunt Anna irritably.

But Jimmy had already pulled. At just the instant when it seemed too late his right arm snapped down and backward, and the rein came taut as Jimmy threw his weight upon Homicide's neck. Yet the result was unexpected. Other people had tried that trick on Homicide. His balance was shaken, and he began to drop on his forefeet, but before he was fully down he had jumped. For an instant horse and rider were in the air, and Homicide was fighting for his head. Before Jimmy had managed to straighten in the saddle Homicide plunged on his forefeet. Probably it was only the Lee blood that saved Jimmy then. Bent forward over Homicide's neck as he was he had instinctively braced himself for the impact, and instinctively put all his strength in the reins to keep Homicide's head from going down. That he partly succeeded was a very perfect exhibition of horsemanship, a proof of the most impeccable knowledge of leather and stables. He was flung forward, but he still stayed on. A cloud of dust was flung up around him, getting into his nose and eyes; regardless of the pain of the curb Homicide was still shaking his head in an ungovernable fury. Jimmy was still on, but he had lost his off stirrup, and it was dangling against Homicide's flank. There was something human in the accuracy with which Homicide estimated the situation. He was on all four feet now, a thing of sinuous, ceaseless motion.

"Drop off, Jimmy!" cried Aunt Anna.

But Jimmy didn't drop off. The Lees never did anything like that. Already he was pushing himself back in the saddle, but Homicide wasn't finished. In striving to regain his balance Jimmy had slackened on the reins, and for half a second Homicide's head was free. In that half second it was finished. Homicide had whirled in a vicious circle, and Jimmy had left him, spinning toward the tanbark. It was easy to estimate the force with which he was thrown, for his body rolled over twice and then remained still, but Homicide wasn't finished. He had checked himself and was cantering toward Jimmy with the zeal a polo pony displays in following the ball. Someone near Jane gave a low cry. Jimmy, his shirt spotted and stained by the loose bark, was still quiet, and Homicide had halted just in front of him. At first they thought he was going to stand, but that was because they didn't know Homicide. Homicide reared on his hind legs and curled his forefeet.

"Don't look!" said Aunt Anna, but Jane still stared fascinated at the horse and the man in the tanbark, waiting for Homicide's hoofs to fall.

For just a moment the picture blurred before her sight. She felt a beating in her throat and a drumming in her ears. Not half an hour ago he had been so alive, so gay and careless as he had leaned toward her, talking across the luncheon table; and now he was lying motionless under a horse's hoofs. In that fleeting moment as Homicide stood poised, the tinsel and glamour were swept away, and only the senseless wasteful horror of it remained.

And then a funny thing happened in that long dreary second. It was one of those odd coincidences, contradictory and humanly irrational, which are so apt to crop up at a time like that. Now that it was all over and the curtain was falling and everything was finished, she knew—yes, she did—she knew just as plainly as anything why she had come to lunch with Jimmy. It would have startled her at any other time. It wasn't anything he had said. It wasn't anything at all, but in that second it seemed completely logical in its sharp finality—now that she would never see him again, now that she would never hear him speak.

"Don't look!" said Aunt Anna again; but just as she had spoken her voice changed, and the sharp finality had left it.

"He's up!" cried Aunt Anna. "Stay with him, Jimmy! Stay with him!"

Just as Homicide's great torso was crashing down Jimmy had rolled away. Almost before Homicide had landed, Jimmy was on his feet, his hair awry, his shirt ripped open at the throat, one side of his face scraped and grimy. With the same motion he had sprung toward Homicide and had snatched the dangling reins. Just as his hand closed on them Homicide bolted back, flinging his head with a vicious snap. The force of the motion nearly carried Jimmy off his feet, but he held on. There was only one reason why he didn't mount again, and it was not entirely his fault. The throat-latch failed to hold. It parted as Homicide's head went back, and Jimmy was left standing with the broken bridle in his hand, while Homicide galloped across the fields.

For just a second Jimmy stood holding the bridle, but then instinctively he recovered himself, as befitted a true sporting gentleman. With scarce an effort, so perfect was his training, he adjusted himself accurately to the situation. Already a dozen men had swarmed over the benches and were clustered about him in voluble excitement, but Jimmy wasn't excited. It was a part of tradition never to allow such an occasion to excite one. A gentleman rider should be nonchalant, and Jimmy was good at being a gentleman rider, for he had never been anything else and had never been called upon to act another rôle. Jimmy tossed the bridle aside and dusted at his shirt, dusted rapidly, so that they might not observe that his hands were trembling. He was a little pale, but that was a circumstance over which he had no control. Yet he was smiling, as a gentleman rider should, half ruefully and half cynically. It was not for him to make excuses or to exclaim in disappointment. Such a thing was quite contrary to sporting etiquette. There was only one thing for a true horseman to say on such an occasion, and Jimmy said it sincerely and genuinely, as a true horseman should.

"I hope Homicide isn't hurt," said Jimmy.

And the peculiar part about it was that he meant it. Indeed it seemed to be the only thing that caused him any worry. Everyone was talking now in queer technical terms, but they all seemed to neglect the salient part of the exhibition. They, too, were running true to form, as befitted the élite of Merrymead's riding set. They all seemed to have misunderstood the gravity of the situation. Not one of them mentioned that Jimmy had been face to face with his Maker, save to allude to it indirectly by way of a merry jest. Jane didn't know then that one never mentioned such things after they were over.

It appeared that Jimmy had lost a good deal of money, so much that it was amusing. Even Aunt Anna was laughing about it. She had thoughtfully produced a flask from her coat pocket and had offered it to Jimmy, but his own spirits were sufficient stimulus. The color was back in his cheeks now, and he was laughing, too, exchanging gay equestrian badinage of the world where the horse is the only thing that really matters, and just now he was sitting astride of that world. Had he not stayed on Homicide three-fifths of a second longer than anyone else? Had he not done the only thing that really mattered? He had mounted. He hadn't been afraid. Though he had been thrown it had been quite unavoidable. He would have been up again if the bridle hadn't snapped—and that wasn't all. Far from it.

Within him for the first time in months was burning the clear flame of ambition. Was not Homicide still there, still as violent as ever, still to be trained to the saddle? And was not to-morrow almost there, when he could ride again? To-morrow he would feel the wind again on his face, and the joy of a new struggle. The blood of the Lees coursed more quickly at the thought. It had been a great day, even if he had been thrown off. Life had become of a sudden very much worth while. He knew now that it was real and earnest and that Longfellow was right. Lives of other equestrians all reminded him that he could make his life sublime, and in passing leave a record on the wooden tablets in the living room of the riding club.

And that wasn't all. Quite the contrary. It was only just a half of it, a small half.

(Continued on Page 93

How Do You Ask for a Raise?

Here Is a Way That ALWAYS Wins!

How can I earn a bigger salary?

Nine out of every ten office men in the United States are turning this question over in their minds.

Nine out of every ten would *ask* for a bigger salary—

But either they do not *dare—or they don't know how!*

There is a way, however, that's as certain of success as the daily turning of the Earth upon its axis.

We know a rate clerk, for example, who went to his employer with some very definite facts, developed thru investigation and study. This rate clerk said, in effect

"I have been doing some reading on railway and industrial traffic management, particularly with reference to railroad rate construction and rerouting—and have been studying ways and means of reducing our transportation costs. We are paying $1.60 a hundredweight on transcontinental shipments, whereas I figure we're entitled to a rate of $1.53. By filing claims with the Interstate Commerce Commission I believe we can recover seven cents a hundredweight on all shipments made within the past five years."

Thus a humble rate clerk pointed out to one of the large packing companies a way whereby it recovered $200,000 in cash—$80,000 of which was refunded by a single railroad company.

Did this man get a raise? You KNOW that he did!—For he had proved to his employer that he possessed *money-saving and profit-earning knowledge of specific value to the concern he worked for.*

He has since gone steadily forward, until today he is Traffic Manager for the largest cement company in the world

The Plan That Never Fails

Men have wondered at the remarkable promotions won by LaSalle-trained men. They are prone to think there is some "catch" to the simple statement that in a period of only three months as many as 1,089 members of LaSalle Extension University reported salary-increases averaging 56 per cent, as a result of home-study training under the "Problem Method."

But there is no "catch," no mystery about it

For the whole burden of LaSalle training is to enable LaSalle-trained men to make more money for the concerns they work for.

In so doing they quickly and inevitably make more money for themselves.

Saves $6,000 a Month—Wins Big-Pay Job

Here are other typical examples:

A young man of twenty-four a LaSalle-trained accountant, secured appointment as comptroller of the City of Fulton, N. Y. His first work was to make an audit of the books—which revealed a deficit of $26,000. He then devised, on his own initiative, a system of accounting for the city. Auditors from the State Comptroller's Office worked for [illegible] and in the process were so impressed by the system he had worked out that they adopted it for all third-class cities in the state. This man, you will agree, knows what is essential to win personal advancement and more pay

A LaSalle man writes that his training enabled him to take entire direction of the "discharging, lightering, shipping and storing of a consignment of sheep-wool imported by our company valued at approximately $4,500,000." In appreciation, the company presented him with a large bonus check *—plus a handsome raise in pay*

Another LaSalle-trained man recently pointed the way for a large concern making wood-working machinery to save $6,000 a month in freight charges, simply by making a few changes in construction to permit its bandsaws to be shipped in box cars instead of on flat cars. Result—a salary of $6,000 a year

These instances are by no means "rare exceptions." Not a day goes by at LaSalle but what a score of statements such as the following are scattered thru the morning's mail.

"When I enrolled with LaSalle I was occupying a bookkeeper's high stool and drawing $1,100. Today, I am comptroller of a good sized corporation, with a salary to start of $4,500."

"Principles learned in my training with LaSalle have enabled me to increase the efficiency of my department in a way that will result in a saving of approximately $20,000 a year to the company, as shown in the enclosed report.

"Passed the bar examination, with second highest honors in a class of 71."

"The Problem Method increased my income $2,500 a year."

Swift Advancement by the Problem Method

In recent months, if never before, you have been giving serious thought to your business future. Perhaps you have recognized your *need* for specialized training, yet have not known the simplest, most direct way to *acquire* it.

If you have been putting off home-study business training, we urge you, in your own interest, to find out at once about the LaSalle Problem Method. Under this remarkably effective plan, you do not merely *read* how to do a thing; you *do* it. You master *principles* by solving actual *problems*, under the direction of some of the ablest men in their respective fields in America. The swiftness and certainty with which men win advancement by the Problem Method is a proven fact.

Mail the Coupon

The coupon will bring you complete information regarding this unusual plan, together with a wealth of evidence from men still in their twenties and early thirties showing what you may reasonably expect in increased income as the result of your training. With this information we will send you details of our *convenient-payment plan;* also your free copy of "Ten Years' Promotion in One"

Make that "raise in pay" one day nearer—by mailing the coupon *now*

Outstanding Facts About LaSalle

Founded in 1909.

Financial resources more than $6,000,000

Total LaSalle organization exceeds 1500 people—the largest and strongest business training institution in the world.

Numbers among its students and graduates more than 300,000 business and professional men and women, ranging in age from 20 to 70 years.

Annual enrollment, now about 60,000.

Average age of members, 30 years.

LaSalle texts used in more than 400 resident schools, colleges and universities

LaSalle-trained men occupying important positions with [illegible] railroad and industrial corporations in the United States

LaSalle Placement Bureau serves student and employer without charge. Numerous big organizations look to LaSalle for men to fill high grade executive positions

Tuition refunded in full on completion of course if student is not satisfied with training received

LaSalle Extension University

INQUIRY COUPON

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY, Dept. 171-R CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below. Also a copy of your booklet, "Ten Years' Promotion in One," all without obligation to me.

- ☐ **Business Management:** Training for Official, Managerial, Sales, and Executive positions
- ☐ **Higher Accountancy:** Training for positions as Auditor, Comptroller, Certified Public Accountant, Cost Accountant, etc
- ☐ **Traffic Management—Foreign and Domestic:** Training for positions as Railroad and Industrial Traffic Manager, etc.
- ☐ **Railway Accounting and Station Management:** Training for Railway Auditors, Comptrollers, Accountants, Clerks, Station Agents, Members of Railway and Public Utilities Commissions, etc.
- ☐ **Commercial Law:** Reading, Reference, and Consultation Service for Business Men.
- ☐ **Law:** Training for Bar; LL.B. Degree.
- ☐ **Industrial Management Efficiency:** For Executives, Managers, Office and Shop Employes, and those desiring practical training in industrial management principles and practice.
- ☐ **Modern Business Correspondence and Practice:** Training for Sales and Collection Correspondents; Sales Promotion Managers; Credit and Office Managers; Correspondence Supervisors, Secretaries, etc
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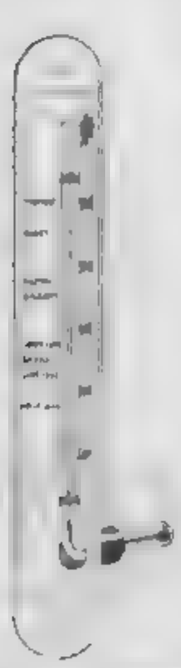
Name [illegible] Present Position [illegible] Address [illegible]

Announcing a new and finer gas range

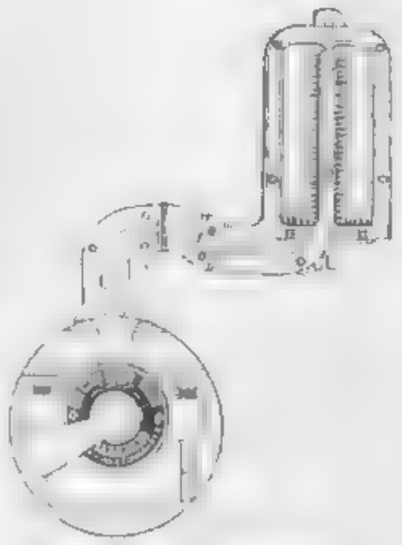


A new type of thermometer in front of oven, giving easy and accurate readings

TWO years ago we determined to build a gas range which all women would acknowledge the finest. It must surpass in efficiency, convenience and beauty. It must be desirable beyond all others. To accomplish this we first designed a wonderful oven. Hitherto impossible baking, broiling and toasting results were made possible. Revolutionary improvements changed all ideas of what a modern gas range oven should be.

One improvement was a new type of oven burner. It had at least 30% greater heating capacity than the average. Gave baking heat in only 5 minutes. Toasted and broiled evenly—no burning at one point while underheating at another. To make this burner flexible, the two-way single valve Universal Safety Gas Economizer was perfected. A slight turn of valve gave countless heat adjustments. All or *part* of burner could be used with high or reduced flame. Up to 20% of cooking gas was saved. To complete this oven, we perfected a new type of mercury thermometer. Oven heat was at last accurately registered. Visible control of oven heat was accomplished. Recipes could be followed without chance of error. Thermometer was inset in front to give easy and accurate readings.

Now this new gas range is on display at dealers' stores. Women everywhere are admiring its unmarred elegance. Doors are flush. Corners are square. Bolts and projections are gone. All agree it is the gas range at its highest perfection. Go inspect the new Universal at your earliest convenience. If you do not know the Universal dealer's name, mail coupon. We will direct you to his store and send interesting free literature.



The Universal Safety Gas Economizer gives [illegible] lines of flame for [illegible] heat for toast [illegible] flame for broiling and baking. Perfect combustion. Big oven. Countless heat adjustments

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UNIVERSAL GAS RANGE

COUPON

Gentlemen: Please send name of local Universal dealer. Also free literature describing the new Universal Gas Range

Name

Address

(Continued from Page 90)

He realized that when he saw Jane again. He hadn't known before. He hadn't even suspected why he had asked her to lunch, but he knew now. He knew she understood. He could tell it by the way she was looking at him. She wasn't smiling. Instead she was looking quite grave, just the way he had hoped she would look. She had seen it all, and she understood. Oh, yes, she understood—and there were so few of them left, so very few who could really understand.

How was he to know that Nemesis was already bearing down upon him, holding forth the bitter draught of disillusion? How was he to know that Fate was already pounding upon his gates, and that already the outer walls of his most sacred citadel were crumbling?

V

JIMMY didn't say much when he drove Jane home that afternoon. It was one of those occasions when it was pleasant to be silent, and Jane must have thought it was pleasant too, for she said very little. She lived a long way from the riding and driving club, but Jimmy wished it had been longer, much longer. She lived in one of those new houses by the Sound, built by the new generation by which Merrymead had recently been invaded. It was surrounded by smooth lawns and shrubs cut in figures common to students of solid geometry. The house itself was made of white stucco, very new and shiny. It was meant to look something like an Italian villa, and it did look something like it. But the accuracy of its resemblance did not impress him so much as its aggressive newness and bland modernity. It represented things that always made Jimmy a little ill at ease. It told of sharp decisiveness and lucid practicality, and seemed to cast a shadow over his pleasant thoughts.

Jimmy stopped his runabout at the front door, but Jane made no motion to alight. Instead she looked fixedly at her hands, which she had clasped over her knee.

"Thank you ever so much for coming," said Jimmy. "I'm awfully sorry it's all over."

For a second Jane still looked down at her hands.

"Are you?" she asked.

Her voice made him turn to look at her a little uncertainly.

"You bet I am," said Jimmy.

And then she looked up from her hands straight into Jimmy's eyes, and for a moment neither of them spoke. For a moment they just sat there, and he felt vaguely restless and inexplicably disturbed. It wasn't exactly the way he wanted her to look. Somehow she seemed very anxious and just a little frightened, not at all the way she ought to look when he said he was sorry.

"So am I—just a little," said Jane, and stepped down to the drive. At first he thought she was going to say good-by, but instead she seemed to hesitate on the verge of some unwonted resolution. "Would you mind coming in just a minute? There's something I want to ask you."

"Never minded anything less," said Jimmy, following her into the immaculate hallway, but even as he said it his gayety was a little forced. Something seemed to have happened which was tarnishing the day's bright luster.

Jane led him into a long, spacious living room with a wide stone fireplace and shining andirons, with wicker chairs and a heavy table covered with magazines. It was awfully nice of her to ask him in, but she needn't have been so purposeful about it, and she wanted to ask him something. What was it she wanted to ask?

"Won't you sit down?" said Jane. "I'm awfully sorry I can't offer you some whisky and soda, but perhaps a cigarette will do until you get back to the club."

"Oh," said Jimmy, seating himself gingerly in a wicker chair, "I never take it when I'm riding."

"I suppose you can't be too careful," said Jane.

Jimmy leaned back in his chair. There was an airy lightness to her words which made him more restless than ever.

"No," said Jimmy. "It's bad for your nerve."

Still smiling coolly and looking coolly becoming in that neat room, Jane seated herself opposite him, and then she said a very singular thing, so singular that Jimmy ceased leaning back in his chair.

"Your Aunt Anna's your aunt, isn't she?" asked Jane.

"Why, of course," said Jimmy. "She's my father's sister."

"And she knows everything about you?"

"Why, of course," said Jimmy.

He frowned in frank perplexity. Something seemed to be the matter, though he could not guess what it was. Jane had risen, and Jimmy rose also.

"I mustn't keep you any longer," she was saying a little stiffly. "I had a very interesting time."

"Look here," cried Jimmy in sudden dismay. "Is anything the matter?"

Again she looked at him in that strange way she had out on the drive, as though something both hurt and frightened her, and finally with a sigh she slowly shook her head.

"No," she answered; "I don't suppose anything's the matter. Everything's just the way it always was."

Jimmy smiled at her, and something in his eager relief made her turn away.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, taking a step nearer. "Now isn't that splendid!" and he held out his hand. "When can I see you again?" he asked.

She turned to him then in a strange, startled way, which gave him a sudden premonition of disaster. There was something terrible about it which he could not understand. For some reason her eyes were full of tears. For some reason it seemed to hurt her to answer. But she managed to smile a rather pathetic smile, and to speak with a lightness which even to his ears was forced and dreary.

"I don't think we'd better go on with this, do you?"

Jimmy was never very good at concealing his emotions, and now dismay left him quite bereft of words. For a moment the room was very still, and he stood motionless, staring at her with a new intentness, almost pathetic in his bewilderment.

"But—but why?" he asked.

At first he thought she wasn't going to answer him at all. She was still trying to smile in a queer, determined way, but her lips were trembling.

"I suppose I might as well tell you why," she said at last rather faintly. "Perhaps you'd like it better if I told you why. It's because—oh, well, it's because I'm so sorry that we can't go on with it. That's why. You know—you know I rather hoped I wasn't going to feel that way, because I did want to see you again—and now I know I shouldn't."

Jimmy whistled softly just the way he had when he saw the rocks over the rail of the veranda.

"Would you mind telling me why you shouldn't?" he asked. "I'm awfully sorry I'm so stupid about it."

She turned away so he couldn't see her face, as though she were afraid to meet his glance.

"Because I like you too much; that's why," she answered faintly.

"Good Lord!" he murmured. "Good Lord!"

He seemed unable to say anything else, but instead just stood looking at her.

"Do you really want to know why?" she asked him suddenly.

Jimmy smiled and blew a ring of cigarette smoke.

"I might as well tell you," he said, "that I'm going to stay right here till I find out, and I'm pretty good at staying."

"Well," she answered, "it's because you don't know anything about rubber."

In all his list of virtues it can never be said that he possessed detachment. If he had he might have known that he had reached a crisis in his career, and might have mobilized his wits to meet it instead of staring at her with amused vacuity. But he didn't know, and the very absurdity of her words only struck him with sudden relief, making him blunder hopelessly forward.

"Rubber!" said Jimmy. "Ha, ha!"

But suddenly his laughter died as though the spring of mirth were quite evaporated. She was looking at him with a remorseless patience. She wasn't amused at all.

"That's just it," said Jane. "Don't you see how silly it is for—for you and me to see each other again? Don't you see, if you think a thing like that is funny ——"

She stopped and left him to complete her thought unaided. Her voice had grown strained and unnatural, reaching a peculiar, almost a tragic intensity.

"Funny?" said Jimmy. "Why, of course it's funny."

"Please don't laugh about it again," said Jane hastily.

FRESH!

—It's the way they're made.

That just-made freshness of Apollo Chocolates is due to the conditions under which they are made. The air in the Apollo kitchens is washed, dried, cooled and changed every five minutes—a perfect atmosphere for making chocolates that keep.

There are 38 Apollo assortments made up from 198 different pieces.

The Apollo CHOCOLATES

They're different

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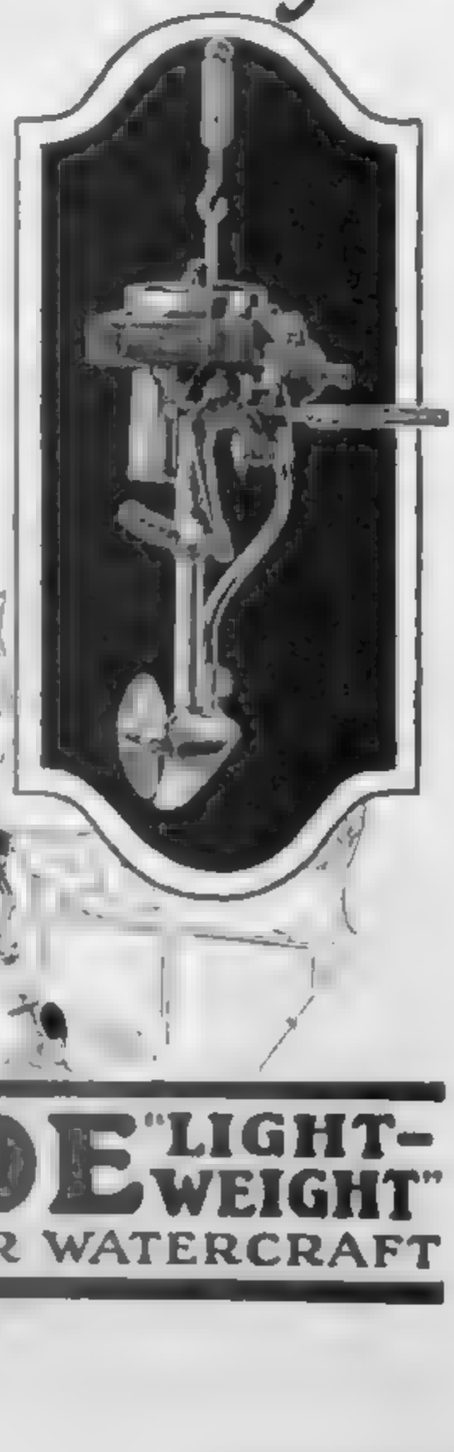
Carry Boat Power with You

YOU motoring sportsmen, you whose fishing, camping or hunting trips turn week-ends and holidays into delightful vacations—the new Evinrude "Lightweight" is your wish come true. An Evinrude—the same sturdy, dependable "stern kicker"—*twenty-one pounds lighter*, so you can carry it handily in car, train or trolley.

Light, strong aluminum alloys, replacing many bronze and malleable parts, have brought the total weight just under 50 pounds *complete*. No heavier than a good string of fish!

The "Lightweight" has the same wonderful power and speed as the Standard 2 H. P. model, famous throughout the world. While not designed for such rugged service, it is a true Evinrude, husky and durable.



See these Evinrude motors at your sporting goods or hardware dealer's (Or write for catalog and new prices recently cut to pre-war level)

EVINRUDE MOTOR CO.
600 Evinrude Bldg., Milwaukee, Wis.

EVINRUDE "LIGHTWEIGHT"
DETACHABLE MOTOR FOR WATERCRAFT

PEOPLE who are intimately acquainted with physicians know that charges are made very low to those whose resources are limited and that much free service is given those in need.

It is in much the same spirit that the responsible funeral director serves the family whose income is limited.

Where the funeral arrangements are left largely to his judgment it is common practice to provide suitable accessories that will not run to great expense, and to disregard the item of overhead and profit in making his charges. How much free service he gives "without letting the right hand know what the left hand doeth" only those very close to him understand.

Funeral directors welcome the co-operation of the public in discouraging needless expense for the sake of show.

THE CINCINNATI COFFIN COMPANY

Celtic Border with the symbol of Time Message number five Copyrighted by C. C. C. Co. 1921

Badger De Luxe All Season TOPS

THE snug, warm protection of a completely enclosed body in cold and stormy weather, has made the Badger De Luxe "All-Season" top a necessity for the motorist who also wants the cool comfort of an open body in fine weather.

It adds year round serviceability to any car in body equipment.
Save from one-half to three-quarters of the additional cost of a Sedan and get both Sedan and Touring car advantages.
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Now Made for:

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Prices: 2-pass. $185 4-5-pass. $275 7-pass. $285
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Prices f. o. b. Racine, Wis. War tax and installation extra

Write for descriptive booklet

WISCONSIN TOP COMPANY, Inc.
Consolidation of McAvoy Brothers & Co. and Wisconsin Auto Top Co.
Racine, Wisconsin

Also makers of a complete line of Auto Fabric Accessories sold through 4500 dealer connections covering the entire country

"Look here!" said Jimmy, suddenly and alertly practical. "Whatever is the matter? Now come ——"

And then, unconsciously, as he watched her standing before him, very cool and straight and slender in her bright-colored dress, he gave voice to the vain optimism of man:

"Now come. Lots of women are silly and fly off the handle about nothing, but you're not that kind. Now let's get this straight. What the deuce has rubber to do with you and me?"

"Oh," cried Jane, "don't you see? You can't be as stupid as all that! Don't you see it means everything?"

Again Jimmy whistled softly.

"No," he said very quietly, "I'll be hanged if I do. Go ahead. I want to see. We might as well sit down, mightn't we?"

Jane dropped back into her wicker chair and looked at him hopelessly.

"I wouldn't say anything about it at all," she explained again, "if I wasn't so sorry. It would be lots easier just to let it go this way. We could, you know."

Jimmy selected a cigarette from his gold case and lighted it. She winced as she saw the case and the match box of precious metal. They explained everything much more eloquently than she ever could.

"We might call it off," Jimmy was saying, "except—I'm sorry too. Funny, isn't it?"

He paused, as though a little puzzled by his thoughts.

"All right," said Jane determinedly, "I'll tell you. Perhaps I'll feel better when I do. At first I thought—I thought you really did things, that you really amounted to something; and then I found you didn't—that you didn't amount to anything at all!"

"Good Lord!" cried Jimmy, smitten with something very close to horror. "Now what the deuce do you mean by that?"

She laughed, but her laughter was quite mirthless and ended in something that was almost like a sob.

"There!" she exclaimed. "I knew you wouldn't understand it. I knew we were just too different ever to think alike. It's like the sons of Mary and the sons of Martha, like the grasshopper and the ant. I suppose you're proud of your family and your traditions. Did you ever think I might be just as proud of ours? Oh, I know all about the Lees. They're the kind of people everyone always knows about. I suppose there was a Lee drinking a health to King Charles."

"Yes," said Jimmy, "there was."

"And when he was drinking," Jane went on, "there was a Matthew in London working, just a plain Matthew without a hat with a plume in it. That's what we've always done, and what we're proudest of. We've always been working. Our men have always been in the countinghouses, and our women have always been keeping the hearth swept and the lamps burning. We've just been simple people, but you see we're a little proud of that, too, though I don't suppose you'd understand it. And we haven't been afraid either; none of us has ever been afraid. I shouldn't wonder if we crossed the ocean just as soon as the Lees did. I shouldn't wonder if we went over the Appalachians sooner, in spite of what you said at lunch. Don't you see how different we are? Don't you see why it's better for us to say good-by? We've always hated each other really. I shouldn't wonder if you hated me now. It's the workers and the ones who don't work; and you don't work, and you've never worked, never!"

Jimmy sat perfectly still, holding his cigarette half raised to his lips, rendered quite helpless by the sheer novelty of her accusation. "But why should I work? I've got enough money."

His words better than his face betrayed his startled incredulity, and gave an added impetus to her rising indignation.

"And so you don't do anything," she continued more quickly. "You don't do anything at all, except spend money you've never earned. I don't suppose you've ever done a single thing that's any use to anybody, ever!"

"Here!" cried Jimmy, stung to weak remonstrance. "I won the Eastern Steeplechase last year, and I had the best string of hunters in Madison Square. I reckon that's doing something."

At another time she might have seen the pathos of it. She might have seen the earnestness of his justification, and respected it, but just then all she saw was its crass absurdity.

"Hunters!" she echoed contemptuously. "And do they do anyone any good? Why, they only eat the oats that someone else grows for them."

"Well," said Jimmy, "that's something. You and I don't eat many oats."

"And you laugh at it!" Jane continued hotly. "You laugh at everything that's useful and worth while. I said that you are useless, and you are. You and everyone like you are the most useless people in the world!"

But Jimmy wasn't laughing. Instead he was sitting very quietly in his chair. His shoulders had slouched wearily forward, making him look quite small and tired, and his cigarette burned unnoticed in his inert fingers. Pain, indignation and astonishment were no longer written on his features. The lines about the corners of his mouth had relaxed, and his glance had strayed beyond her out to the water, which was glinting with a trace of gold from the declining sun. Perhaps he realized then that he and those few like him were the last of a great race whose book was written and whose place had vanished on the stage. Perhaps in that moment he glimpsed the pathos of it, the eternal pathos of a changing world.

And he thought she had understood, and she hadn't understood at all. No, she didn't know what any of it meant, not any of it. And so few people did know—hardly anyone, hardly anyone at all.

"And you talk about your nerve," Jane was saying. "Don't you see what a sickly, silly thing it is? Don't you see you're doing nothing but going through life building up a little card house of useless, silly adventures, talking about there being only a few of you left. Did you ever wonder why there were so few? Did you ever wonder if there was any use in being one of them?"

She paused, but he did not answer, and his very silence was a reproach.

"Oh," she cried, "I didn't mean to hurt you! Really I didn't. I'm awfully sorry."

The change in her voice made him look at her, and brought him a vivid realization of his failure. He had wanted her to understand so much, and she hadn't. She hadn't at all. A sharp pang of loneliness seized him, and all of a sudden everything seemed very futile, very empty.

"Oh, that's all right," said Jimmy, trying to speak lightly as a sporting gentleman should. "Only you might have told me before."

There was one particularly essential law that one always followed in the slender *milieu* where he mingled. If one got hurt one must avoid showing any signs of pain. With an effort that was hardly perceptible he straightened himself in his chair, and any regret he may have shown became lost in the mocking smile one necessarily bestowed on the untutored barbarians beyond one's gates.

"Well, well," he went on in a manner which also sounded suspiciously mocking, "you certainly never can tell. Now who'd have thought you'd be like all the rest of them? You know it almost seemed to me ——"

"I know," she interrupted, "I know. It seemed that way to me, too, until ——"

For some reason which he could not fathom her lip trembled, and her voice caught as though it hurt her to go on.

"—— until you fell off that horse, and—he was going to kill you."

For just a moment he seemed a little startled.

"You don't mean," he began slowly, "you don't mean —— Good Lord, of course you don't!"

And he laughed and rose from his chair, tossing his cigarette into the fireplace.

"Oh!" cried Jane. "Why do you have to do things like that? Don't you see how terrible—how senseless it all is? Don't you?"

"It all depends on how you look at it," replied Jimmy politely.

"Yes," she said more coolly. "And you and I look at it differently."

"Indeed we do!" he answered with firm but cordial emphasis. "Oh, well, it's too bad—awfully too bad, but of course you're right, and now I suppose I'd better be going."

He bowed as a Lee should, with almost an exaggerated courtesy.

"You'll think of me sometimes, won't you?" he inquired. "I suppose all of us think about nonessentials occasionally, and I'll be right there, right with the other nonessentials—jumping with the other

(Continued on Page 96)

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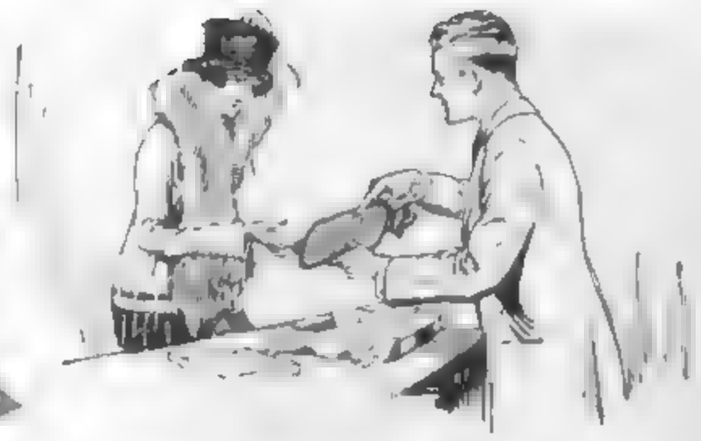

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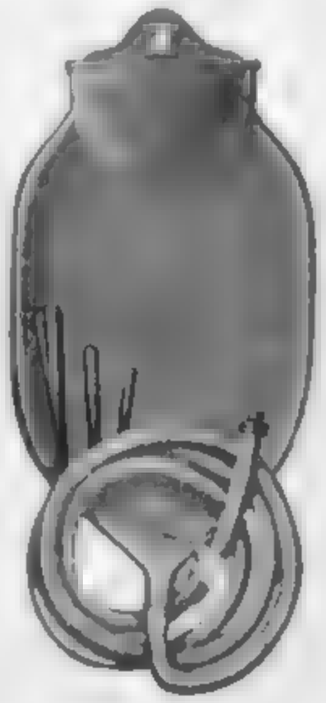

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(Nipple Pat. July 13, 1915)

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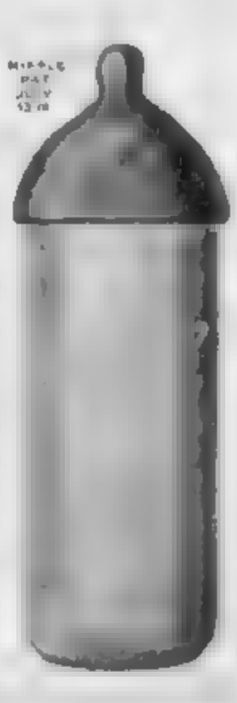

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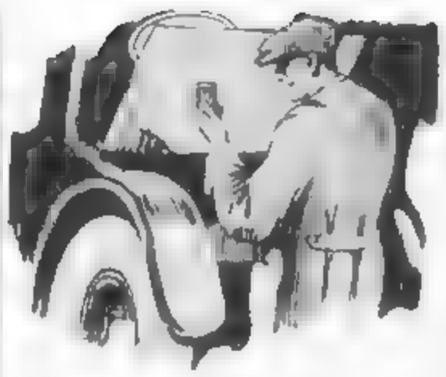

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THE DRIVER

(Continued from Page 19)

I called Galt's attention to this.

"Yes," he said. "We're out in the open now, where they can shoot at us."

THE Orient & Pacific deal brought on the inevitable crisis. Valentine was in Paris. An American correspondent took the news to him at his hotel and asked for comment upon it. He blurted his astonishment. He knew nothing about it, he said, and believed it was untrue. This was unexpected news. The correspondent cabled it to his New York paper, together with the statement that Valentine would cut his vacation and return immediately.

Wall Street scented a row. It was rumored that Valentine was coming home to depose Galt; also that the purchase of the Orient & Pacific would be stopped by injunction proceedings. Comment unfriendly to Galt began to appear in the financial columns of the newspapers. Great Midwestern stock now was very active in the market. This gave the financial editors their daily text. They spoke of its being manipulated, presumably by insiders, and it filled them with foreboding to remember that the man now apparently in command of this important property was formerly a Stock Exchange speculator, with no railroad experience whatever.

We easily guessed what all this meant. Galt had no friends among the financial editors. He did not know one of them by sight or name. But Valentine knew them well, and so did those bankers who had lost control of the Orient & Pacific. The seed of prejudice is easily sown. There is a natural, herdlike predisposition to think ill of a newcomer. That makes the soil receptive.

Galt was serene until one day suddenly Jonas Gates died of old age and sin, and then I noticed symptoms of uneasiness. I wondered if he was worried about those papers I had witnessed in his private office on the day the Great Midwestern failed. The executors of course would find them.

Valentine's first act on reaching his office was to call a meeting of the board of directors. He was blind with humiliation. First he offered a resolution so defining the duties and limiting the powers of the chairman of the board as to make that official subordinate to the president. Then he spoke.

Owing to the sinister aspect of the situation and to the importance of the interests involved, he felt himself justified in revealing matters of an extremely confidential character. It had come to his knowledge that there existed between the chairman and the late Jonas Gates a formal agreement by the terms of which Gates pledged himself to support Galt for a place on the board of directors, and Galt on his part, in consideration of a large sum of money, undertook first to gain control of the company's affairs and then to eliminate John J. Valentine as president.

Would the chairman deny this?

But wait. There was more. In the same way it had come to his knowledge that two other agreements existed as of the same date. One provided that if and when Galt had gained control of the company's policies he would cause it to buy the Orient & Pacific Railroad, in which Gates was then a large stockholder. The other was a stipulation that a certain part of Gates' profit on the sale of his Orient & Pacific stock to the Great Midwestern should apply on Galt's debt to him.

Would the chairman deny the existence of these agreements?

Still not waiting for a reply—not expecting one, in fact—he offered a second resolution, calling for the resignation of Henry M. Galt as chairman of the board, his place to be filled at the pleasure of the directors.

Galt all this time sat with his back to Valentine, gazing out the window with a bored expression. His onset was dramatic and unexpected.

With a gesture to circumstances he rose, thrust his hands in his pockets, and began walking slowly to and fro behind Valentine.

"I hate to do it," he said. "I like Old Dog Tray here; but he won't stay off the track. If he wants to get run over I can't help it. Those agreements he speaks of—without saying how he got hold of them—they are true. I had a lot of G. M. stock when the company went busted. The stock records will show it. I was in a tight place and went to Gates for money to hold on with. He laughed at me; didn't believe the stock was worth a dollar, he said. I spent hours with him telling him what I knew about the property, showing him its possibilities. I had made a study of it. I spoke of the Orient & Pacific as a road the G. M. would have to control. 'That would suit me,' he said. 'I've just had to take over a large block of that stock for a bad debt.' I said, 'All the better. With your stock accounted for it will be easier to buy the rest.' And so it was.

"But that's ahead of the story. Gates said one trouble with the G. M. was Valentine. I knew that too. The end of it was that I persuaded him. He took everything I had, and loaned me the money. The agreement was that the stuff I pledged with him for the loan could be redeemed only provided my plans for the development of the G. M. were realized and certain results appeared. Otherwise he was to keep it. It was the devil's own bargain. I was in a hole, remember; I had the bear in my arms and couldn't let go; moreover, you all knew Gates."

Valentine interrupted. He spoke without looking around.

"One of your plans for the development of the Great Midwestern was the elimination of the president."

"Exactly," said Galt. "The president at that time was not president, but receiver. He was receiver for a property he had managed into bankruptcy. Well, that part of the agreement has been kept. There ain't any doubt about who's running the G. M. I'm running it, subject to the approval of the directors. Five minutes after I was elected chairman of this board I took the traffic manager's resignation in that room out there, under threat of having him indicted for theft. He was the president's friend. I did this without the president's sanction or knowledge. The place was rotten with graft. We were paying extortionate prices for equipment and materials because the equipment makers and the material men were our friends. Our pockets were wide open. Listen to this!"

From typewritten sheets he read a wrecking indictment of the old Valentine management, setting out how money had been lost and wasted and frittered away, how the company had been overcharged, underpaid and systematically mulcted. He gave exact figures, names, dates and ledger references.

"She's all right now," he said. "Clean as a grain of wheat. I'm telling you what was. I don't intimate that the president took part in plucking the old goose. I don't say that. He was too busy making public speeches on the miseries of railroads to know what was going on."

Valentine was not crushed. He showed no sense of guilt. No one believed him guilty, in fact. What he represented, tragically and with great dignity, was the crime of obsolescence. A stronger man was putting him aside in a new time. He started to speak, but Potter spoke instead.

"I move to strike all this stuff off the record," he said, "and let matters rest as they are."

He pushed back his chair. Everyone but Valentine arose. There was no vote. Officially nothing had been transacted. The president was left sitting there alone with his resolutions in front of him.

All that Galt said was true. It was probably not the whole truth. His transaction with Gates seemed on the face of it too strange to be so briefly and plausibly explained. One fact at least he left out, which was that Gates hated Valentine with a fixation peculiar to cryptic old age. Nobody knew quite why. He was possibly more interested in revenge upon Valentine than in the future of the Great Midwestern. It may be surmised also that he had some intuition of Galt's latent power, just as Mordecai had, and placed a bet on him at long safe odds. It was Galt who took the risk. And as for the Orient & Pacific deal, that did not require to be defended on its merits, for there was already a profit in it for the company.

After this Valentine should have resigned. Instead he carried the fight outside, over all persuasion. It became a nasty row. He publicly attacked the company's purchase of the Orient & Pacific, denounced Galt personally, and solicited the stockholders for proxies to be voted at

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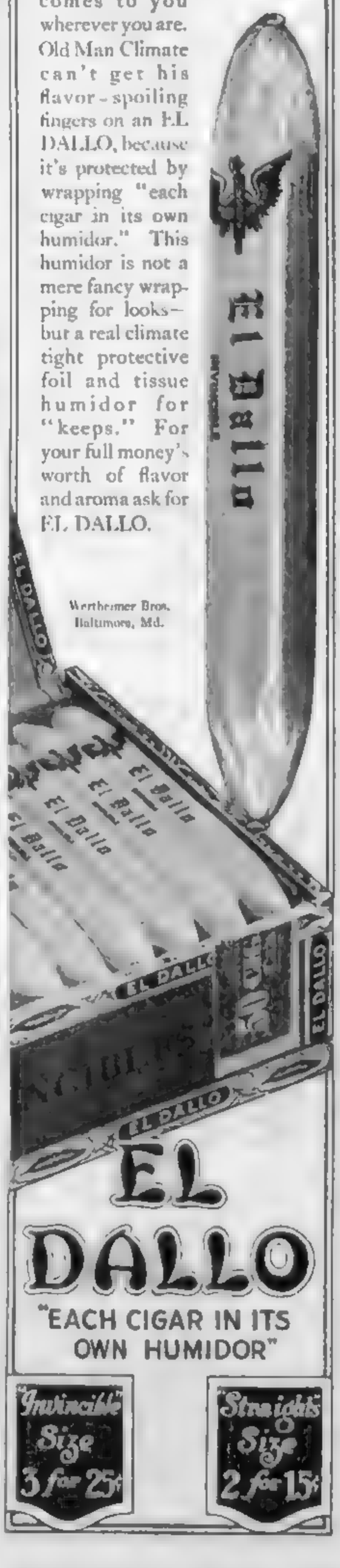

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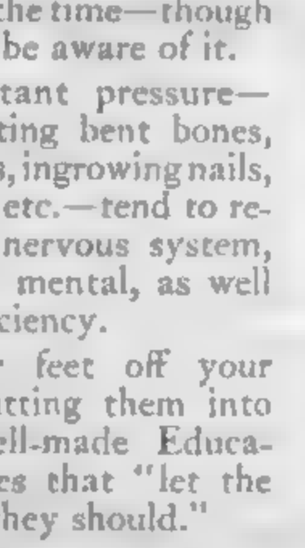

Men's Kid Lasted Educator

Rice & Hutchins, Inc., 14 High Street, Boston, Mass.

(Continued from Page 94)

grasshoppers, while the ants keep on the job. Yes, I'll be jumping. Once a grasshopper, always a grasshopper. That's the trouble, isn't it? If you start being one thing you can't be anything else."

Now that everything was finished, it was possible to feel an invigorating contempt for her maxims.

"Of course there's no use arguing," he went on. "I hate arguments, but I'd like to say one thing before I go. If I'm one of these useless people, why, I don't see why you and your friends aren't a bit worse. You take most of the joy out of life, and that's worse, isn't it? And what do you work for? Most of you have enough money. Why not give somebody else a chance?"

The simple brilliance of his argument made him pause, the better to admire it.

"By Jove!" he cried. "That's it! What's the use in being useful when you don't have to be? That's it! What is the use?"

But she never had an opportunity to answer, for at just the moment when Jimmy, elated by his logic, was shrugging his shoulders in elegant interrogation there came a gentle knock on the door. A moment later a man entered with a swift but stately tread, and Jimmy saw he was the butler. He was the kind you couldn't shake hands with by mistake, and to Jimmy's experienced eye he had the zeal of one who has been spurred on by hope of unwonted gain.

"Mr. Edmund Jones to see you, Miss Matthew," he said.

Suddenly forgetful that he was taking his leave Jimmy stood perfectly still. For a second the picture of Edmund flashed before him, doubly forceful because it had so nearly been forgotten, eclipsing even his most distressing thoughts. In that second he knew he was face to face with Fate. Before he could even think coherently something told him he must do something, that he couldn't go like that. It was as though someone had called for five new cards and had thrown him on the table, and people didn't do that with the Lees. It was like him not to think of consequences, but only of immediate things. Before Jane had time to reply Jimmy had tilted his head to one side and had thrust his hands in his pockets.

"Tell Mr. Jones that Miss Matthew is busy," he said.

Then quite regardless of the embarrassed pause he withdrew his left hand from his pocket and nodded toward the door.

"Perhaps this will help you," he suggested. "Tell him that Miss Matthew will see him in just a little while."

"Frederick!" cried Jane.

"It will be quite all right, Frederick," said Jimmy, and thrust a bill into his hand; and a moment later had closed the door.

"There," he added, turning to Jane again, "I guess that will cover any bets."

"Oh!" cried Jane. "How did you dare ——"

"Because I'm a nonessential," Jimmy interjected quickly. "We're awfully queer sometimes, erratic, not a bit stable, you know; and I want to speak to you about Edmund. Let's be sensible about this."

"Sensible!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he rejoined. "Sensible, and to the point. You send me away, and then Edmund comes along. Now I want to know what you see in Edmund. That's sensible."

Looking dangerously cool and collected she rose and faced him, but it made little difference now whether she was angry, for he was off, off in a cloud of dust, and he stopped at few things when he got started.

"I want to know," he went on, "what you see in a man who never takes a chance. Is it because he works in an office? Is that it?"

"Mr. Lee ——" Jane began with cold dignity, and then she stopped. People almost always stopped when Jimmy got started. He had stepped forward and suddenly grasped both her hands.

"Come," he said quickly, "don't be silly! I don't know why, but I can't leave like this."

"Mr. Lee!" she cried again.

"Just a minute," said Jimmy steadily, "just a minute. Now listen. Suppose I gave up being a gentleman of leisure? Suppose I did something real and earnest, something you call useful—would it make any difference?"

For a moment neither of them spoke, and even in that moment Jimmy began to wonder why he had done it. He began even to see the consequences, grim and forbidding, but he knew it was too late to stop.

"But you never would," she objected.

Jimmy sighed, and though he knew he shouldn't, still he let his impulse carry him on.

"It'll be an awful bore," he conceded as lightly as though it meant nothing. "Yes, it will be most awfully stupid. I suppose I'm making a fool of myself, but I'll do it—yes, I will—if it makes any difference."

In a sort of detached way he could see himself doing the thing he had always laughed at, doing what he had never intended, but still he went on. She was looking at him more intently, and he could see she was no longer angry, and somehow that was the only thing that really mattered just then. But when she spoke he started, because her words had nothing at all to do with the matter in hand.

"And you won't ride that horse again?" she asked.

Not ride Homicide after he had been thrown? So she didn't even see that.

"But what has Homicide got to do with it?" he remonstrated.

And then she said another thing, which also seemed to defy construction.

"He's got everything to do with it," said Jane. "Everything!"

And for a second he forgot, forgot completely what would happen if he didn't ride. For a second as he stared at her wonderingly he almost forgot that he was a Lee, and what it meant when a Lee gave his word.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" he murmured.

"If you ride that horse," said Jane, "I'll never speak to you again."

Could it have been the horse all the time?

"Now listen," he began in feeble remonstrance, and then he stopped, another Samson, mute and undecided. Looking over her shoulder he had seen the door open, and there was Mr. Edmund Jones standing motionless on the threshold. It must have been Edmund that made him forget the consequences of his act. He knew he had to say something, and say it quickly, and after all there was only one thing left to say.

"Oh, all right," he amended himself hastily, as though the matter were of very little moment. "It's a go. I won't ride him. And now—when can I see you again?"

For almost the first time in that momentous interview she smiled.

"Almost any time," she said. "Almost any time at all."

And then she heard Edmund's step behind her. He had stridden across the room and was looking very hard at Jimmy with an expression that bore few of the marks of welcome. But after all, now that it was over, Edmund was merely an incident. Jimmy glanced back at him curiously and selected another cigarette from his gold case.

"I wanted to see you," said Edmund.

"Good," replied Jimmy. "Here I am."

"I wanted to know if you sent me that call about rubber."

Jimmy lighted his cigarette and nodded amiably. Edmund made a gesture which betrayed a hint of exasperation.

"Well," he snapped, "what business is it of yours?"

Jimmy smiled.

"You're the sales manager of the All-America Tire Company, aren't you?"

"What business is it of yours if I am?"

Again Jimmy paused, seemingly doubtful what to answer, looking first at Jane and then back at Edmund.

"No business of mine at all," he said at last. "Except personally I happen to own fifty-one per cent of the stock in the All-America Tire Company, and it makes me take a sort of personal interest. You know how it is. In fact"—he looked brightly at Jane again—"I think perhaps I ought to do something about it to-morrow."

Out in the hall a minute later Jimmy looked at Frederick reprovingly as he held open the door.

"You must never let that happen again, Frederick," he said, thrusting his left hand into his pocket. "You won't, will you—under the circumstances?"

"Oh, thank you, sir," said Frederick. "Certainly not, sir."

But Jimmy bore no placid look of triumph as he walked down the steps.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

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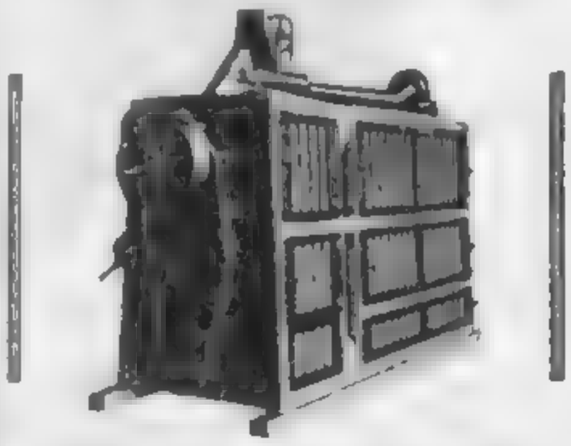

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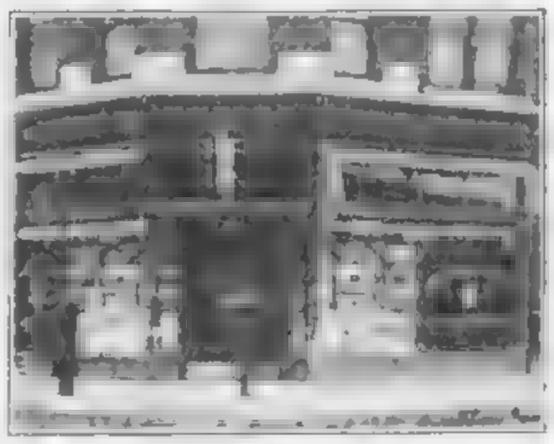

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the annual meeting for directors who would support him. His acquaintance with the financial editors, several of whom were his warm friends, gave him an apparent advantage. All the newspapers were on his side.

But nobody then knew how Galt loved a fight. He poured his essence into it and attained to a kind of lustful ecstasy. His methods were both direct and devious. To win by a safe margin did not satisfy him. It must be a smashing defeat for his opponent. He also appealed to the stockholders. Valentine in one way had played into his hands. His complaint was that Galt had seized the management. Well, if that were true, nobody but Galt could claim credit for the results, and they were beginning to be marvelous. Great Midwestern's earnings were improving so fast that Galt's enemies must resort to malicious innuendo. They said he was a wizard with figures, which was true enough, and that possibly the earnings were fictitious, which was not the case at all.

Long before the day of the annual meeting Galt had a large majority of the stockholders with him. Nevertheless he sent me abroad to solicit the proxies of foreign stockholders. They were easy to get. I was surprised to find that the foreigners, who are extremely shrewd in these matters, with an instinct for men who have the money-making gift, had already made up their minds about Galt. They had been watching his work and they were buying Great Midwestern stock on account of it.

When it came to the meeting Valentine had not enough support to elect one director. His humiliation was complete. Then he resigned and Galt was elected in his place, to be both chairman and president.

He was not exultant. For an hour he walked about the office with a brooding, absent air. This was his invariable mood of projection. He was not thinking at all of what had happened. He put on his hat and stood for a minute in the doorway.

Looking back he said "Hold tight, Coxey," and slammed the door behind him.

XXI

GALT'S overthrow of Valentine was an episode of business which need not have concerned the outside world. But the conditions of the struggle were dramatic and personal, and the papers made big news of it. The consequences were beyond control. Henry M. Galt was publicly discovered. That of course was inevitable, then or later. He was already high above the horizon and rising fast. The astronomers were unable to say whether he was a comet or a planet. They were astonished not more by the suddenness of his coming than by the rate at which he grew as they observed him.

The other consequences were abnormal, becoming social and political, and followed him to the end of his career.

Valentine was not a man to be smudged out of the picture. He was a person of power and influence. The loss of his historic position was of no pecuniary moment, for he was very rich; it was a blow at his prestige and a hurt to his pride, inflicted in the limelight. His grievance against Galt was unredressable. Honestly, too, he believed Galt to be a dangerous man. But he was a fair fighter within the rules and would perhaps never himself have carried the warfare outside of Wall Street, where it belonged.

Mrs. Valentine was the one to do that. She was the social tyrant of her time, ruling by fear and might that little herd of human beings who practice self-worship and exclusion as a mysterious rite, import and invent manners, learn the supercilious gesture which means "One does not know them," and in short get the goat of *snobs*. Her favor was the one magic passport to the inner realm of New York society. Her disfavor was a writ of execution. She was a turbulent woman, whose tongue knew no inhibitions. Whom she liked she terrified; whom she disliked she sacrificed.

Now she took up the fight in two dimensions. Galt she slandered outrageously, implanting distrust of him in the minds of men who would carry it far and high—to the Senate, even to the heart of the Administration. Then, as you would expect, from her position as social dictator she struck at the Galt women. That was easy. With one word she cast them into limbo.

Mrs. Galt had inalienable rights of caste. She belonged to a family that had been of the elect for three generations. Her aunt once held the position now occupied by Mrs. Valentine. Galt's family, though not at all distinguished, was yet quite acceptable. Marriage therefore did not alter Mrs. Galt's natural status. She had voluntarily relinquished it, without prejudice, under pressure of forbidding circumstances. These were a lack of wealth, a chronic sense of insecurity and Galt's unfortunate temperament.

Gradually she sank into social obscurity, morose and embittered. She made no effort to introduce her daughters into the society she had forsaken; and as she was unwilling for them to move on a lower plane the result was that they were nurtured in exile.

Vera at a certain time broke through these absurd restraints and began to make her own contacts with the world. They were irregular. She spent week-ends with people whom nobody knew, went about with casual acquaintances, got in with a musical set, and then took up art, not seriously for art's sake, but because some rebellious longing of her nature was answered in the free atmosphere of studios and art classes. In her wake appeared maleness in various aspects, eligible and ineligible.

Natalie, who was not yet old enough to follow Vera's lead, not so bold as to contemplate it for herself, looked on with shy excitement. The rule is that the younger sister may have what caroms off. Vera's men never caromed off. They called ardently for a little while and then sank without trace, to Natalie's horror and disappointment. What Vera did with them or to them nobody ever knew. She kept it to herself.

"You torpedo them," said Natalie, accusing her.

Mrs. Galt watched the adventuring Vera with anxiety and foreboding, which gradually gave way to a feeling of relief not unmingled with a kind of awe.

"Thank heaven I don't have to worry about Vera!" she said one day, relevantly to nothing at all. She was thinking out loud.

"Why not, mamma?" asked Natalie.

"Don't ask me, child. And don't try to be like her."

Then all at once they were rich.

For a while they hardly dared to believe it. The habit of not being rich is something to break. Galt's revenge for their unbelief, past and present, was to overwhelm them with money. First he returned to them severally all that he had borrowed or taken from them to put into Great Midwestern. This, he said, was not their principal back. It was the profit. It was only the beginning of their profit. Their investments were left whole. Presently they began to receive dividends. Besides, he settled large sums upon them as gifts and kept increasing them continually.

"What shall we do with it?" asked Natalie.

"Do with it?" said Galt. "What do people do with money? Anything they like. Spend it"

He encouraged them to be extravagant, especially Natalie. She had a passion for horses. He gave her a stableful on her birthday, all show animals, one of which, handled by Natalie, took first prize in its class at Madison Square Garden the next month. Galt strutting about the ring was absurd with wonder and excitement. He wished to clap the judge on the back. Mrs. Galt restrained him as much as she could. She could not keep him from shouting when the ribbon was handed out.

It was more a victory for Natalie than for the horse. She was tremendously admired. People looked at their cards to find her name, then at her again, asking, "Who is she?"

She was nobody. In the papers the next morning her name was mentioned and that was all, except that one paper referred to her as the daughter of a Wall Street broker. Other girls, neither so beautiful nor so expert as Natalie, were daintily praised.

Galt was furious. Yet he had no suspicion of what was the matter. There was gloom in his household when he expected gayety. His efforts to discover the reasons were met with evasive, cryptic sentences.

"What have you been doing to-day?" he asked Natalie one hot June evening at dinner.

"Nothing," she answered.

This exchange was followed as usual by a despondent silence, which always contained an inaudible accusation of Galt. Everyone would have denied it sweetly.

(Continued on Page 100)

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Dad laughed and said, "Give me a try at it. I'll show you young chaps how puzzles are solved." So Jim put the saucy looking little pegs in the holes and Dad started in to show how puzzles are done.

That was three nights ago and Dad's still at it—and Jim chuckles—and Dad's face gets red. Tonight he told Jim he didn't believe it could be done. But Jim just laughed and said, "Dad, already there have been found *twelve* different ways of doing it. Don't give up." So Dad's still at it.

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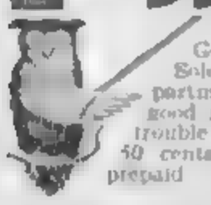

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(Continued from Page 98)

He couldn't turn it on them. He could only take it out in irritability.

"All fuss and feathers and nothing to do," he said. "You make me sick. I can't see why you don't do what other girls do. There's nothing they've got that you can't have. Go some place. Go to Newport. That's where they all go, ain't it?"

"Papa, dear," said Natalie, "what should we do at Newport?"

"Do? Do? How the—how do I know? Swim, dance, flirt—whatever the rest of them do. Take a house, make a splurge, cut in with the crowd. I don't know. Your mother does. That's her business. Ask her."

"Oh, but you don't understand," said Natalie. "We'd not be taken in. Mother does know."

"What does that mean?" Galt asked.

"You can't just dress up and go where you want to go," said Natalie. "You have to be asked. We'd look nice at Newport with a house, wouldn't we?"

"Go on," said Galt in a dazed kind of way.

"I mean," said Natalie—"oh, you know, papa, dear. Don't be an old stupid. Why go on with it? Of course you can always do things with people of a sort. They ask you fast enough. But mother says if we do that we'll never get anywhere. So we have to wait."

"Wait for what?"

"I don't know," said Natalie, on the verge of tears. "Ask mother."

"So ho-o-o-o!" said Galt, beginning to see. "I'll ask her."

Mrs. Galt and Vera were in a state of crystal passivity. They heard without listening. Galt pursued the matter no further at dinner. Later he held a long interview with Mrs. Galt and she told him the truth. Social ostracism was the price his family paid for the enemies he had made and continued to make in Wall Street. She had tried. She had knocked, but no door opened. She had prostrated herself before her friends. They were sorry and helpless. Nothing could be done, not at once. She had better wait quietly, they said, until the storm blew over. Mrs. Valentine was at her worst, terrible and unapproachable. The subject couldn't even be mentioned. Anyone who received the Galts was damned.

Galt was unable to get his mind down to work the next day. He would leave it and walk about in a random manner, emitting strange, intermittent sounds—grunts, hissings and shrewd whistlings. Then he would sit down to it again, but with no relief, and repeat the absent performance.

"Come on, Coxey," he said, taking up his hat. "We'll show them something."

We went uptown by the L train, got off at Forty-second Street, took a cab and drove slowly up Fifth Avenue.

"That's Valentine's house," he said, indicating a beautiful old brick residence.

He called to the cabby to put us down and wait. We walked up and down the block. Almost directly opposite the Valentine house was a brownstone residence in ill repair, doors and windows boarded up, marked for sale. Having looked at it several times, measuring the width of the plot with his eye, he crossed over to the Valentine house, squared his heels with the line of its wall and stepped off the frontage, counting "Three, six, nine," and so on. It stretched him to do an imaginary yard per step. He was as unconscious as a mechanical tin image and resembled one, his arms limp at his sides, his legs shooting out in front of him with stiff, angular movements. He wore a brown straw hat, his hair flared out behind, his tie was askew and fallen away from the collar button.

Returning he stepped off in the same way the frontage of the property for sale.

"About what I thought," he said. "Twenty feet more."

He wrote down the number of the house and the name and address of the real-estate firm from the sign, and we were through. An agent was sent immediately to buy the property. He telephoned before the end of the day.

"We've got it, Coxey," said Galt. "The transfer will be made in your name. This is all a dead secret. Not a word. Find the best architect in New York and have him down here to-morrow."

As luck was, the architect had a set of beautiful plans that had been abandoned on account of cost. With but few modifications they suited Galt perfectly. He could hardly wait until everything was settled—not only as to the house itself but as to its equipment, decorations and furnishings complete, even pictures, linen and plate.

"When it's done," he said, "I want to walk in with a hand bag and stay there."

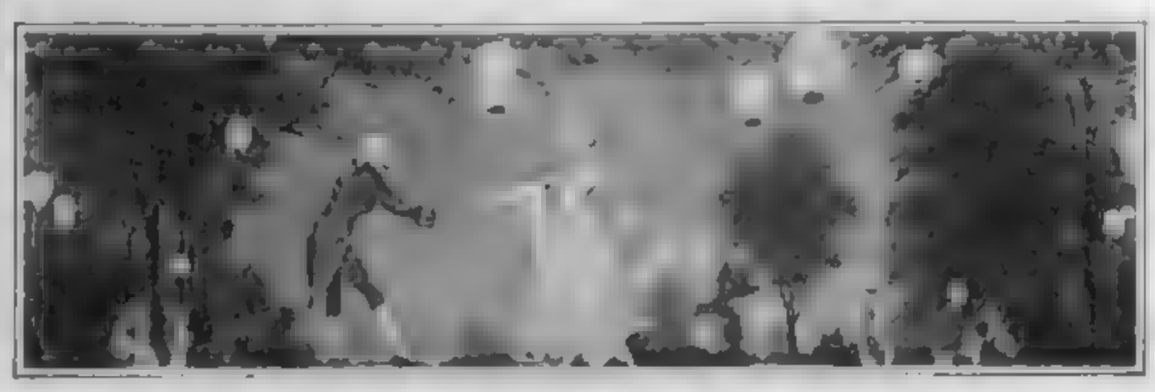
Having signed the contracts he added an extra cumulative per diem premium for completion in advance of a specified date. Then he put it away from his mind and returned, I had almost said, to his money-making. That would not be true. His mind was not on money primarily. He thought in terms of creative achievement.

There are two regnant passions in the heart of man. One is to tear down, the other is to build up. Galt's passion was to build. In his case the passion to destroy, which complements the other, was satisfied in removing obstacles. Works enthralled him in right of their own magic. To see a thing with the mind's eyes as a vision in space, to give orders, then in a little while to go and find it there, existing durably in three dimensions—that was power! No other form of experience was comparable to this.

His theory, had he been able to formulate one, would have been that any work worth doing must pay. That was the ultimate test. If it didn't pay there was something wrong. But profit was what followed as a vindication or a conclusion in logic. First was the thing itself to be imagined. The difference between this and the common attitude may be subtle; it is hard to define; yet it is fundamental. He did not begin by saying: "How can the Great Midwestern be made to earn a profit of 10 per cent?" No. He said: "How shall we make the Great Midwestern system the greatest transportation machine in the world?" If that were done the profit would mind itself. He could not have said this himself. He never troubled his mind with self-analysis. I think he never knew how or why he became the greatest money-maker of his generation in the world.

Nothing happened to betray the secret of the house that rose in Fifth Avenue opposite Valentine's. The real-estate news reporters all went wild in their guesses as to its ownership. Galt never interfered about details, but if the chart of construction progress which he kept on his desk showed the slightest deviation from ideal he must know at once what was going wrong. There was a strike of workmen. He said to give them what they wanted and indemnified the contractors accordingly. Once it was a matter of transportation. Three carloads of precious hewn stone got lost in transit. The records of the railroad that had them last showed they had been handed on. The receiving road had no record of having received them. They had vanished altogether. At last they were found in Jersey City. A yard crew had been using them for three weeks as a make-weight to govern the level of one of those old-fashioned pontoons across which trains were shunted from the mainland tracks to car barges in the river. They happened to be just the right weight for the purpose. After that every railroad with a ferry transfer that the Great Midwestern had anything to say about installed a new kind of pontoon, raised and lowered by a simple hydraulic principle.

As the time drew near Galt swelled with mystery. He could not help dropping now and then at dinner a hint of something that might be coming to pass. He addressed it



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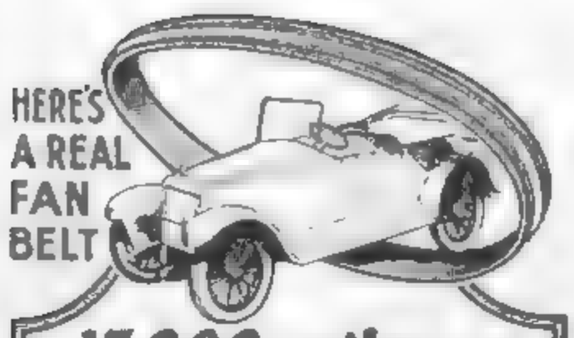

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always to Natalie, for the benefit of the others. He looked at her solemnly one evening and contorted a nursery rime:

Who got 'em in?
Little Johnny Quinn.
Who got 'em out?
Big John Stout.

"Old silly!" said Natalie. "You've got it wrong. It goes ——"

"Now let me alone," he said. "I've got it the way I want it. What do you know about it? Poor little outcast! No place to go. Nobody to take her in."

He leaned over to pet her consolingly.

"Stop it!" she said, attacking him.

They scuffled. Some dishes were overturned. She caught a napkin under his chin and tied it over the top of his head.

"All right," he mumbled. "You'll be sorry. You wait and see."

She held his nose and made him say the rime the right way, repeating it after her, under penalty of being made to take a spoonful of gooseberry jam, which he hated.

XXII

THE momentous evening came at last. It had been a particularly hard day in Wall Street. Galt was cross and easily set off. So the omens were bad, to begin with. Natalie read them from afar and gently let him alone. He bolted his food, became restless, and asked Mrs. Galt to order the carriage around.

"Which one?" she asked. "Who will be going?" She did not ask where.

"All of us," said Galt.

"Gra'ma too?" Natalie asked.

He nodded.

"Come on," he said, pushing back his dessert.

He went into the hall, got into his coat and walked to and fro with his hat on, fuming. He helped Gra'ma down the steps and handed her into the carriage, then Mrs. Galt, then Vera, Natalie last.

"Go there," he said to the coachman, handing him a slip of paper.

The house, with not a soul inside of it, was brilliantly lighted. Galt in a fever of anticipation crossed the pavement with his most egregious, cocklike stride. The entrance was level with the street, screened with two tall iron gates on enormous hinges. Before inserting the key he looked around, expecting to see the family at his heels.

What he saw instead threw him into a violent temper. I was still standing at the carriage door waiting to hand them out. Natalie stood on the curb with her head inside, arguing with her mother. Mrs. Galt would have to know whom they were calling on. Natalie went to find out.

"Nobody," said Galt. "Nobody, tell her."

When Natalie returned with this answer Mrs. Galt construed it in the social sense. She was rigid with horror at the thought that Galt by one mad impulse might frustrate all her precious plans. For all she knew he was about to launch them upon a party of upstart nobodies in the very sight of Mrs. Valentine. Vera now joined with Natalie. They added force to persuasion and slowly brought her forth. We went straggling across the pavement toward Galt, who by this time was in a fine rage.

As he unlocked the gates and pushed them open Mrs. Galt had a flash of understanding.

"Oh!" she exclaimed in a bewildered, contrite tone. It was almost too late.

There were two sets of doors after the gates.

We stood in a vaulted hallway. There was a retiring room on either side. Farther in, where the width of these two rooms was added to that of the hallway, a grand impression of the house began. We were then in a magnificently arched space, balanced on four monolith columns.

At the right was a carpeted stone staircase, at the left was a great fireplace, and in front of it a very large velvet-covered divan. Logs were burning lazily on the andirons. On a table at one side was a cut-glass service and iced water.

Beyond, straight ahead, was a view of the dining room. As we walked in that direction there was a sound of tinkling water. This issued from a fountain suddenly disclosed in an unsuspected space. A fire was burning in the dining room. The table was decorated. The sideboard was furnished.

Galt, silently leading the way, brought us back to the grand staircase. God knows why—women must weep in a new house. Possibly it makes them feel more at home. All the feminine eyes in that party, Vera's alone excepted, were red as we mounted the stairs.

As Galt's satisfaction increased he began to talk. "This," he said, "is where we live."

That was a room the whole width of the house and half its depth, second-floor front, full of soft light reflected from the ceiling, dedicated to complete human comfort. Everything had been thought of. Trifles of convenience were everywhere at hand. There were flowers on the table, books in the bookcases, current magazines lying about, pillows on the rug in front of the fireplace, and an enormous divan in which six might lie at once.

On the same floor was a music room; then a ballroom. The chambers were next above, arranged in suites. This was mother's, meaning Mrs. Galt; that was Gra'ma's; that one Vera's; that one Natalie's; those others for company—or they could rearrange them as they pleased. Every room was perfectly dressed, even to towels on the bathroom racks and toilet accessories in the cabinets.

"The help," he said, "and some other things," passing the next two floors without stopping. The top floor was his. One large room was equipped as an office is. His desk was a large mahogany table with six telephone instruments on it. Opening off to the right was his apartment. "And this," he said, opening a door to the left, "is Coxey's when he wants it—two rooms and bath like mine."

PHOTO. BY A. MARTIN

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PATENTS BOOKLET FREE BEST RESULTS HIGHEST REFERENCES PROMPTNESS ASSURED Watson E. Coleman, *Patent Lawyer*, 624 F St., Washington, D.C.

On the roof, under glass, was a tennis court. The view of the city from there at night was apparitional. Galt led us to the front, ostensibly that we might see it to better advantage, but for another reason really.

"That's Valentine's house down there," he said; "that roof. We are three stories higher and twenty feet wider. You could almost spit on it."

Mrs. Galt shuddered.

Well, that was all to see.

"She's built like a locomotive," said Galt, trying here and there a door to show how perfectly it fitted. There was no higher word of praise.

We went down by an automatic electric elevator and were again in that vaulted, formal space on the ground floor. Words would not come. Mrs. Galt stood gazing into the fire, overwhelmed, wondering perhaps how this would affect her campaign to propitiate Mrs. Valentine. Natalie sat on the stairway with her chin in her hands. Vera helped herself to some iced water. Gra'ma Galt sat far off in the corner on a stone bench.

Galt surveyed them with incredulous disgust. This was a kind of situation for which he had no intuition at all. His emotions and theirs were diametrically different. For him the moment was one of realization. That which was realized had existed in his thoughts whole, just as it was, for nearly a year. For them it was a terrific shock, overturning the way of their lives; and women, moreover, do not make their adjustments to a new environment in the free, canine manner of men, but with a kind of feline diffidence. It is very rash to surprise them so without elaborate preparation.

The tension became unbearable. I was expecting Galt to break forth in weird sounds. Instead, without a word, but with his teeth set and his hands clenched, he leaped into the middle of the divan with his feet and bounced up and down, like a man in a circus net, until I thought he would break the springs. That seemed to be what he was trying to do. But it was the very best quality of upholstery, as he ought to have known. Then he came down on his back full length and lay still, the women all staring at him.

Vera had a sense of tragedy. It gave her access to his feelings. She walked over to the divan, knelt down, took his head in her arms and kissed him. This of all her memorable gestures was the finest. And it was spoiled. Or was it saved, perhaps? She might not have known how to end it.

"Ouch!" said Galt. "A pin sticks me."

He got up.

"Come on, Coxey, I want to show you something in the office upstairs."

That was subterfuge. He only wished to get away. We took the elevator and left them there. He went directly to his bedroom, ripped off his collar and threw it on the floor, kicked off his shoes, and cast himself wearily on the bed. There he lay, on the costly lace counterpane, lined with pink silk, a forlorn and shabby figure.

Presently Mrs. Galt timidly appeared at the door, followed by Vera and Natalie. They were a little out of breath, having walked up, not knowing how to manage the elevator.

"It's lovely! Perfectly splendid!" said Mrs. Galt, sitting on the bed and taking his hand. "I'm only sorry I haven't words to tell you ——" And she began to weep again.

"Don't," said Galt. "How does Gra'ma like it?"

"Hadn't we better start home now?" said Mrs. Galt.

"Home!" said Galt. "What's this, I'd like to know! Not a bolt missing. She's all fueled—steam up—ready to have her throttle pulled open. Go down stairs and hang up your hat. Telephone over for the servants. How does Gra'ma like it?"

"We haven't anything here, you know," Mrs. Galt protested gently. "The girls haven't, and neither have I."

"I'm here for good," said Galt. "I want my breakfast in that dining room tomorrow morning. How does Gra'ma like it? What's the matter?"

They couldn't evade it any longer. Natalie told him.

"Gra'ma says she won't live here."

"Why not?"

"She won't say why not; just says she won't."

"All right, all right," said Galt. "Being a woman is something you can't help. Tell her we'll give her a deed to the old house—all for her own. We'll play company when we come to see her. That reminds me."

He brought a large folded document out of his pocket and handed it to Mrs. Galt.

"What's this?"

"Deed to this house," he said. "It's from Coxey. Thank him. We kept it all in his name until to-day. Now it's in your name."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million and a Quarter Weekly)

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A REQUEST FOR CHANGE OF ADDRESS must reach us at least thirty days before the date of issue with which it is to take effect. Duplicate copies cannot be sent to replace those undelivered through failure to send such advance notice. Be sure to give your old address, as well as the new one.

It's You, Madam

who are most concerned with Vitamines

YOU who cook, or supervise the cooking of the family's daily meals are most vitally concerned with vitamines.

For according to all modern authorities, they are prime essentials to good health, and you, madam, are the "health commissioner" of the home.

Your entire family and you, yourself, are in daily need of vitamines. And yet it's said that millions of meals daily in this country do not furnish adequate supplies of these necessary food accessories!

What should you do, what can you do to remedy this possible and probable deficiency in meals you serve?

Surely you owe an answer to this question, to those whose food you order and prepare each day.

Does Home Cooking Destroy Them?

IT is said some foods are naturally deficient in vitamine content, or that they lose vitamines in the process which prepares them for the market. From others, it is thought, the vitamines are lost during storage, or decrease with aging.

But more important *to you* is the testimony of experts that many of our *most common* foods lose vitamine value in the process of *home cooking*.

"The value of potato decreases the longer it is cooked," says one authority.

"If one lived on cooked foods alone he would die within a year," is the startling suggestion of a member of the Academy of Sciences in Paris.

"Cooking, however, in most cases diminishes or entirely destroys the efficiency of the vegetable except when they (referring to carrots) are young"—from the report of a food authority of wide experience.

Much remains to be proved regarding the effect of cooking on the vitamine content of *all* our foods. But the value of vitamines to the entire family, in the daily diet, has been proved beyond a doubt.

And if your cooking does take from foods an element that's vital to good health, you are concerned, we feel sure, with ways to restore to your meals at least some of these vital factors, if not all.

This May Be "Vitamine Insurance"

ORANGES and lemons are accepted by all authorities as two great carriers of important vitamines.

Doctors, as you know, give orange juice to babies who must be fed on milk that's pasteurized. They do it to prevent scurvy or mal-nutrition caused by lack of Vitamine C. It's the process of pasteurization that eliminates from milk or makes non-potent a needed vitamine.

In olden days, a law was passed in England which forced ship owners to carry lemons to protect the crews from scurvy on long voyages.

But scurvy isn't the only trouble that lack of vitamine produces. It may be merely lassitude and depression; or general undernourishment which makes people more susceptible to disease of other kinds.

Two hundred thousand children in New York schools were found to be seriously undernourished, in an investigation recently completed. And not all these children were among the poor. The investigators referred particularly to that fact.

We know, and so do all the scientists, that oranges and lemons furnish abundantly the important vitamine known to scientists as Vitamine C. Some say Vitamines A and B also may be present in these fruits.

If so, why not serve them every day to offset some of the harm that cooking does to other foods and thus surely supply important vitamines with all meals?

A simple orange salad or dessert is easy to prepare, no cooking necessary. Lemon garnish on fish or meat, or lemon juice instead of vinegar in salad dressings improves the flavor and adds the necessary vitamines.

Orange juice for breakfast or an orange for the child's school lunch—what easier, simpler, *more delicious* way to insure a safer and more healthful diet?

Lemons and oranges, although known as "acid fruits," have an alkaline reaction when taken into the system and are, therefore, valuable in offsetting excess acidity due to acid-producing foods.

Ask Your Physician

BUT in any vital question concerning diet your own physician should finally advise. Ask him if oranges and lemons are a source of vitamines and if they would thus, and for other reasons also, beneficially reinforce your meals.

We wish to make no statement that is not well within the facts. Show him this page and let him be the judge. Then use more oranges and lemons, or less, as he directs.

If he agrees, you'll welcome a reminder to paste in your cook book, or pin on the kitchen wall.

We print one here.

Cut Out and Paste in Your Cook Book, or Pin on the Kitchen Wall

For Vitamines—Delicious Oranges and Lemons. Serve as follows:

An orange salad	Orange juice for breakfast	Lemon juice instead of vinegar on salads and vegetables
Lemonade	A whole orange in the child's lunch box	Whole orange at breakfast
Desserts with oranges	Lemon garnishes	
Lemon juice in punches and other drinks		

An orange or lemon dish with every meal supplies fresh potent vitamines in most attractive form.

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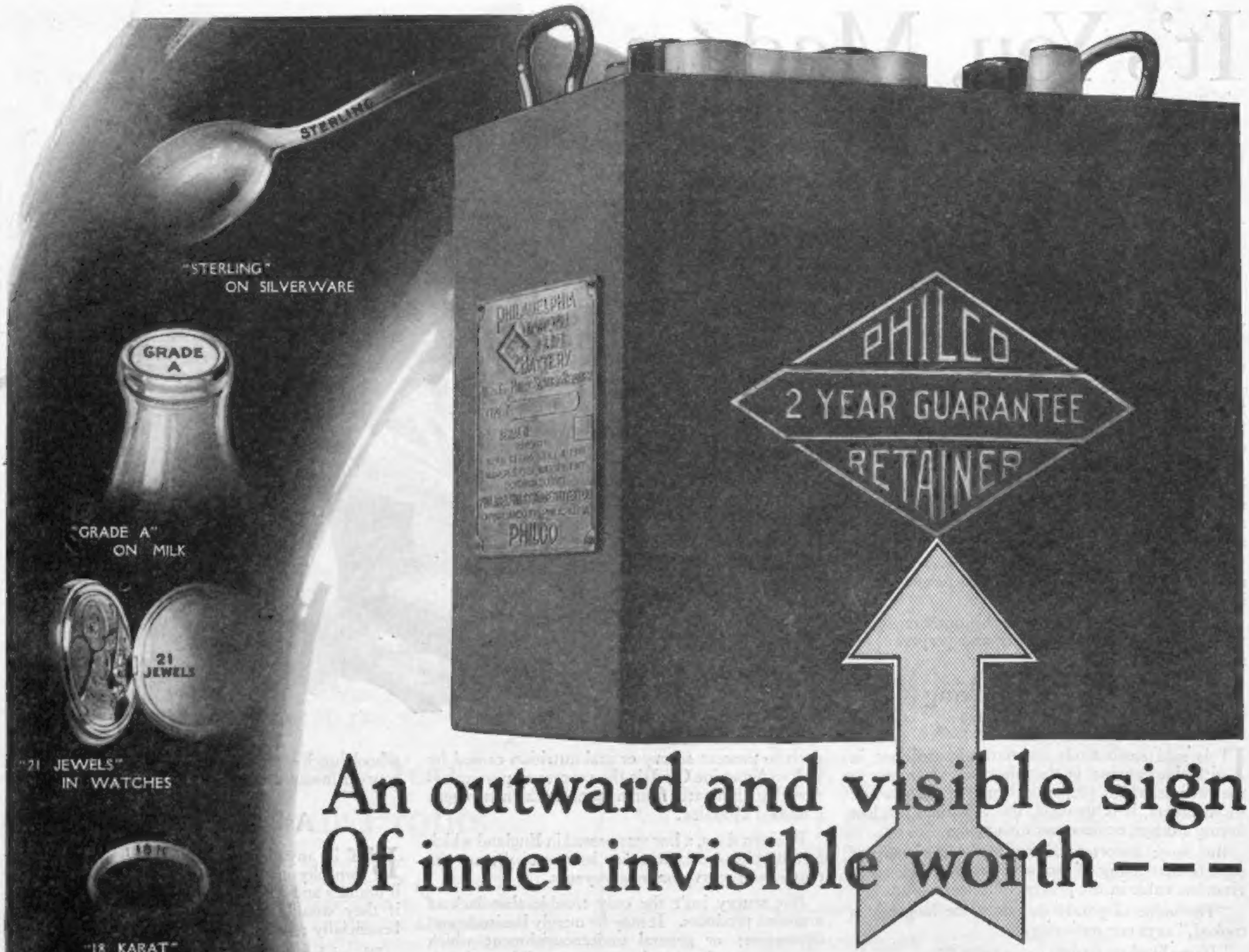

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